

Rev Dr Storr

FORTY-NINTH
ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,

PRESENTED AT BOSTON,

MAY 27, 1863.



PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,
28 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

PRESS OF GEO. C. RAND & AVERY, 3 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

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CONSTITUTION OF THE SOCIETY.

ARTICLE 1. This Society shall be denominated the AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, the object of which shall be to promote the interests of vital godliness and good morals, by the distribution of such Books and Tracts as may be calculated to receive the approbation of Christians of all denominations usually termed evangelical.

ART. 2. Any person paying twenty dollars at one time into the treasury of this Society, may be, at his request, a Member for Life; and any person paying fifty dollars at one time, may, at his request, be a Director for Life. The Life Members, the Life Directors, the Members of the Executive Committee, and of the Board of Directors, shall constitute the Corporate Members of this Society.

ART. 3. Persons constituted Life Members of the Society by donations not designated by them to be applied to specific objects, shall be annually entitled to the Society's publications to the value of one dollar, and persons so constituted Directors, to the value of two dollars; or, if preferred, they may receive *Tracts* at any one time to the value of half the sum given.

ART. 4. There shall be an Annual Meeting of the Society in Boston, on the last Wednesday in May, when a President, Vice-Presidents, two or more Secretaries, a Treasurer, two

[See 3d page of cover.]

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Boston

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AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

THIS Society was instituted in Boston, in the year 1814, and incorporated by the Legislature of Massachusetts, in 1816, by the name of the "NEW ENGLAND RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY." In June, 1823, the name of the Society was changed to "AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," by the act of the Legislature.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Articles intended for insertion in the Tract Journal, or Child at Home; manuscripts offered for publication, as Tracts or Volumes; and all correspondence relating to the Editorial department, should be sent to REV. ISRAEL P. WARREN, *Editor or Secretary*, 28 Cornhill, Boston.

Communications relating to the Charitable work of the Society, to the collection of funds, and to grants of publications, should be addressed to REV. W. C. CHILD, *Secretary*, 28 Cornhill, Boston.

Correspondence in relation to the operations of the Society in New York and the States south of it, may be addressed to REV. J. W. ALVORD, 13 Bible House, New York.

Donations, Contributions, and Legacies, should be transmitted to HENRY HILL, ESQ., *Treasurer*, 28 Cornhill, Boston.

Orders and remittances for publications, including the Tract Journal and Child at Home, should be sent to N. BROUGHTON, JR., *Depositary*, 28 Cornhill, Boston. If the Tract Journal and Child at Home are desired to be sent by express or other conveyance *than by mail* from New York City, they may be ordered of "J. G. BROUGHTON, 13 Bible House, Astor Place, New York."

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

For Connecticut and Western Massachusetts, REV. CHARLES H. BULLARD, *Hartford, Conn.*

For the District of Columbia and adjoining States, REV. JAMES J. MARKS, D.D., *Washington City.*

For Ohio and Indiana, ————.

For the States west of Indiana, REV. G. S. F. SAVAGE, 51 La Salle St., *Chicago, Ill.*

Correspondence relating to the *local operations* of the Society in these respective districts may be addressed as above.

Correspondents are requested to give their names in full, legibly written, with their proper post-office address, mentioning state, county, and town. This is particularly important to secure accuracy and certainty of communication with them.

FORM OF BEQUEST TO THE SOCIETY.

I GIVE and bequeath to the "AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY," instituted in the city of Boston, the sum of ——— dollars, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of said Society.

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence, and in the presence of each other.

FORTY-NINTH ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

American Tract Society.

THE FORTY-NINTH ANNUAL MEETING of this Society was held in the Old South Chapel, Boston, May 27th, 1863, at 2 o'clock, P.M. The President, WILLIAM A. BOOTH, Esq., of New York, was in the chair.

Prayer was offered by Rev. GEO. W. GARDNER, of Charlestown, Mass.

The minutes of the last meeting were read by the Secretary, Rev. I. P. WARREN, and approved.

The Report of the Treasurer, duly audited, was read by HENRY HILL, Esq., and accepted.

An abstract of the Annual Report of the Executive Committee was read, after which it was voted that the report be accepted and printed under the direction of the Committee.

On recommendation of the Executive Committee, the fifth Article in the Constitution and the fourth Article in the By-Laws were, by unanimous vote of the Society, so changed that the phrase "Committee of Distribution" used in each shall read "Committee of Charities."

The following preamble and resolution, offered by Rev. O. H. WHITE, was passed:—

Whereas, The year 1864 will complete the fiftieth year of the Society's existence:

Resolved, That the Executive Committee be instructed to take measures to celebrate the semi-centennial anniversary by a commemorative discourse, or such other exercises as they may deem proper.

Rev. O. H. WHITE, Rev. W. A. HOUGHTON, and WARREN PARTRIDGE, Esq., were appointed a Committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year. Upon their recommendation, the following persons were unanimously elected by ballot:—

FORTY-NINTH ANNUAL REPORT.

PRESIDENT.

WILLIAM A. BOOTH, Esq.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

HON. E. FAIRBANKS, Vermont.
 WILLIAM ROPES, Esq., Massachusetts.
 HON. SAMUEL WILLISTON, Massachusetts.
 HON. JACOB SLEEPER, Massachusetts.
 REV. F. WAYLAND, D.D., Rhode Island.
 REV. JOEL HAWES, D.D., Connecticut.
 REV. S. H. TYNG, D.D., New York.
 REV. A. D. SMITH, D.D., New York.
 HON. IRA HARRIS, New York.
 REV. ALBERT BARNES, Pennsylvania.
 HON. WILLIAM JESSUP, Pennsylvania.
 REV. S. S. SCHMUCKER, D.D., Pennsylvania.
 REV. S. C. AIKEN, D.D., Ohio.
 REV. PHILO R. HURD, Michigan.
 REV. J. M. STURTEVANT, D.D., Illinois.
 REV. T. M. POST, D.D., Missouri.

DIRECTORS.

REV. B. TAPPAN, D.D., Maine.
 REV. Z. S. BARSTOW, D.D., New Hampshire.
 REV. C. WALKER, D.D., Vermont.
 HON. R. FLETCHER, Massachusetts.
 HON. I. WASHBURN, Massachusetts.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

EDWARD S. RAND, Esq.	REV. J. W. PARKER, D.D.
REV. EDWARD N. KIRK, D.D.	JULIUS A. PALMER, Esq.
SAMUEL G. BOWDLEAR, Esq.	REV. EDWIN B. WEBB.
REV. SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D.D.	

SECRETARIES.

REV. JOHN W. ALVORD.	REV. ISRAEL P. WARREN.
REV. WILLIAM C. CHILD.	

TREASURER.

HENRY HILL, Esq.

AUDITORS.

JOSEPH STORY, Esq.	CHARLES D. KELLOGG, Esq.
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The Society then adjourned to meet for the public anniversary exercises in the Tremont Temple, at 7½ o'clock in the evening.

ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

An immense audience was gathered at the public meeting in the evening. Every foot of space in the capacious Temple was crowded, and hundreds departed unable to get admission even within the doors.

On taking the chair, the President, WILLIAM A. BOOTH, Esq., remarked that since his arrival in this city, and by request of gentlemen in New York, he had examined carefully the manner in which this Society conducts its affairs, and had been gratified with the result of his investigations. He had been struck with the prudence, economy, and ability with which the Business Department is managed, with the high character of the publications, and their adaptation to instruct the intellect, while they also appeal to the heart. The Charitable Department also is apparently conducted in a commendable manner.

It pleased him also to be able to state that every facility was afforded to the public to examine the condition of the Society, and that close scrutiny was invited into all its operations.

Prayer was offered by Rev. S. SWEETSER, D.D., of Worcester, and a statement of the work of the past year presented by the Secretary, Rev. Mr. WARREN; after which addresses were delivered by Rev. E. B. WEBB, of Boston, Rev. J. J. MARKS, D.D., of Washington, D. C., late Chaplain of the 63d Pennsylvania Volunteers, and J. B. GOUGH, Esq. Previous to the latter, the "Star-Spangled Banner" was sung with great effect by Miss Houston.

Much disappointment was felt at the inability of Rev. Mr. ALVORD to be present on account of illness. Dr. MARKS gave an interesting account of his labors in the army, including an episode of prison life at Richmond, where he was confined with others captured in the Peninsular campaign of 1862. Mr. GOUGH delighted the vast audience with a speech in his peculiar manner, full of glowing sentiments of patriotism and Christian benevolence.*

The exercises were closed with the benediction by Rev. ROLLIN H. NEALE, D.D., of Boston.

PUBLIC MEETING IN NEW YORK.

A public meeting in behalf of the Society was held at Irving Hall, in the city of New York, May 13th, at 3 o'clock, P. M. The President, WILLIAM A. BOOTH, Esq., in the chair.

Prayer was offered by Rev. ASA D. SMITH, D.D., of New York. Rev. I. P. WARREN read a statement of the policy and work of the Society, and addresses were made by Rev. J. W. ALVORD, Rev. G. S. F. SAVAGE, of Chicago, Rev. J. J. MARKS, D.D., late Chaplain in the army, and Rev. E. N. KIRK, D.D., of Boston. †

* See Appendix A.

† See Appendix B.

FORTY-NINTH ANNUAL REPORT.

“Go teach all nations — and lo, I am with you always.” Such was the last command of our blessed Lord to the disciples, whom he left to be witnesses of him, and such his promise to cheer them under the toils and trials of the work. Most gratefully would the Executive Committee and officers of this Society record the fulfillment of that promise in the prosecution of their labors the past year. The agitations of the country during a state of war have not been suffered to diminish our resources or impede our benevolent operations, — indeed, they have rather been made to enlarge both. Never was there so great a demand in all quarters for evangelical reading, and never was the public mind in a condition more favorable for giving to the truth its widest diffusion and its fullest power.

It is esteemed a special privilege and responsibility of this Society, that it has been called so prominently to aid in the *moral education of the nation* in this period of its struggle for life. That struggle is only the culmination of that conflict with wrong, which four years ago compelled the resumption by this Society of a separate and more vigorous activity, and which, having disturbed the peace, perverted the policy, and so greatly paralyzed the nation for one-third of a century, has at last reached its legitimate development in open rebellion. The duty of a Christian Publishing Society in such a crisis is obvious and most imperative. To stand by the government in the discharge of its solemn responsibilities; to uphold its rightful authority; to teach the duty of loyalty and the crime of treason; to kindle among all classes sentiments of elevated patriotism; to afford to our brave soldiers and seamen religious counsels and consolations suited to their need; to send the messages of God’s love and sympathy into hospitals and stricken homes; to prepare the dying for death; to afford instruction to those once enslaved, but now free and serving as equal citizens under the banner of our common country; and to diffuse

among all the people a love of justice and a devout submission to the will of God the supreme ruler of all men, — these are among the peculiar duties of the present time, to which religion and patriotism call us. We repeat the expression of our joy that this Society has been permitted to perform such a service, and has had in so doing such a measure of prosperity and such abundant tokens that it has not labored in vain.

While these have been the special duties of the time, it is a matter of rejoicing also, that the general and ordinary work of the Society has not been diminished. There is evidence that pastors and churches are feeling an increased interest in all efforts to reach with the gospel the masses of the people. Sunday schools, city missions, local tract organizations, maternal associations and the like, are vigorously employed in this needful work. It is the privilege of this Society to be a helper of all these, affording its publications, gratuitously when desired, for their use. Experience has taught us that such agencies are the best possible for the charitable spread of the truth; while they are themselves strengthened by means of it, and the large cost of a paid colportage is dispensed with.

The *business* operations of the Society are constantly enlarging. Its publications are widely sought for and distributed through the regular channels of the trade. While it has no depository whatever save its store in Boston, and while it no longer employs colportage as a means of *selling* books, still the amount of sales has been greater than in any former year.

The lives of all the officers of the Society have been graciously spared during the year. Two members of the Executive Committee, REV. A. L. STONE, D.D., and RUSSELL STURGIS, JR., ESQ., have resigned their places, on accepting appointments in the army of the United States. While the loss to the Society of their valuable counsels and aid is regretted, we rejoice to know that they have done good service to their country in the field. The vacancies for the time being were filled by the Committee, who appointed REV. EDWIN B. WEBB, of Boston, and REV. SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., to those places.

ORGANIZATION OF THE DEPARTMENTS.

The venerable men who founded this Society almost half a century ago had probably little conception of the ultimate growth and importance of their organization. The only end which they

seem to have contemplated at that time was, to enable benevolent individuals, who wished to do good by the circulation of tracts, to procure them in sufficient quantity and variety and at a small expense. It does not appear to have been expected that the Society itself should distribute them gratuitously, or indeed perform any properly charitable work, but rather to *aid* in the manner stated the private labors of individuals. Hence the Constitution of the Society did not at first provide for such a distinction in its operations, between business and charities, as has grown up in later years. During its union with the American Tract Society at New York, it followed the methods of that institution, although the original aim had in practice greatly changed, and its gratuitous labors and appropriations had come to occupy the most prominent place in the estimation of the public.

Upon the cessation of that connection in 1859, it was strongly urged by many of the members of the Society, that the funds and accounts pertaining to these distinct departments of labor should be kept separate, a practice which had then long obtained among similar societies in England. This desire, together with the intrinsic propriety of said course, led the Executive Committee to adopt the principle, which has since then been carried into use. The measure however was new, and many perplexities arose in the execution, which experience alone has taught how to solve. At length, having become fully satisfied of its practicability and desirableness, and finding nothing in the Constitution averse to it, the Committee during the past year have effected a formal reorganization of their administration and of the work to be done, adopting for that purpose the following system of By-Laws.

BY-LAWS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

I. OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

1. At their first meeting after the anniversary in each year, the Executive Committee shall organize by electing a chairman and clerk, and the sub-committees required by Article V. of the Constitution.

2. The regular meetings of the Executive Committee shall be held on the second Wednesday of each month. Special meetings may be called by either of the secretaries, and shall be called when requested by two members. (By-laws of Society.)

3. Four members present at a meeting shall constitute a quorum. (By-laws of Society.)

II. OF THE OPERATIONS OF THE SOCIETY.

1. The operations of the Society shall be divided into two departments, called, respectively, the "Business Department" and the "Charitable Department."

2. All the contributions and donations designated for specific charitable purposes shall be applied to those purposes only, and all other funds received by the Charitable Department shall be expended in said Department, except when in special cases the Executive Committee shall order otherwise.

3. Such publications as are taken by the Charitable Department for grants shall be charged to said Department, at such prices as shall be prescribed by the Finance Committee.

4. No charge shall be made to the Charitable Department for office or store rent, the services of the treasurer or bookkeeper, for the labors of the clerks and other incidental expenses, or for the advertisement of its monthly receipts in the Tract Journal.

5. The other expenses incurred by the Society, shall be divided between the two departments in such a way that each shall bear those which appropriately belong to it.

6. The accounts of the departments shall be kept separately; and also mutual accounts shall be kept between said departments.

III. OF THE SUB-COMMITTEES.

1. Each Sub-Committee shall have the superintendence of its own branch of the Society's operations, and conduct its business subject to the approval of the Executive Committee. They shall keep regular minutes of their proceedings, and report the same monthly to the Executive Committee. (By-Laws of Society.)

2. The Committee of Distribution shall have charge of the administration of the Charitable Department. They shall direct in the collection of funds, shall appoint and superintend all collecting agents and District Secretaries, and shall determine the charitable work of the Society, direct the gratuitous distribution of publications, and attend to all matters belonging to this department.

3. The Committee of Publication shall have charge of the entire work of publishing, and of all purchases of books, tracts, or papers, either for use or distribution. They may appoint an editor to labor under their direction, with such assistants as may be needed. They shall have charge of the Society's Library, and be empowered to add to it any papers or books which they may think important.

4. The Committee of Finance shall have the care of the Tract House, and shall also have the charge of the store and the sale of the publications; shall fix prices, discounts, and credits, appoint a Depositary and clerks, and superintend the collection of dues and the settlement of accounts. They shall also examine the Treasurer's accounts and monthly statements, and approve the same when found to be correct.

IV. OF EXPENDITURES.

1. The expenditures to be made in the Charitable Department during any month shall not exceed the total receipts from donations and legacies during the preceding month, except by express vote of the Executive Committee.

2. The liabilities to be incurred in the Business Department shall be determined monthly in advance by the Committee of Finance, and the amount shall be based on the *average* monthly receipts of the Business Department during the Society's preceding business year, modified by the current aspects of business, according to the judgment of said Committee. If in consequence of the emergency of affairs any additional expenditure may be required, said excess shall be charged against some succeeding month, and deducted from the average then to be allowed; so that, as nearly as possible, the sum total of the Society's expenditures shall not exceed that of its receipts during any year.

3. All bills for expenditure in the various departments shall, before payment, be endorsed as approved by the respective heads of those departments; in the Charitable Department by one of the resident Secretaries; in the Publication Department by the Editor; in sales by the Depositary; in general administration by the Treasurer.

For a delineation of the actual working of the system as thus constituted, the reader is referred to the paper read by Rev. Mr. WARREN at the public meeting in New York, — Appendix B. See also the classification of Finances on a subsequent page.

THE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

PUBLICATIONS.

There have been printed during the year, as follows: Of *Tracts*, in the 12mo series, 1,220,000 copies; envelope tracts, 576,000; pocket tracts, on tinted paper, 116,000; children's tracts, each with an engraving, 72,000; square miniature tracts, 15,000; hymns, in small leaflets, 80,000; total, 2,079,000 copies, comprising 10,208,000 pages. *Volumes*, including stitched pamphlets in covers, 382,303 copies, embracing 36,061,885 pages. *Papers*: *Tract Journal*, 647,800 copies; *Child at Home*, 1,595,000; *Christian Banner*, 630,000. Whole amount of printing done, — tracts and books, — 46,269,895 pages; papers, 2,872,800 copies.

The cost of the above for editing, copyrights, stereotyping, engraving, paper, printing, and binding, was \$59,410.27. Purchased of other societies and booksellers, \$8,383.59. Total cost of publications during the year, \$67,793.86.

TRACTS.

REGULAR SERIES. 12mo.

The following Tracts have been added to this series during the year:—

No. 79. BARGAINS. pp. 4. By Rev. J. Proudfit, D.D. This tract very naturally and forcibly suggests the question to every heart,—"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

No. 80. WILT THOU BE MADE WHOLE? pp. 4. By Mr. Henry M. Hazeltine. The efficacy of "the precious blood of Christ" to cleanse from all sin, is presented.

No. 81. HOW TO FIND COMFORT. pp. 4. By Rev. L. Sabin, D.D. The one way by which alone comfort may be found is held up before the troubled soul.

No. 82. POOR JACK. pp. 4. A touching narrative of the conversion of a little street shoe-black, and the lesson it inculcates.

No. 83. THE SPLENDID WEDDING. pp. 4. An eminent clergyman wrote this, many years ago, in response to a letter from a young lady to his daughter, in which she describes a splendid wedding which had then recently occurred. He described another glorious wedding feast, at which every reader must desire to be present.

No. 84. A SAD RUIN. pp. 4. By Rev. H. B. Hooker, D.D. The mournful results from suffering the family altar to be broken down.

No. 85. CHRIST A COMPANION. pp. 4. By Rev. T. L. Cuyler, first published in the *Independent*. The blessedness of the intimate relation which the believer is permitted to sustain to Christ.

No. 86. NO MAN CARES FOR MY SOUL. pp. 4. By Rev. A. S. Chesebrough. It is shown that this complaint, even if founded in truth, does not justify a soul in remaining in impenitence; and that if no *man* cares for the soul, it is cared for by God himself, and all the inhabitants of heaven.

No. 87. THE OBSCURE DISCIPLE. pp. 4. By Rev. H. B. Hooker, D.D. No Christian occupies a position so humble that he may not honor and glorify God.

No. 88. IRON-CLAD HEARTS. pp. 4. By Rev. T. L. Cuyler, from the *Independent*. The iron-clad war vessel of our navy presents an illustration of the hardening of the heart against God by the impenitent.

No. 89. EXEMPT. pp. 4. An article copied from the *New York Observer*. The reader is reminded of that blessed "exemption" from "all evil" which may be secured through Jesus Christ.

No. 90. THE PASSENGER. pp. 4. Also copied from the *New York Observer*. In the great journey through time to eternity, the passenger has only to commit himself to the "Great Conductor," and thus be assured of a safe arrival at the celestial city.

OCCASIONAL SERIES. 12mo.

THE AMERICAN WAR. pp. 32. By Newman Hall, LL.B. A lecture to working men, delivered in London, Oct. 20, 1862. As a clear and graphic summary of the causes and merits of our great national struggle, it is unsurpassed by any thing published on either side of the ocean.

The whole number of duodecimo tracts printed during the year was 1,220,000, comprising 5,212,000 pages.

ENVELOPE TRACTS.

These are of four pages each, and designed to be inclosed in envelopes with letters. Six have been published during the year.

No. 28. A RESCUED BRAND. By P. C. Headley. An interesting account of the conversion of a lady who had previously been a Universalist in belief.

No. 29. WHO IS IT? An affecting picture of the love and long suffering of that gracious stranger who knocks and waits so long at the door of every heart.

No. 30. WILLIAM HOWITT'S FOUR DOCTORS. When the author of this little tract was approaching his seventieth year, he acknowledged the benefits and assistance received from "four famous doctors: Temperance, Exercise, Good Air, and Good Hours."

No. 31. NOT NOW. By J. W. Kimball, Esq. The title of this tract at once suggests the important truth and warning it presents.

No. 32. A BROTHER'S LETTER. Written by a pious student in college to his younger brother, who subsequently listened to these counsels, and learned to rejoice in the same hope.

No. 33. THE WHOLE HEART. By Rev. T. L. Cuyler, in the *Independent*. Every thing we attempt to do in religion must be with *all the heart*.

Of envelope tracts 576,000 were printed during the year, making 2,304,000 pages. Sold in packages of 48 tracts each, for 10 cents.

POCKET TRACTS.

The following have been added to the list:—

SANCTIFICATION. By J. W. Kimball, Esq.

YES OR NO. By J. W. Kimball, Esq.

THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST. By J. W. Kimball, Esq.

VALUABLE HINTS TO SOLDIERS. Compiled from "Hints on Health in Armies, by J. Ordonaux, M.D."

These are of 16 pages each, sold in packages of ten for 10 cents. During the year, 116,000 copies have been printed on tinted paper, comprising 1,856,000 pages.

VOLUMES.

The whole number of new books, including pamphlets not reckoned as tracts, published during the year, is 42. The number of copies of volumes printed during the year is 382,203, comprising 36,061,895 pages.

The following are the new books published:—

12MO.

THE CANON OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES Examined in the Light of History. By Professor L. Gaussen, of Geneva, author of "Theopneusty." Translated from the French by Rev. E. N. Kirk, D.D. pp. 493.

This admirable book is a very timely work. We would that it were speedily in the hands of all our thinking people. — *N. Y. Observer*.

This work is a timely, and, we need scarcely say, an able one. — *N. Y. Evangelist*.

It is throughout an exhaustive treatment of an important subject, and embodies information of the most valuable kind. — *N. Y. Chronicle*.

It will be a classic among our students. — *Congregationalist*.

It is a work of great value to American ministers and intelligent laymen, and we predict for it an extensive sale. — *Boston Recorder*.

The book in its present form constitutes a manual of great value, and well adapted to popular use. — *Watchman and Reflector*.

A superb volume. — *Methodist Quarterly Review*.

It is an uncommonly valuable addition to our stock of religious literature. — *S. S. Times*.

It fully sustains the high character of the writer, and will be found invaluable to ministers and students; but, while Professor Gaussen writes especially for them, he has the faculty of doing it in a manner easily understood, and instructive to the common reader. — *United Presbyterian*.

A BOOK FOR THE HOME; or, American Cottage Life. A series of religious poems, descriptive, didactic, and devotional. By Professor Thomas C. Upham, D.D., Professor in Bowdoin College. pp. 251. With six steel engravings, including a portrait of the author.

The volume is illustrated, beautifully printed, and should find a place in almost every cottage home in New England. No person who has a love of the beautiful and true can fail to read it with pleasure. — *Brunswick Telegraph*.

Many of these contributions have before been published; and the many years they have been called for by those for whose benefit they were written, prove that these effusions of a warm heart have found a sympathetic chord with the public. The last piece, "The Old House," must interest all who have any of the home feeling. — *Christian Mirror*.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY'S ALMANAC FOR 1863. This almanac contains sixty-four pages, and abounds in fine illustrations. It has been

arranged on an entirely new plan, having engravings on the pages opposite the calendar of each month, with astronomical matter descriptive of the same. It also contains a great variety of interesting, useful, and statistical matter.

The typographical neatness, elegant illustrations, and superior collection of valuable reading that have been exhibited in previous years, are fully sustained in this number.—*Boston Transcript*.

UNCLE PAUL'S STORIES, for boys and girls. Square 12mo. pp. 144, with numerous illustrations.

A beautiful volume of short, sprightly, and instructive sketches, by one who understands perfectly how to address children.—*Christian Times*.

Parents and guardians will thank us for calling their attention to this excellent volume. The author makes no pretense of superiority as a writer for the young. He simply tells us that the contents consist chiefly of articles previously published in the periodicals of the Society that now publishes the book. A glance over the pages of the latter satisfies us that those articles fully merit the distinction thus conferred on them. Each is told in language at once simple, chaste, and graphic, and combines entertainment with instruction.—*National Quarterly Review*.

Interesting and well-told tales. In each some important lesson in practical, every-day life is illustrated in a manner that can not fail of making a deep impression on the youthful reader. It is got up in elegant style. The pictures are beautiful, and add no little to the attractiveness of the book.—*Watchman and Reflector*.

16MO.

THE CELESTIAL CITY; Glimpses within the Gates. By Rev. James D. Burns, M.A., Hampstead, London. pp. 128. Contemplations on the glory and blessedness of Heaven.

It consists of short articles based upon Bible descriptions of Heaven, all breathing a devout spirit, and written in an attractive style. It is handsomely printed on tinted paper, with ornamental chapter headings, and is a very appropriate gift book.—*Congregationalist*.

We have seen no book in a long time so well calculated to cheer and console the toiling pilgrim on his journey from earth to the paradise of God.—*Christian Witness*.

This book is also published as a 12mo, with wide margin.

CHRISTIAN SELF-CULTURE; or, Counsels for the beginning and progress of a Christian Life. By Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., Pastor of the First Church in New Haven. pp. 255.

Dr. Bacon discusses the necessity and methods of man's agency in the culture of the Christian character, with the wisdom which marks the experienced guide in the way of salvation, with entire freedom from technical phraseology and limiting dogmas, and with a tender earnestness which must give his words entrance and power wherever the book shall fall into the hands of one who sincerely desires to educate himself for heaven.—*National Quarterly Review*.

An eminently practical work, furnishing excellent and varied counsel.—*Banner of the Covenant*.

Here we have the practical ethics of Christian duty enforced by the clear, transparent style and lucid argumentation for which the author is justly distinguished.—*N. Y. Evangelist*.

A work of rare value, and one greatly needed.—*S. S. Times*.

THE WICKET GATE. Short narratives of the turning of sinners to God, with words of counsel and warning. pp. 256.

This book consists chiefly of narratives heretofore published in the monthly periodicals of this Society, many of which have already been instrumental of much good in that form. They are sent forth anew, with the earnest hope and prayer that He, whose Spirit so often displayed its wonder-working power in the instances related, may in like manner employ the narratives themselves in guiding souls into the Way of Life.

THE HIDDEN LIFE; and the Life of Glory. By Rev. Hubbard Winslow, D.D., author of "Intellectual Philosophy," "Moral Philosophy," "Christian Doctrines," &c. pp. 254.

The design of this work, as the author remarks, is "to exhibit the origin, progress, and termination of that life on earth which is hid with Christ in God, in a purely scriptural view, and so divested of theological technicalities as to render the subject plain to every reader," and one needs only to read in order to feel how successfully the design has been accomplished. At a time like this, when the community is flooded with light, and in many cases pernicious publications, we welcome with joy a book which takes us to something real and important,—to the very fountain of truth, and the richest of all human experience.—*Boston Recorder*.

18MO.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES; for Boys. pp. 224. }
HELPS OVER HARD PLACES; for Girls. pp. 224. } By Lynde Palmer.

Full of instruction to the young, very attractive in style, and to any growing family, worth thrice the cost.—*Advocate and Guardian*.

Most excellent.—*Banner of the Covenant*.

Deeply interesting and instructive, and happily illustrated.—*New Yorker*.

Charming books, rich with stories which can not fail to interest and benefit the young.—*New Haven Palladium*.

These two little books have each a beautifully colored frontispiece. They are neatly got up, and are well adapted for presents for children.—*New Haven Journal and Courier*.

One of the most agreeable and judicious juvenile books we ever remember to have read. It should have a place in the children's library of every family.—*Iowa Rel. Newsletter*.

CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOK. By Mrs. Jane S. Warren. pp. 96. With a picture on every page, and a rich colored frontispiece.

Beautiful and good.—*Boston Recorder*.

LONNIE, OUR LITTLE LAMB. pp. 110, with two engravings and a steel portrait.

A touching and beautiful memoir of a little child.

WAYMARKS OF THE PILGRIMAGE; or, Teaching by Trials. By Rev. G. B. Cheever, D.D. pp. 164.

Few men can write better on such a subject than Dr. Cheever. Multitudes will be glad to see this little volume, and be strengthened by its perusal for the work of life.—*Boston Recorder*.

Full of instruction and consolation.—*Boston Journal*.

SEPARATION FROM SLAVERY. Being a consideration of the inquiry, "How shall Christian churches best absolve themselves from all responsible connection with slavery?" By Rev. Samuel Wolcott. pp. 46. This treatise received the premium of one hundred dollars, offered by the "Church

Anti-Slavery Society," for the best essay upon the subject proposed in the inquiry.

A very vigorous and able discussion of the means to be used to eradicate slavery from our land. — *Newsletter*.

FAITHFULNESS, as illustrated in the Life and Labors of Rev. MORRISON HUGGINS, late Pastor of Westminster Church, Rockford, Illinois. By Rev. Charles P. Bush. pp. 128, with steel engravings.

Specially useful as showing that no extraordinary talents are necessary in order to a man's accomplishing a vast amount of good. — *S. S. Times*.

Few men have been more exemplary or useful than the subject of this memoir. — *N. Y. Evangelist*.

Will be read with interest. — *American Baptist*.

It is worthy of being placed on every minister's table. — *Christian Era*.

MAPLE HILL; or, Aunt Lucy's Stories. By Mrs. J. D. Chaplin. pp. 112, with three illustrations.

A collection of most excellent short stories. A capital book for the Sabbath-school library. — *S. S. Times*.

Aunt Lucy tells a story well, and teaches the young the importance of kindness to the poor, respect for the aged, &c. — *Dubuque Daily Times*.

THE MOSS ROSE. From the English. By Rev. P. B. Power. pp. 62, with two illustrations.

THE LITTLE KNITTER. From the English. By Rev. P. B. Power. pp. 63, with two illustrations.

It shows clearly that all things work together for good to those who love God; a beautiful lesson. — *N. Y. paper*.

THE HAPPY HOME; or, The Story of Annie Lyon. From the English. pp. 75, with two illustrations.

THE HEAD OR THE HEART. pp. 59, with two illustrations.

THE TWO WAYS. pp. 64, with two illustrations.

TRUST IN GOD. pp. 64, with two illustrations.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY. pp. 64, with two illustrations.

These last four little volumes are also reprinted from the English, and one from the pen of that most successful writer for children, Catherine D. Bell.

Of "The Two Ways" the *S. S. Times* says, — "A very pretty story, illustrating two Scripture truths: first, that the way of transgressors is hard, and secondly, that wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness;"

And of the whole set a New York paper says, — "They are beautifully written and very attractive, in both matter and style."

FRAGRANCE FROM CRUSHED FLOWERS. Compiled by Mrs. Helen E. Brown, with many original pieces of poetry. pp. 112, with frontispiece in purple.

A book for bereaved parents.

Most refreshing to the heart of the mother, from whose arms her little ones have been taken, will be the fragrance that breathes through this little book. — *Congregationalist*.

Affords delicious food for every parent who has lost a child. — *Hal's Journal of Health*.

FIRELIGHT STORIES. By Mrs. J. D. Chaplin. pp. 96, with three illustrations.

Admirably adapted to make an impression upon the minds of a very large class of persons in our community—the Roman Catholics—who are so numerous employed as domestics in Protestant families.—*Evangelical Repository*.

Worthy of a place in every family.—*N. Y. Chronicle*.

A useful volume.—*Advocate and Guardian*.

HERBERT; OR TRUE CHARITY. pp. 261, with four illustrations.

ROSE; OR THE LITTLE COMFORTER. pp. 206, with four illustrations.

PATIENCE; OR THE SUNSHINE OF THE HEART. pp. 166, with three illustrations.

RUTH, AND LITTLE JANE; OR BLOSSOMS OF GRACE. pp. 117, with three illustrations.

These four volumes comprise the five narratives interwoven in that most attractive juvenile book entitled the "Ministering Children." The large size and consequent expense of that book, exclude it in a great measure from Sabbath-school libraries and many households, where it would otherwise be a welcome inmate. To obviate this, the different threads of the story have been separated and published in the four distinct volumes named above.

"Ministering Children," is one of the most attractive books ever written. Its size has prevented its having such a general introduction into our Sabbath schools, as its merits in other respects have warranted. This difficulty has now been obviated. The several volumes formed are of the usual size of Sabbath-school books.—*S. S. Times*.

The story is skillfully separated, making each part complete in itself, and yet retaining the thread of it in all essential respects.—*Christian Era*.

Beautiful volumes—intensely engaging—deserve a place in every family and Sabbath school.—*N. Y. Observer*.

They teach the young, by some striking examples, the noble duty of ministering to the wants of others.—*Banner of the Covenant*.

TIDY'S WAY TO FREEDOM. By Mrs. H. E. Brown. pp. 192, with three illustrations.

Pleasant to the eye and attractive to the youthful mind. We have the testimony of two young readers, and this testimony is decidedly to the credit of the books, with a slight discrimination in favor of little Tidy.—*Congregationalist*.

"Tidy's Way" is one of a series of like works to supply the defect of anti-slavery literature in the American Tract Society [N. Y.]. It is a book to produce a lively interest in children.—*N. Y. Chronicle*.

CALLS TO THE SAVIOUR. pp. 188. Made up of the well known and useful little works,—Come to Jesus; Call to Prayer; and Quench not the Spirit.

MARY S. PEAKE; The Colored Teacher at Fortress Monroe. By Rev. Lewis C. Lockwood. With an appendix. pp. 64, with a steel engraving and two wood engravings.

A memoir of a most faithful and devoted Christian, who felt the curse which slavery entails upon those who have but a small admixture of African blood in their veins.—*Christian Era*.

An unpretending memoir of one who was made exceedingly useful among those of her unfortunate people set free by the fortunes of war.—*N. Y. Evangelist*.

THE SENSES. With numerous illustrations. Reprinted, with some emendations, from the Religious Tract Society of London. pp. 192.

A great amount of useful information is imparted in this little volume, and its style and illustrations render it acceptable to the young for whose benefit it is prepared.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE HONEY-MAKERS. By Mr. Samuel Burnham. pp. 110, with frontispiece and numerous illustrations.

Of the two last named volumes the Congregationalist says:—

“We welcome these books as a new feature in our religious literature, and as worthy to take the place of some of the pious-story-twaddle which so often disgraces our Sabbath-school libraries. ‘The Honey-Makers’ gives a full and interesting account of Bees, and is written in an attractive and scholarly style, while the scientific information is so well draped with choice language and poetic imagination, that the adult reader, as well as the young, will peruse the book with pleasure and profit. ‘The Senses’ conveys a great amount of useful information in an agreeable manner, and is admirably adapted to its object. It is written in vigorous English, and is every way a valuable volume for the young. Both of these books are fully illustrated.”

24MO.

THE TWO SIXPENCES. pp. 32.

THE CRYBABY. pp. 32.

LOTTIE’S ORANGE. pp. 32.

THE LITTLE LOST KITTY. pp. 32.

Four beautiful little books for children. By Mrs. H. E. Brown. Each having two illustrations; bound in paper covers. They are also bound in one volume, in cloth, entitled,

AUNT WINNIE’S STORIES. pp. 128.

THE THRICE DAILY TEXT BOOK. With original poetry. Arranged for each day of the month. By Miss A. D. Woodbridge. pp. 36, with illuminated pages.

A charming little volume, both to the eye and the mind.—*Boston Recorder.*

HOW TO BE SAVED. Three letters to a Friend. By Francis Wayland. pp. 64.

It is exactly the book to scatter everywhere.—*Christian Times.*

This is a precious little book.—*United Presbyterian.*

Pastors, Sabbath-school teachers, and Christians generally, might perform a good work, with little trouble or expense, by obtaining copies of this work and keeping them for circulation among the impenitent generally, and especially among the class for whom they are more particularly designed.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

FUTURE PUNISHMENT. By Rev. John Todd, D.D. pp. 41.

An excellent discourse upon one of the most solemn and important subjects of the Bible.—*United Presbyterian.*

PERIODICALS.

The *Tract Journal* and *Child at Home* are now too well known to need special mention. Abundant testimonies are furnished of their usefulness and acceptableness. The former presents to its

readers a great variety of what may be called *tract matter*, in the most inviting form, together with such digests of religious information as its space will permit. The importance of this will be apparent when it is remembered that in many thousands of families it constitutes the only source of knowledge as to the religious and moral topics of the day, and the progress of Christ's kingdom. At the same time it is intended to be strictly a *religious* paper, containing nothing which is not proper to be read on the Lord's day.

The chaplain of a U. S. Hospital in Philadelphia writes, January 27:—

I have received the Tract Journal as a grant for the hospitals up to the first of this month. I earnestly hope you will continue to send an equal number monthly. I am chaplain of two hospitals in this city, having under my care about five hundred men. I have taken the Journal from the first of its publication, and regard it as *the best monthly* of any religious society. It is prized by the sick and wounded men, and read by them, I hope, to their spiritual profit.

A lady in Hartford writes:—

The Tract Journal has seemed like a sunbeam, during the past year, amid the gloom of civil commotion and death through which we have passed.

The Treasurer of this Society received on May-day morning the following letter:—

BOSTON, May 1, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR:—I read your May number of the Tract Journal *through* last evening, and viewing the work of supplying the army with good reading as so immensely important, I send you *one hundred dollars* to further the work, and hope your Society will remember the promise, "He that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

Yours,

The *Christian Banner* continues to be published chiefly for the use of our army and navy. Probably no publication issued by the Society has been the means of greater good than this. We refer in evidence thereof to the whole current of our correspondence with chaplains, officers, and others in the service. Rev. Mr. Alvord writes under date of January 24:—

The Banner has become an army institution, and its periodical arrival is now looked for by the soldiers with unmistakable pleasure. "When will the next Banner come?" is a question which has to be often answered. Said a chaplain to me the other day, "The boys *go crazy* when they see me in camp with one of these packages of Banners." "I have to fight the fellows," said another chaplain, "to keep them from sending it home;" and he added, "It pleases the officers as much as it does the men. I have been reading it to a

group of them to-day here in my tent. They all wanted two or three copies." Said another, "To keep the army up to the key-note we *must have the Banner*. A few weeks' destitution of such fresh reading would demoralize *our* regiment."

The last number is especially acceptable. That military frontispiece, with its high moral teaching, pleases all good men. "American Tract Society!" one who lately came into camp exclaimed, his eye running over the first page and resting on the picture of the little contraband whom General Banks helped on her way; "that must be the American Tract Society at *Boston*, I'm sure." The *Banner* is especially acceptable in hospitals.

A lady who is here distributing hospital goods, and to whom I gave one or two hundred copies, said to me yesterday, "The sick soldiers often turn from my luxuries and beg me to give them one of those *Banners*."

A hospital chaplain at Memphis, Tenn., writes:—

I have for the first time the pleasure of meeting with your precious little "*Banner*." It is, without doubt, the very best paper of the kind published in the land. And it is so admirably adapted to the soldier—to the army at large; it is, indeed, the most eagerly sought after, and read with more avidity and interest than any paper that comes to gladden the soldier's heart. The articles are short, and fraught with such thrilling interest that they are always and all read, and the only regret is that the paper is no larger. No mind can compute, nor will time show, the great good that is done by this little "*Banner*" as it floats over land and sea, dispensing blessings to soldier and sailor.

I was delighted to learn that "it is designed principally for gratuitous distribution in the army and navy." Among the *eleven hundred and twenty* inmates of this hospital, I find quite a large number of pious men, and also those who are penitent and are seeking the Lord. Some have already found the 'pearl of great price,' within the last two weeks; and some have died in glorious hope of immortality and eternal life.

GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION.

This work has been prosecuted during the last year in the same manner as heretofore. The fields which the Society have been striving to cultivate were essentially the same. Seamen and landsmen—the needy in city, town, and country—the destitute in the older sections of the land, and the scattered population of the new portions of our territory—boatmen on rivers, lakes, and canals—hospitals and various reformatory and chari-

table institutions—Mission Sabbath schools, Home Missionaries, Pastors and private Christians—have been recipients of our publications. The demand for them from these different directions has been quite as great as the Society has been able to supply.

The following is a detailed list of the publications granted during the year:—

TO CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS, &c.		Pages.
City Missionary Society, Boston, Ms.	729,075	
do. do. Lawrence, Ms.	27,000	
do. do. New Haven, Ct.	2,040	
do. do. Chicago, Ill.	177,990	
Young Men's Ch. Asso., Boston	25,710	
Maine Home Missionary Society	37,500	
Am. Home Missionary So., N. Y.	45,375	
Home Missions, Patten, Me.	3,375	
Western Tract Agency, Chicago, Ill.	324,195	
Ladies' Tract So., So. Plymouth, Ms.	1,590	
Tract Society, Rutland, Vt.	3,750	
do. do. Montreal, C. E.	19,995	
do. do. San Francisco, Cal.	180,495	
City Tract So., San Francisco, Cal.	64,500	
Tract Society, Oregon City, Or.	15,000	
Cong. Church, Newton Center, Ms.	3,000	
do. do. Reading, Ms.	2,745	
do. do. Jersey City, N. J.	1,500	
Central Cong. Ch., Providence, R. I.	3,000	
Colored Churches, Boston	9,090	
Vine St. Cong. Ch., Roxbury, Ms.	7,440	
Eliot Cong. Ch., Roxbury, Ms.	7,140	
Mather Church, Jamaica Plain, Ms.	7,500	
Baptist Church, Wyoming, R. I.	7,500	
Reformed Dutch Ch., Roxbury, Ms.	450	
Various Churches in New England and the West	225,000	
Sabbath School, Boston	7,500	
do. do. (colored), Boston	6,000	
do. do. Perkins St. Baptist Somerville, Ms.	2,025	
do. do. Plympton, Ms.	10,665	
do. do. Monument, Ms.	16,875	
do. do. Millbury, Ms.	7,500	
do. do. Northampton, Ms.	450	
do. do. Cohasset, Ms.	1,209	
do. do. (colored), New Bedford, Ms.	7,500	
do. do. Detroit, Me.	13,500	
do. do. Monmouth, Me.	1,380	
do. do. —, Me.	1,500	
do. do. Bethlehem, N. H.	4,500	
do. do. Delta, N. H.	3,000	
do. do. Linnaeus, N. H.	2,865	
do. do. Harrisville, N. Y.	7,500	
do. do. Newbern, N. C.	21,000	
do. do. Kewanee, Ill.	9,000	
do. do. Oshkosh, Wis.	3,750	
do. do. La Crosse, Wis.	15,000	
do. do. Markeshau, Wis.	7,500	
Sabbath School Convention, Lawrence, Ms.	5,000	
Mission S. School, Boston, Ms.	2,640	
do. do. Andover, Ms.	14,100	
do. do. Fall River, Ms.	1,875	
do. do. Springfield, Ms.	7,575	
do. do. Roxbury, Ms.	1,500	
do. do. Orono, Me.	15,000	
do. do. Danielsonville, Ct.	12,000	
do. do. Albion, N. Y.	4,500	
do. do. New York City	11,100	
do. do. Harlem, N. Y.	19,275	
do. do. Kalamazoo, Mich.	11,025	
Library, Gen. Theological, Boston	20,925	
do. do. Congregational Asso.	16,800	
do. do. City, Springfield, Ms.	10,500	
do. do. Church, South Plymouth.	5,250	
Massachusetts Temperance Society	7,500	
Asylum for the Blind, Boston	4,125	
Channing Home, Boston	5,850	
Hospital, Deer Island, Boston	6,750	
Samaritan Home, Boston	11,550	
Mass. General Hospital, Boston	2,475	
Ladies' Fair, Boston	7,500	
do. do. Roxbury, Ms.	5,250	
Mass. State Prison, Charlestown, Ms.	4,500	
Boston Jail	13,155	
Alms House, Tewksbury, Ms.	1,500	
do. do. Cambridge, Ms.	1,500	
City Prison, Tombs, N. Y. City	2,625	
Old Ladies' Home, New York City	1,500	
Children's Aid So., New York City	1,125	
Blackwell Island, New York City	4,245	
Hospital, Augusta, Me.	1,500	
Ladies' Seminary, Honolulu	24,000	
Gay Head Indians, Chilmark, Ms.	1,500	
A. B. C. F. Missions, Boston	18,900	
Jamaica Missions	24,000	
China Missions	3,750	
South Africa Missions	19,425	
India Missions	13,530	
American Missionary Association	3,750	
Baptist Missionary Union	4,500	
SEAMEN.		
Rev. C. C. Carpenter, Labrador	111,150	
Seamen's Friend So., Boston, Ms.	55,500	
Seamen's Friend So., N. York City, N. Y.	38,955	
Rev. H. Wilson, St. Catharine's, C. W.	79,500	
Sailor's Home, Boston, Ms.	3,375	
Sailor's Home, New York City, N. Y.	450	
Sailor's Library, Boston, Ms.	10,500	
Episcopal Seaman's Mission	3,855	
American Bethel So., Pittsburg, Pa.	15,000	
Ship "G. Colby" for Calcutta	3,375	
Ship "Art Union," Boston	2,355	
Ships "Arthur & Eliza," for Hamburg	1,500	
Bark "Alice Taunton"	1,500	
Brig "Samuel Cook"	7,125	
Seamen, New Bedford, Ms.	4,500	
Seamen, Boston, Ms.	1,770	
A Sailor, Boston, Ms.	510	
Fishermen, Marblehead, Ms.	19,500	
Baptist Bethel, New York City	15,000	
Mrs. Hay, Greece	750	
Mrs. H. Brown, Boston, Ms.	3,915	
Edward Coleman, Matanzas	5,820	
Rev. Mr. Merrill, Portland, Me.	15,000	
H. Stanley, Gloucester, Ms.	45,000	
Capt. Coffin, Halifax, N. S.	1,500	
Rev. C. G. Porter, Bangor, Me.	4,500	
John Knight, Marblehead, Ms.	3,750	
Rev. O. Myrick, Provincetown	10,500	
Rev. J. D. Butler, New Bedford, Ms.	31,500	
Rev. Mr. Russell, Boston, Ms.	4,500	

	Pages.		Pages.
Jesse Harlow, Plymouth, Ms.....	22,500	A. W. Norris, Boston	375
Dana & Co., Portland, Me.....	7,500	Miss Martha Gates, do.	1,500
Charles L. Stoneman, Plympton, Ms.	375	R. W. Morville, do.	6,225
Rev. Mr. Jones, N. Y. City, N. Y....	6,000	R. W. Morville, Jr. do.	6,150
Rev. J. P. Robinson, Boston, Ms....	56,745	L. P. Rowland, Jr. do.	2,250
Capt. Bartlett, Boston, Ms.....	149,175	John R. Giles, do.	3,750
Rev. P. Mason, Boston, Ms.	1,200	M. H. Sargent, do.	2,430
Rev. E. Kellogg, Boston, Ms.....	3,735	N. Rudd, do.	2,335
		S. Cloues, do.	2,025
INDIVIDUALS.		B. F. Whittemore, do.	7,965
MAINE.		C. Blanchard, do.	225
R. D. Douglas, Bath.....	3,000	Charles Flagg, do.	150
A. H. Johnson, Bangor.....	7,500	John W. Sullivan, do.	2,790
Joseph Kyle, Bangor.....	1,800	Mr. Park, do.	375
Rev. C. G. Porter, Bangor.....	7,500	Rev. Halstrick, do.	825
Rev. Samuel Harris, Bangor.....	2,250	Rev. Mr. Hodges, do.	675
A. B. Houston, Bangor.....	300	Mr. Packer, do.	225
Mrs. Eliza Marston, Waterville	1,500	G. C. Rand & Avery, do.	9,000
William Marston, Waterville	1,500	B. W. Williams, do.	4,050
Joseph Marston, Waterville	1,500	Rev. Cyrus Stone, do.	1,500
E. P. Bradbury, Waterville	750	J. W. Coolidge, do.	7,500
Rev. L. Bradford, W. Waterville....	35,400	Benjamin McLearn, do.	150
Rev. W. H. Kelton, W. Waterville....	6,465	Mrs. M. R. Boutwell, do.	1,500
S. H. Garcelon, Lewiston.....	6,000	Rev. Geo. Hepworth, do.	1,500
J. P. Richardson, Otisfield.....	7,500	William Sharon, do.	600
Mrs. Bean, Skowhegan.....	3,375	John Knight, do.	150
Rev. S. A. Blake, Damariscotta....	3,000	Elisha Phillips, do.	375
William Hamon, W. Eden.....	750	Rev. Dr. Stow, do.	2,520
C. H. Stone, Waterford.....	750	Hervey Fitz, do.	750
Rev. S. Brown, E. Winthrop.....	2,250	Mr. Davis, do.	2,250
D. C. Frink, S. Paris.....	3,400	Rev. Dr. Hooker, do.	1,725
J. P. Roberts, Eaton.....	4,170	Gould & Lincoln, do.	1,500
Rev. T. C. Upham, Brunswick.....	24,750	Miss M. Kirk, do.	7,500
H. Packard, Portland.....	900	Dea. Wilkins, do.	9,000
Mr. Raymond, Arrostook.....	750	Mrs. Sullivan, do.	225
Rev. R. C. Spaulding, Houlton.....	7,500	Rev. P. Randolph, do.	5,325
Mr. Ambler, Biddeford.....	600	G. Twitchell, do.	5,475
A. Taylor.....	1,500	Mrs. Daniel Safford, do.	314,610
		Rev. H. B. Taylor, do.	9,240
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		William N. Eayrs, do.	750
Rev. E. G. Little, Merrimack.....	750	Rev. C. F. Barnard, do.	375
Miss R. S. Goodrich, Pembroke....	375	Charles Smith, do.	2,250
Rev. J. W. Ray, Manchester.....	1,500	Mrs. Jonas Lane, do.	225
Anna W. Spofford, Manchester....	1,500	S. G. Deblois, do.	4,500
Miss Abbie Sorbner, W. Epping....	1,545	Augustus Cass, do.	675
Jacob Abbott, Danbury.....	1,470	A. J. Freeman, do.	750
G. S. Coffin, Kindge.....	750	Hon. Joel Hayden, do.	11,100
J. Moulton, Jr., Antrim.....	960	Rev. Dr. Hague, do.	1,575
		Rev. Mr. White, do.	3,750
VERMONT.		W. H. Wardwell, do.	2,625
M. G. Brown, Lyndon.....	1,500	J. Goldthwait, Long Plain.....	3,000
William Davidson, Springfield.....	1,500	Mrs. Girdler, Marblehead.....	750
Rev. E. H. Alden, Hyde Park.....	1,875	Rev. F. Homes, do.	1,125
Rev. E. H. Kent, Kipton.....	750	Robert Crossley, Lowell.....	20,100
James G. Merrill, Bennington.....	12,000	F. F. Carpenter, Charlestown....	375
J. G. Broughton, Townshend.....	9,900	Rev. Geo. E. Hill, Sheffield.....	3,300
Rev. H. D. Hodges, W. Randolph....	1,710	Miss Pillsbury, S. Malden.....	1,500
Rev. S. W. Cowell, Waterbury.....	1,500	John C. Cluer, Plymouth.....	6,000
D. M. June, Brandon.....	20,925	Rev. A. B. Earle, do.	7,500
Mr. Marsh.....	375	John T. Hall, do.	8,250
		Esther Holmes, do.	1,500
MASSACHUSETTS.		Mrs. W. A. Perkins, do.	840
John C. Cluer, Boston.....	7,410	Rev. Wm. Henry Brooks, Plymouth	13,500
Eben. Shute, do.	5,850	Individuals, do.	1,500
Rev. Mr. Bird, do.	8,000	Rev. J. S. Sewall, Wenham.....	7,875
Dea. Merriam, do.	2,250	Joseph C. Melville, Concord.....	375
Joseph Adams, do.	1,200	Charles Blanchard, Gloucester....	3,050
Rev. Dr. Perkins, do.	375	S. Coles, W. Gloucester.....	1,875
Mrs. Whittemore, do.	375	John Stearns, Newton.....	1,500
J. B. Clapp, do.	1,575	Mrs. J. W. Alvord, Newton Cen-	12,000
George Smith, do.	150	ter.	
R. M. Cobb, do.	750	Rev. P. C. Headley, Newton	
Mrs. Jane S. Warren, do.	750	Corner.....	2,550
William Atkinson, do.	750	C. C. Cook, W. Newton.....	1,500
Edward Mellen, do.	3,300	Rev. Dr. Albro, Cambridge.....	750
Rev. E. R. Eastman, do.	375	Rev. Mr. Mason, do.	2,250
		Mrs. L. Sessions, do.	375
		Mrs. E. B. Lane, W. Cambridge..	345

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Mrs. E. A. W. Marritt, E. Cambridge	1,500	Rev. Henry Seymour, Hawley	1,500
J. W. Cowan, Pelham	3,000	Mrs. William Gallagher	1,500
W. H. Dowden, do.	1,500	Mrs. Elizabeth Horley	1,500
Rev. W. G. Hawkins, Wilkinsonville	5,130	RHODE ISLAND.	
Rev. T. B. Flower, Ashfield	1,500	Rev. William Fitz, Westerly	3,000
Mrs. Sarah Wyer, Winchester	525	Rev. F. Wayland, D.D., Providence	19,005
Rev. Mr. Russell, Lynn	1,500	Mrs. Buell, do.	3,075
Thomas Driver, do.	1,650	B. H. Cook, Slatersville	4,500
Rev. Mr. Morgridge, Hyannis	1,500	CONNECTICUT.	
Rev. N. H. Broughton, E. Bridgewater	2,790	F. T. Jarman, New Haven	9,075
Rev. Mr. Peabody, Topsfield	4,125	Jesse Peck, do.	1,200
John C. Cluer, Clintonville	11,755	Rev. C. H. Bullard, Hartford	3,600
Mr. Labaree, Sterling	1,545	George E. Martin, do.	3,000
Miss Lizzie Robbins, Kingston	1,500	Mrs. S. J. Dickerman, Mt. Carmel	9,000
Russell Titus, S. Sutton	1,500	Rev. J. Mallory, Newtown	1,500
Charles Borden, Fall River	7,500	Mrs. Brainard, Lyme	1,500
John Langford, do.	6,750	Rev. D. Cammingham, Lebanon	1,725
W. P. Ellis, Ashburnham	7,500	Rev. H. B. Smith, Abington	780
Rev. John Todd, D.D., Pittsfield	1,875	NEW YORK.	
George P. Ruggs, do.	45,000	Rev. Dr. Hague, N. Y. City	2,250
J. M. Chick, Fiskdale	750	Mr. Lyons, do.	3,350
Miss Perley, Rowley	750	Mrs. Dr. Cheever, do.	2,505
Mrs. Bannister, Newburyport	7,500	Rev. Asa D. Smith, D.D., do.	2,400
Dr. M. Smith, do.	1,500	Mr. Lee, do.	750
H. A. Woodman, do.	2, 60	Mrs. M. A. Parker, do.	4,800
William Twombly, do.	1,500	J. C. Lanphier, do.	405
Mrs. Wales, Dorchester	2,430	Daniel Noyes, do.	105
Rev. J. C. Webster, Hopkinton	4,500	Miss C. W. Dorchester, do.	900
Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D., Braintree	1,500	Harnan Kingsbury, do.	2,250
Rev. John Grunney, E. Braintree	1,500	Charles Gould, do.	1,020
M. C. Stebbins, Lancaster	2,430	J. G. Broughton, do.	45,000
Mr. Powers, Somerville	1,500	Miss Quimby, do.	375
William Tuck, Worcester	4,500	Rev. C. P. Bush, do.	15,705
Rev. J. Banvard, do.	1,875	Miss Wilkinson, do.	750
Mr. Dunbar, Weymouth	750	W. W. Wyman, do.	1,575
Mrs. Ritchie, Roxbury	420	Rev. H. B. Elliot, do.	675
Alvin Rice, do.	600	Henry Fisher, do.	750
Rev. Dr. Fay, Northboro	5,685	William Lowry, do.	750
Rev. A. H. Quint, Jamaica Plain	2,250	Miss A. D. Woodbridge, do.	4,500
Rev. S. D. Dillingham, W. Falmouth	3,000	Rev. P. C. Headley, do.	9,900
Benjamin Spaulding, Chelmsford	3,000	Rev. Thomas L. Cuyler, Brooklyn	375
Mrs. N. Guild, Rockville	750	Mrs. H. E. Brown, do.	41,325
Rev. G. B. Wilcox, Fitchburg	750	Rev. Mr. McCall, Niagara Falls	1,050
C. A. Davenport, Andover	450	Charles S. Fitch, Walton	7,500
Rev. G. L. Gleason, do.	7,500	Benjamin Macy, Mt. Vernon	9,750
L. S. Watts, do.	825	M. L. Parmelee, Lansingburg	6,300
Rev. Rufus Kimball, Haverhill	1,500	Rev. A. B. Woodworth, Newfield	1,500
Rev. J. W. Tuck, Thorndike	2,250	Rev. S. Warren, Ripley	6,000
Hon. S. Williston, E. Hampton	12,480	Rev. H. S. Loyd, Waterford	465
Mrs. Dutch, Chelsea	750	Mrs. M. Loyd, Gloversville	1,275
Rev. C. Stone, Beechwood	795	Rev. Herrick Johnson, Troy	1,650
Rev. A. J. Clapp, Shutesbury	1,500	D. B. Johnson, Kingsboro	7,500
C. C. Allen, Marion	750	Rev. Dr. Canfield, Syracuse	785
Rev. P. C. Headley, Greenfield	7,050	S. Wright, Westford	1,575
Mrs. Elliot, do.	8,250	W. P. Pierce, Buffalo	5,250
S. Woods, Woburn Center	750	F. S. Wood, Albion	7,500
E. Roberts, Duxbury	1,500	Rev. J. B. Clark, New London	1,500
Rev. C. F. Tolman, Lawrence	1,500	Rev. M. H. Wilder, Howell's Depot	1,500
G. P. Wilson, do.	300	NEW JERSEY.	
Rev. Daniel Peck, Barre	975	Rev. Dr. Mills, Newark	1,110
William Hall, W. Acton	750	PENNSYLVANIA.	
Rev. L. R. Eastman, Amherst	210	Rev. G. W. Cleveland, Harbor Creek	1,500
Rev. M. M. Longley, Washington	750	OHIO.	
Rev. N. Day, Taunton	3,000	Rev. Samuel Wolcott, Cleveland	4,500
Father Tillinghast, New Bedford	3,000	Individuals, do.	4,050
C. S. Whittemore, Framingham	2,325	Rev. G. W. Taylor, W. Union	900
S. N. Dickerman, Brighton	1,500	J. S. Hudson, Berea	3,000
Rev. J. P. Cushman, do.	960	INDIANA.	
James Jones, Maplewood	375	Lewis Broad, Fort Wayne	7,500
Rev. E. A. Bulkley, Groton	900	E. F. Hart, do.	7,500
Rev. Mr. Bean, Groton Junction	3,000	Dea. J. Johnson, Noblesville	16,500
Miss H. Clark, Yarmouth	1,500	Clarke & Co., Indianapolis	4,500
John B. Gough, W. Boylston	12,000		
J. Wyeth Coolidge, Boston	1,750		

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MICHIGAN.		BURMAH.	
E. M. Morris, Monroe.....	4,500	Rev. H. S. Van Meter, Bassein.....	2,655
Rev. John Lehman, St. Johns.....	7,500	CHINA.	
Rev. T. E. Bliss, Hancock.....	3,000	Rev. M. J. Knowlton, Ningpo.....	11,250
Mr. Morse, Port Huron.....	2,250	FREEDMEN.	
Rev. E. Anderson, Michigan City.....	12,000	At Beaufort, S. C.....	80,835
Rev. G. Duffield, Jr., Adrian.....	375	At Port Royal, S. C.....	37,500
ILLINOIS.		At Newbern, N. C.....	44,250
D. L. Moody, Chicago.....	88,920	At Norfolk, Va.....	45,000
Eben'r Shute, do.....	5,400	At Hayti.....	49,125
D. L. Moody, Joliet.....	7,500	At Ft. St. Leon, La.....	10,500
A. E. Peckman, Whiteford.....	8,415	Miscellaneous.....	22,875
Rev. H. B. Holmes, Belvidere.....	12,975	LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.	
Mrs. Pearls, Pains Point.....	3,375	By COLPORTERS.....	1,979,610
Rev. E. N. Bartlett, Hamilton.....	1,500	By EXECUTIVE OFFICERS OF THE	1,466,040
Rev. J. R. Smith, Elizabeth.....	465	SOCIETY.....	182,340
Rev. E. Morris, Pecatonica.....	12,000	By DEPOSITARY, BOSTON.....	3,234,945
Eben'r Shute, Galesburg.....	7,440	TOTAL MISCELLANEOUS GRANTS,	
William E. Crissey, Decatur.....	2,040	12,008,250	
J. W. Mills, Quincy.....	9,000	TO THE U. S. NAVY.	
WISCONSIN.		United States ship Ohio.....	33,450
Mr. E. Smith, Menasha.....	1,500	do. do. Housatonic.....	16,845
Samuel Smith, Superior.....	1,500	do. do. Arch Union.....	285
Mrs. Mary Cragin, Oshkosh.....	15,000	do. do. Canandaigua.....	15,000
IOWA.		do. steamer Minnesota.....	53,250
F. T. Townsend, New Haven.....	1,080	do. do. Golden Gate.....	1,500
Rev. J. Gurnsey.....	1,500	do. do. Jacinto.....	2,250
MINNESOTA.		do. do. Dakota.....	3,000
C. Steyner, Lewiston.....	1,500	do. do. Rip Raps.....	750
KANSAS.		do. do. S. R. Spaulding.....	16,500
Rev. H. B. Robinson, Grasshopper		do. do. Adelaide.....	1,500
Falls.....	9,000	do. do. Knickerbocker.....	11,250
Rev. E. Jones, Leroy.....	4,500	do. frigate Rhode Island.....	1,575
Mrs. Milne, Indianola.....	915	do. do. Colorado.....	27,000
Rev. M. L. Gaylord, Atchison.....	10,500	do. gunboat Tioga.....	7,500
MISSOURI.		do. do. Genesee.....	7,500
W. J. Wing, Wing's Landing.....	1,500	do. do. Com. Morris.....	375
Rev. G. Anderson, St. Louis.....	225	do. do. So. Carolina.....	4,155
NEBRASKA.		U. S. Gunboat.....	4,500
Rev. Reuben Gaylord, Omaha City..	9,750	School-ship Massachusetts.....	3,000
CALIFORNIA.		Blockading squadron.....	3,000
E. Holton, Cache Creek.....	1,500	Atlantic do.....	2,250
OREGON.		Navy Yard, Washington, D. C.....	14,520
Mr. McKee, Oregon City.....	15,000	do. do. Charlestown, Ms.....	10,500
CENTRAL AMERICA.		Naval Hospital, Chelsea.....	9,735
Rev. Mr. Hicks, Panama.....	12,000	Rev. J. W. Alvord, Wash'ton, D. C.	164,250
HONDURAS.		Com. Dupont, Port Royal, S. C...	7,500
Charles Warren, Omoa.....	450	Y. M. C. A., Boston, Ms.....	52,710
CANADA EAST.		Mr. Rice, E. Cambridge, Ms.....	375
J. W. Truesdell, Warwick.....	3,000	Rev. Jas. D. Butler, New Bedford.	1,350
Rev. Mr. O'Brien, Montreal.....	2,250	Lieut. S. W. Powell, Charles-	
NOVA SCOTIA.		town, Ms.....	375
A Lady.....	750	John Given, Boston, Ms.....	1,500
PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND.			479,250
D. D. Garland.....	1,500	TO THE U. S. ARMY.	
SANDWICH ISLANDS.		2d Maine Volunteers.....	38,400
Rev. S. C. Damon, Honolulu.....	9,000	3d do. do.....	49,500
TURKEY.		4th do. do.....	48,000
Rev. Mr. Peabody, Constantinople..	2,745	5th do. do.....	30,000
PERSIA.		6th do. do.....	59,250
Rev. Dr. Perkins.....	1,680	7th do. do.....	39,000
		8th do. do.....	23,760
		9th do. do.....	12,750
		10th do. do.....	27,000
		11th do. do.....	25,500
		12th do. do.....	4,500
		13th do. do.....	3,000
		14th do. do.....	6,000
		15th do. do.....	7,500
		16th do. do.....	7,500
		17th do. do.....	18,000

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18th Maine Volunteers.....	38,970	23d Massachusetts Volunteers	15,000
19th do. do.	12,750	24th do. do.	6,000
20th do. do.	22,650	25th do. do.	15,000
21st do. do.	7,875	26th do. do.	18,000
23d do. do.	8,250	27th do. do.	18,000
25th do. do.	74,595	28th do. do.	7,500
26th do. do.	3,000	29th do. do.	19,875
27th do. do.	4,500	30th do. do.	6,000
1st do. Cavalry.....	12,000	31st do. do.	4,500
2d do. Artillery.....	21,660	32d do. do.	71,535
3d do. do.	3,000	33d do. do.	51,675
4th do. do.	10,680	34th do. do.	6,000
5th do. do.	8,025	35th do. do.	34,785
6th do. do.	4,500	36th do. do.	10,500
Miscellaneous	33,570	37th do. do.	6,000
Total to Maine soldiers	666,285	38th do. do.	3,000
2d New Hampshire Volunteers....	53,475	39th do. do.	57,375
3d do. do.	28,065	40th do. do.	63,450
4th do. do.	11,250	42d do. do.	16,500
5th do. do.	49,560	43d do. do.	37,500
6th do. do.	29,055	44th do. do.	14,250
7th do. do.	7,500	45th do. do.	136,830
8th do. do.	6,000	46th do. do.	55,125
9th do. do.	7,500	47th do. do.	750
10th do. do.	3,000	48th do. do.	5,250
11th do. do.	7,500	52d do. do.	8,175
12th do. do.	190,170	53d do. do.	30,000
13th do. do.	3,000	54th do. do.	94,800
14th do. do.	42,615	1st do. Cavalry.....	13,500
1st do. Artillery	1,500	2d do. Artillery (Nim's)..	1,500
Miscellaneous.....	24,330	3d do. do. (Follett's)	10,875
Total to New Hampshire soldiers..	462,510	8th do. do.	3,000
1st Vermont Volunteers	1,500	9th do. do.	2,250
2d do. do.	36,750	10th do. do.	1,500
3d do. do.	35,850	11th do. do.	750
4th do. do.	30,975	14th do. do.	17,250
5th do. do.	41,850	Heavy Artillery	26,625
6th do. do.	69,525	Porter's Battery	401,175
7th do. do.	11,805	Miscellaneous	2,172,405
8th do. do.	8,625	Total to Massachusetts soldiers ...	2,172,405
9th do. do.	7,500	1st Rhode Island Volunteers	1,500
10th do. do.	25,605	2d do. do.	46,950
11th do. do.	15,075	3d do. do.	7,500
12th do. do.	33,195	4th do. do.	15,000
13th do. do.	55,335	5th do. do.	7,500
14th do. do.	12,000	7th do. do.	7,500
15th do. do.	13,875	8th do. do.	9,000
16th do. do.	58,245	9th do. do.	72,975
1st do. Cavalry	13,500	10th do. do.	79,200
Miscellaneous	25,365	11th do. do.	13,950
Total to Vermont soldiers	496,575	12th do. do.	3,000
1st Massachusetts Volunteers	57,225	1st do. Cavalry.....	13,125
2d do. do.	71,115	1st do. Artillery	33,750
3d do. do.	3,000	2d do. do.	1,500
4th do. do.	72,750	3d do. do.	750
5th do. do.	22,500	4th do. do.	4,500
6th do. do.	4,500	6th do. do.	17,250
7th do. do.	50,175	11th do. do.	600
9th do. do.	25,650	Miscellaneous.....	79,500
10th do. do.	47,475	Total to R. I. soldiers	415,050
11th do. do.	43,950	4th Connecticut Volunteers	38,230
12th do. do.	23,250	5th do. do.	81,240
13th do. do.	81,630	6th do. do.	5,850
14th do. do.	36,750	7th do. do.	40,500
15th do. do.	38,475	8th do. do.	11,625
16th do. do.	42,375	10th do. do.	300
17th do. do.	13,875	11th do. do.	76,875
18th do. do.	46,425	12th do. do.	4,500
19th do. do.	56,205	13th do. do.	4,500
20th do. do.	63,330	14th do. do.	25,875
21st do. do.	26,100	15th do. do.	10,500
22d do. do.	53,860	16th do. do.	9,000
		17th do. do.	20,250
		19th do. do.	12,900
		20th do. do.	16,500

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21st Massachusetts Volunteers.....	7,500	68th New York Volunteers	14,250
22d do. do.	11,250	69th do. do.	10,500
23d do. do.	3,000	70th do. do.	82,500
24th do. do.	4,500	71st do. do.	78,900
26th do. do.	9,375	72d do. do.	42,000
27th do. do.	13,500	73d do. do.	24,000
1st do. Cavalry	750	76th do. do.	17,250
1st do. Artillery	24,225	77th do. do.	31,980
Miscellaneous.....	93,225	78th do. do.	8,250
Total to Conn. soldiers.....	525,990	80th do. do.	10,200
1st New York Volunteers	15,000	81st do. do.	52,875
2d do. do.	38,700	82d do. do.	9,000
3d do. do.	8,250	83d do. do.	3,000
4th do. do.	15,750	84th do. do.	9,000
5th do. do.	13,500	85th do. do.	15,000
6th do. do.	9,000	86th do. do.	36,615
7th do. do.	7,875	87th do. do.	15,000
8th do. do.	14,250	88th do. do.	3,000
10th do. do.	11,700	89th do. do.	16,500
11th do. do.	9,000	90th do. do.	48,300
12th do. do.	67,140	92d do. do.	20,250
13th do. do.	27,255	93d do. do.	23,250
14th do. do.	28,650	94th do. do.	64,710
15th do. do.	39,750	95th do. do.	26,250
16th do. do.	16,500	96th do. do.	9,000
17th do. do.	58,275	97th do. do.	12,750
18th do. do.	21,750	98th do. do.	10,500
19th do. do.	7,875	99th do. do.	12,000
20th do. do.	17,250	100th do. do.	15,000
21st do. do.	20,250	101st do. do.	12,750
22d do. do.	15,750	102d do. do.	14,250
23d do. do.	13,500	103d do. do.	12,000
24th do. do.	15,750	104th do. do.	14,250
25th do. do.	28,200	105th do. do.	51,000
26th do. do.	27,870	106th do. do.	9,000
27th do. do.	20,250	107th do. do.	25,500
28th do. do.	19,500	108th do. do.	10,500
29th do. do.	9,750	109th do. do.	12,000
30th do. do.	15,450	110th do. do.	8,250
31st do. do.	21,000	111th do. do.	4,500
32d do. do.	30,000	112th do. do.	25,875
33d do. do.	24,000	113th do. do.	6,000
34th do. do.	38,625	114th do. do.	6,000
35th do. do.	43,350	115th do. do.	17,850
36th do. do.	30,000	117th do. do.	7,500
37th do. do.	35,250	118th do. do.	5,250
38th do. do.	34,725	119th do. do.	8,250
39th do. do.	12,000	120th do. do.	12,000
40th do. do.	41,250	121st do. do.	6,000
41st do. do.	8,250	122d do. do.	14,250
42d do. do.	19,500	123d do. do.	9,000
43d do. do.	28,500	124th do. do.	18,750
44th do. do.	46,575	125th do. do.	6,000
45th do. do.	24,000	126th do. do.	2,250
46th do. do.	12,000	127th do. do.	4,500
47th do. do.	16,500	128th do. do.	5,250
48th do. do.	6,000	130th do. do.	4,500
49th do. do.	45,750	131st do. do.	4,500
50th do. do.	23,625	132d do. do.	4,500
51st do. do.	39,750	133d do. do.	13,876
52d do. do.	33,450	134th do. do.	16,125
53d do. do.	13,200	136th do. do.	14,625
54th do. do.	16,230	137th do. do.	6,000
55th do. do.	21,450	138th do. do.	6,000
56th do. do.	16,500	139th do. do.	6,000
57th do. do.	52,200	140th do. do.	12,900
58th do. do.	21,000	141st do. do.	37,575
59th do. do.	27,000	142d do. do.	4,500
60th do. do.	22,950	143d do. do.	8,250
61st do. do.	46,500	144th do. do.	8,400
62d do. do.	24,150	145th do. do.	12,750
63d do. do.	4,500	146th do. do.	13,650
64th do. do.	55,845	147th do. do.	25,125
65th do. do.	41,805	148th do. do.	4,500
66th do. do.	24,375	149th do. do.	78,750
67th do. do.	6,000	151st do. do.	4,500
		152d do. do.	7,500
		153d do. do.	7,500

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154th New York Volunteers	27,750	27th New Jersey Volunteers	1,500
157th do. do.	11,250	28th do. do.	6,000
158th do. do.	3,000	29th do. do.	1,500
159th do. do.	4,500	30th do. do.	9,000
160th do. do.	12,750	31st do. do.	3,750
161st do. do.	3,000	1st do. Cavalry	11,250
162d do. do.	3,000	2d do. do.	18,000
163d do. do.	6,000	1st do. Artillery	25,500
164th do. do.	3,000	Beem's Battery	5,250
165th do. do.	3,000	Miscellaneous	23,910
166th do. do.	1,500		
167th do. do.	1,500	Total to New Jersey soldiers	664,695
168th do. do.	3,000		
169th do. do.	4,500	1st Delaware Volunteers	8,250
170th do. do.	3,000	2d do. do.	11,700
1st Long Island do.	21,750	3d do. do.	1,500
9th N. Y. State Militia	20,250		
14th do. do.	19,500	Total to Delaware soldiers	21,450
79th do. do.	16,500		
13th Brooklyn	11,445	1st Maryland Volunteers	24,000
5th Excelsior	45,750	2d do. do.	7,500
5th Zouaves	14,025	3d do. do.	6,000
1st N. Y. Cavalry	7,500	4th do. do.	1,500
2d do. do.	9,000	5th do. do.	3,000
4th do. do.	10,500	1st do. Cavalry	6,375
5th do. do.	11,625	1st do. Artillery	3,750
6th do. do.	66,600	Purnell's Legion	1,500
8th do. do.	29,910	1st Home Brigade	1,500
9th do. do.	15,000	Miscellaneous	105,585
10th do. do.	3,000		
17th do. do.	11,250	Total to Maryland soldiers	160,710
1st do. Artillery	101,970		
2d do. do.	40,950	1st Virginia Volunteers	3,000
5th do. Battery	750	2d do. do.	3,000
6th do. do.	3,750	3d do. do.	3,000
10th do. do.	10,350	5th do. do.	3,000
12th do. do.	27,000	7th do. do.	25,500
13th do. do.	1,500	8th do. do.	3,000
15th do. do.	1,500	10th do. do.	4,500
19th do. do.	1,500	12th do. do.	9,000
29th do. do.	750	15th do. do.	1,500
do. Independent Battery	4,500	1st do. Cavalry	4,500
4th do. Heavy Artillery	20,460	3d do. do.	1,500
7th do. do.	900	1st do. Artillery	3,375
9th do. do.	18,000	Miscellaneous	20,235
12th do. do.	6,000		
Motts' Battery	23,250	Total to Virginia soldiers	94,110
Wheeler's do.	12,000		
Bates' do.	9,000	Miscellaneous to W. Virginia soldiers	3,750
Miscellaneous	564,105		
Total to New York soldiers	4,244,715	1st Pennsylvania Volunteers	28,500
		2d do. do.	10,500
1st New Jersey Volunteers	52,950	3d do. do.	17,250
2d do. do.	44,700	4th do. do.	13,500
3d do. do.	52,575	5th do. do.	9,000
4th do. do.	70,950	6th do. do.	16,500
5th do. do.	55,275	7th do. do.	13,500
6th do. do.	43,725	8th do. do.	28,500
7th do. do.	29,250	9th do. do.	16,500
8th do. do.	30,000	10th do. do.	7,500
9th do. do.	7,500	11th do. do.	19,500
10th do. do.	53,835	12th do. do.	9,000
11th do. do.	20,625	13th do. do.	19,250
12th do. do.	3,750	15th do. do.	14,625
13th do. do.	12,000	17th do. do.	3,000
15th do. do.	13,950	21st do. do.	8,250
16th do. do.	3,000	23d do. do.	33,000
17th do. do.	3,000	24th do. do.	6,750
18th do. do.	3,000	25th do. do.	750
19th do. do.	3,000	26th do. do.	49,590
20th do. do.	3,000	27th do. do.	7,500
21st do. do.	11,250	28th do. do.	4,500
22d do. do.	4,500	29th do. do.	17,250
23d do. do.	13,950	30th do. do.	1,500
24th do. do.	11,250	31st do. do.	24,000
25th do. do.	9,000	32d do. do.	6,000
26th do. do.	3,000	33d do. do.	8,250
		34th do. do.	6,000

	Pages.
62d Ohio Volunteers	11,250
66th do. do.	6,000
67th do. do.	10,500
73d do. do.	8,250
75th do. do.	16,500
82d do. do.	7,500
83d do. do.	7,500
107th do. do.	10,500
1st do. Cavalry	1,500
6th do. do.	4,500
1st do. Artillery	16,725
12th do. Battery	5,250
Miscellaneous	43,125
Total to Ohio soldiers.	239,475
1st Indiana Volunteers	1,500
4th do. do.	2,250
7th do. do.	6,750
12th do. do.	5,400
13th do. do.	6,000
14th do. do.	42,960
16th do. do.	7,650
19th do. do.	10,500
20th do. do.	30,000
27th do. do.	21,750
1st do. Cavalry	12,750
3d do. do.	4,875
Miscellaneous	29,535
Total to Indiana Volunteers.	181,920
8th Illinois Volunteers	3,000
39th do. do.	3,000
53d do. do.	3,750
82d do. do.	6,000
8th do. Cavalry	18,000
Miscellaneous	2,250
Total to Illinois Volunteers.	36,000
1st Michigan Volunteers	50,550
2d do. do.	27,750
3d do. do.	33,000
4th do. do.	20,400
5th do. do.	49,875
6th do. do.	17,625
7th do. do.	47,730
8th do. do.	18,000
10th do. do.	1,500
16th do. do.	53,625
17th do. do.	6,000
20th do. do.	9,750
24th do. do.	11,250
27th do. do.	3,000
do. Independent Regiment	30,000
1st do. Cavalry	50,775
5th do. do.	1,500
6th do. do.	16,650
7th do. do.	1,500
Total to Michigan soldiers.	450,480
2d Wisconsin Volunteers	19,125
3d do. do.	12,750
4th do. do.	9,000
5th do. do.	24,750
6th do. do.	18,495
7th do. do.	20,250
19th do. do.	1,500
24th do. do.	1,500
26th do. do.	8,250
do. Brigade Hospital	1,500
1st do. Artillery	17,400
Total to Wisconsin Volunteers.	134,520
1st Minnesota Volunteers	55,125

	Pages.
KENTUCKY.	
Miscellaneous	34,725
MISSOURI.	
Miscellaneous	114,000
KANSAS.	
Miscellaneous	102,000
1st California Cavalry	6,450
NORTH CAROLINA.	
Miscellaneous	187,755
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Miscellaneous	36,495
LOUISIANA.	
Miscellaneous	265,800
MISSISSIPPI.	
Miscellaneous	34,500
	<hr/>
	781,725
1st D. C. Volunteers	14,505
2d do. do.	66,975
Total.	81,480
1st U. S. Regulars	12,525
2d do. do.	12,150
3d do. do.	6,750
4th do. do.	13,500
6th do. do.	9,750
7th do. do.	7,650
8th do. do.	8,250
10th do. do.	3,750
11th do. do.	6,750
12th do. do.	7,650
14th do. do.	10,650
17th do. do.	6,000
1st do. Cavalry	4,950
2d do. do.	3,000
4th do. do.	3,000
5th do. do.	5,950
6th do. do.	8,325
do. Artillery	64,875
Harris Light do.	1,500
5th Marine Battery	1,500
Rickett's do.	25,125
Provost Guard	22,500
1st Berdan Sharpshooters	49,980
2d do. do.	136,005
Total to Regulars.	325,710
HOSPITALS IN GEORGETOWN.	
Union Hotels	26,250
Presbyterian Church	1,500
Methodist do.	2,250
Trinity do.	4,500
Georgetown College	8,250
HOSPITALS IN ALEXANDRIA.	
St. Paul's Church	8,250
Grace do.	17,580
Baptist do.	4,500
Methodist do.	28,665
Seminary	133,440
Wolf Street	89,655
Fairfax do.	88,725
King do.	50,910
Washington do.	138,480
Prince do.	30,720
Camp Misery	350,415
Mansion House	10,500

HOSPITALS IN WASHINGTON AND ELSEWHERE.

	Pages.
Harewood.....	167,580
Columbia College.....	40,125
Circle.....	12,165
Patent Office.....	117,570
Annapolis.....	74,220
Yorktown.....	4,500
Jameson's Brigade.....	4,500
Baltimore.....	24,000
Indiana.....	2,700
Kalorama.....	39,375
Fall's Church.....	94,440
Eckington.....	110,565
Hygiene.....	6,000
Seminary.....	5,760
Brooks' Brigade.....	1,500
Duff Green.....	3,750
Cliffbourne.....	42,360
Fortress Monroe.....	30,000
Carver.....	167,205
Mt. Pleasant.....	53,280
Stone.....	9,000
At Charlestown.....	46,830
St. Elizabeth.....	37,035
Ascension.....	5,265
do. Church.....	39,780
4th Presb. do.	21,855
Trinity do.	24,765
At Fredericksburg.....	13,875
Methodist Church.....	1,125
Cranch.....	1,800
Union Chapel.....	4,170
Finley.....	39,195
Epiphany.....	38,550
Ninth Street.....	4,200
Soldiers' Rest.....	2,250
Harrison's Landing.....	3,000
Emory (Armory square).....	73,470
City Hall.....	2,250
Grace Church.....	12,000
Capitol.....	13,425
Caspan's.....	26,250
Odd Fellows Hall.....	12,750
St. Aloysius.....	31,875
Douglas.....	160,290
Ebenezer.....	750
School House.....	750
Soldiers' Retreat.....	750
Thirteenth Street.....	750
Quartermaster's.....	750
Lincoln.....	57,465
Stanton.....	2,250
Campbell.....	5,250
St. Luke.....	9,000
Judiciary Square.....	68,580
Gen. Whipple's Division Hosp..	4,500
do. Stoneman's do. do. ..	7,500
do. Wadsworth's do. do. ..	5,250
do. Binney's do. do. ..	11,250
do. Humphrey's do. do. ..	13,875
do. Griffin's do. do. ..	10,500
do. French's do. do. ..	4,875
do. Howard's do. do. ..	5,250
do. Gibbon's do. do. ..	4,875
do. Berry's do. do. ..	3,000
do. Robinson's do. do. ..	3,750
do. Doubleday's do. do. ..	3,750
do. Stahl's do. do. ..	1,500
do. McLane's do. do. ..	1,500
Total for Hospitals.....	2,848,860

MISCELLANEOUS.

Quartermaster's Department.....	5,400
Returned Prisoners.....	70,710
Mr. Dennis.....	14,805

	Pages.
Dixon's Light Artillery.....	4,500
Stumphfield's Battery.....	4,500
Gen. Banks's Headquarters.....	3,000
do. Smith's do.	4,500
do. Williams's do.	1,500
do. Slocum's do.	2,250
do. McLane's do.	3,750
do. Howard's do.	25,500
do. Couch's do.	1,500
do. Meade's do.	3,750
do. Griffin's do.	2,625
do. Stockton's do.	1,500
do. Whipple's do.	1,500
do. Hooker's do.	6,750
do. Brooks's do.	2,250
do. Sickles's do.	1,500
do. Paul's do.	2,250
do. Wadsworth's do.	1,500
do. Phelps's do.	1,500
do. Sedgewick's do.	12,000
do. Carl Schurz's do.	750
Camp Hamilton.....	30,000
Gen. Keys's Staff.....	3,000
do. Mansfield's Staff.....	1,500
do. Birney's do.	1,500
Signal Corps.....	8,625
Smith's Battery.....	12,555
Bunting's do.	10,500
Gen. Casey's Staff.....	2,250
Stragglers.....	24,000
Paroled Prisoners.....	12,000
Mrs. J. T. Fales.....	82,425
Mrs. Klemm.....	49,275
Gen. Brooks's Ambulance Train..	1,500
do. Howard's do. do. ..	3,000
do. Reynold's do. do. ..	1,500
do. Whipple's do. do. ..	3,000
do. Sickles's do. do. ..	5,250
do. Binney's do. do. ..	2,250
do. Sykes's do. do. ..	1,500
do. Hooker's Ammunition Train	3,750
Sturges's Rifles.....	7,500
McClellan's Dragoons.....	7,500
Andrew's Sharpshooters.....	12,000
Knapp's Battery.....	9,000
Kennedy's do.	12,000
Heximer's do.	1,500
Gen. Porter's Staff.....	1,500
do. Howard's do.	42,000
do. Sykes's Wagon Train.....	1,125
D. T. Leach.....	25,425
William Ballantyne.....	1,500
General Officers.....	22,500
Teamsters.....	45,750
"Contrabands".....	22,710
Ayres's Battery.....	9,000
McClellan's Staff.....	9,750
Commissary Department.....	750
J. A. Fowle.....	475,875
Christian Commission.....	207,750
Army Committee B. Y. M. C. A..	362,175
Western Army Committee.....	106,440
Western Tract Agency by Rev. G. S. F. Savage.....	6,347,460
Miscellaneous.....	3,112,695

Total to Soldiers..... 30,661,095

Total pages of grants to Army and

Navy..... 31,193,865

do. do. Miscellaneous grants..... 12,008,250

Total pages of grants..... 43,202,115

Equal to..... \$28,801 41

Miscel. grants of periodicals..... 1,903 98

Total..... \$30,705 39

SEAMEN AND FISHERMEN.

In consequence of the war, less has been done for seamen and fishermen than usual. The number of men connected with our marine has been considerably reduced. Besides, some agencies for distribution among this class, especially in ports from which fishermen were accustomed to go, and which agencies were sustained by local associations, have been given up for the time being. For these and other reasons, there has not been so great a demand for our publications for this particular use. Notwithstanding this, the Society has distributed nearly seven hundred thousand pages of reading matter on shipboard. As those who "go down to the sea in ships, and do business in the great waters," are characteristically grateful for any donations of reading matter made them, we can not but feel that the truth thus scattered among them has been productive of the usual happy results. When the war shall have closed, and the activities of commerce have resumed their former importance, amid the securities of peace, our expectation is that this department of Christian effort will be more thoroughly worked.

Our distribution among seamen has been chiefly in New England ports and the city of New York. Seamen's chaplains are always happy to obtain what we can furnish, and in places where chaplains are not found, warm-hearted Christians are willing to do what they can.

THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

For various reasons, among which is the small number of chaplains in the naval service, the possibility of reaching our vessels of war at only certain localities and at certain times, and the fact that no systematic plan of distribution can be employed in connection with ships at sea or doing blockade duty, less has been done for the *sailors* in the government service than for the soldiers in the army, in proportion to their number. Still, when vessels were lying in port, or were about leaving for service, there has been deposited on board, in care of some responsible person, a supply of religious reading. Through the truly Christian zeal and efforts of L. P. Rowland, Esq., Librarian of the Young Men's Christian Association of Boston, together with the earnest and untiring exertions of Rev. Mr. Chase, chaplain at the Charlestown Navy

Yard, our publications have been put into the hands of seamen on board receiving vessels, or sailing from the port of Boston. The Naval Hospital at Chelsea, where have been many sick and wounded sailors, has likewise received supplies. Grants have been also made for the same service to vessels at Portsmouth, N. H.; Port Royal, S. C.; New Bedford, Mass.; and Washington, D. C. Our aim has been to reach as many of our naval vessels as possible, and whenever an opportunity offered, we have improved it to give the bread of life to our brave and noble tars. More than 400,000 pages have been thus distributed.

In addition to this amount, Rev. Mr. Savage, in his distribution in the valley of the Mississippi, supplied a large amount of religious reading to the gunboats employed in the service of the government there.

This work, which appeals less loudly to the public heart, because less prominently before the public gaze, than that done in the army, is of the greatest importance, because our sailors enjoy comparatively few religious privileges. The Society would gladly do more for them than it has hitherto done. Revivals of religion have occurred on board of some of our ships of war, and great good has been accomplished by devoted sailors.

OUR ARMY WORK.

The work on behalf of soldiers, so auspiciously begun and carried on during the preceding year, has been continued during the last with great success. There has seemed to be no abatement of interest in this direction, either on the part of the Christian public, or on the part of the soldiers themselves. More and more are we confirmed in the opinion that the inspiration of this enterprise was of God, and that he designed to make it a most efficient agency for good.

Rev. Mr. Alvord, one of the secretaries of the Society, has devoted his entire energies to the work of supplying the troops, during the last year. Most of the time his duties have kept him in the fore-front of the army, amid exposures, movements, battles and retreats, such as fell to the lot of the soldiers themselves. He has been indefatigable in his efforts, and the blessing of God has rested upon them in a marked degree.

The room in the General Post Office building at Washington,

which the government had kindly furnished the Society as a depot for its publications, has been occupied as before, packages have been sent through the mails to regiments remote from the Capital, and all the facilities which had been previously furnished were continued. The Army of the Potomac was supplied more particularly by personal agency. Part of the time Mr. Alvord has been assisted by young men detailed from military duty, or convalescents from the hospitals, who have rendered him most valuable aid. Besides this method of distribution, he has been aided by chaplains, pious officers, and privates, not a few of whom have entered into the work with an eager interest. He has thus enlisted in this service an agency which has proved most efficient, while the work itself has been a source of rich spiritual benefit to those who have been engaged in it.

He has supplied, by these various modes of operation, regiments, troops of cavalry, batteries, general officers' staffs, baggage and ambulance trains, &c., &c., to the number of eight hundred or upwards, with a great degree of regularity. He has mingled so much personally with the Army of the Potomac, that he is universally known in it, and his presence is always hailed by the soldiers with delight. The services which he has rendered it, not only in his more especial work, but in distributing sanitary supplies, performing the duties of surgeon, nurse, and general helper, will never be forgotten by those who have witnessed his indefatigable efforts.

Mr. Alvord's work has been prosecuted under the direct approbation and sanction of the government and of the commanding officers of the army. The following documents are sufficient evidence on this point.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Secretary of War : — Please see the bearer, and give him such facilities for distributing tracts among the soldiers as you conveniently can.

A. LINCOLN.

Oct. 31, 1861.

FROM GENERAL MC CLELLAN.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23, 1861.

Maj. Gen. McClellan directs me to testify to his high opinion of the services rendered to the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac during the Peninsular Campaign, by the Rev. J. W. Alvord, Secretary of the American Tract Society, who faithfully discharged the duties imposed on him by his calling,

and made himself a sincere friend of the soldiers, both in hospital and in camp.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

WM. P. MASON, JR.,
Capt. and A. D. C.

FROM GENERALS BURNSIDE AND HOOKER.

HEAD QUARTERS, Jan. 5, 1863.

The members of the staff and all officers connected with the army are requested to grant to Rev. Mr. Alvord any assistance in their power to aid him in his praiseworthy mission.

A. E. BURNSIDE,
Maj. Gen. Commanding the Army of the Potomac.

I concur in the above most cheerfully.

JOSEPH HOOKER,
Maj. Gen. Commanding the Army of the Potomac.

The officers and agents of the Quartermaster's Department are enjoined to render all proper aid to Mr. Alvord. He will be entitled to transportation for reading matter — confined to religious works chiefly — on the public cars and boats.

RUFUS INGALLS,
Chief of Quartermaster's Department.

FROM GENERAL HOWARD.

At a meeting held in the Capitol, in behalf of the Christian Commission, Gen. Howard, a man of the loftiest Christian character, in an eloquent address, said, —

There is a great and good man — great because he is good, *and because he is practical* — who has followed the Army of the Potomac from the beginning up to the present time. I refer to the Rev. Mr. Alvord. He takes his papers and goes himself and circulates them as far as he is able, and by the agency of others gets them into nearly every regiment in that army. And you should see the soldiers cluster around him! When his wagon drives up in front of a regiment, the soldiers pour out with life, circle round him, and beg for books and tracts, for any thing that he has. Some of them want papers to read themselves, and others to select pieces out of them and send home. I hardly could believe it, that there was such eagerness on the part of the soldiers for such reading, until I saw it with my own eyes. 'Give me a paper,' 'Give me a paper,' 'Give me a tract,' 'Give me a book,' is the impatient cry. Very frequently ladies have sent me tracts and books to my tent, and on the Sabbath day, when I have had time, I have taken them myself to distribute, and those associated have done it often, and I have scarcely ever had to ask a soldier to receive one of them. Indeed, if you give to one or two, the others will feel jealous if they are neglected.

The value of these labors, and the admirable mode in which they have been performed, are forcibly attested in the following letter from a distinguished clergyman in New Jersey, giving the impressions he received from personal observations during a visit to the army.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1862.

Rev. Israel P. Warren, Secretary of American Tract Society:—

MY DEAR SIR: I have just returned from a visit to the Army of the Potomac, and what I learned there of the good work done and doing by Rev. Mr. Alvord induces me to send you a small contribution (\$—), which be so good as to appropriate especially to that object.

Mr. Alvord is "an institution." He has followed the Army of the Potomac through those great vicissitudes and terrible reverses which have at last almost achieved for it the title of a "noble army of martyrs." He has ministered truth to the souls, and medicines, food, clothing, and cordials to the bodies of our brave soldiers. So quiet and unobtrusive have his indefatigable operations been, that he enjoys the highest confidence of the military authorities. His horse feeds out of Uncle Sam's bin; in fact, I was informed it was a grant from the U. S. Quartermaster, from a conviction of the great utility of Mr. Alvord's labors.

It was from officers of the army that I learned this information. Dr. Oakley, formerly Acting Brigade Surgeon of the 1st N. J. Brigade, expresses in very warm terms his high estimate of Mr. Alvord and his work. Another officer introduced the subject to my notice by saying that if I wanted to contribute or induce others to contribute any thing for the benefit of the Army of the Potomac, I might rest assured that if confided to Mr. Alvord it would go straight to its object.

I heard some very affecting instances of the timely relief ministered by Mr. Alvord in the shape of food, clothing, and cordials to our almost perishing soldiers, during that terrible retreat down the Peninsula. Similar scenes, though we hope of less appalling magnitude, must continue to occur so long as the war shall last. Patriotism and humanity demand that we should put in requisition every agency to save the precious lives of our sons and brothers, imperiled in defense of our country's unity and life. May a generous public amply replenish your treasury to sustain Mr. Alvord's operations, and to abound in every good work.

Yours, very respectfully and truly,

J. P.

The following letter may serve to illustrate the manner in which many of the chaplains in the army regard Mr. A. and his work.

CAMP OF — REGIMENT, EXCELSIOR BRIGADE, }
NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., March 15th, 1863. }

DEAR MR. ALVORD: I have just received a fresh gift from your always liberal hand, and am moved by gratitude to acknowledge it. That I have not done so oftener, is my fault. The fact is, you have been so long time with

us, and we have so uniformly been filled with your bounty, that both you and it seem a spontaneous supply furnished by some beneficent organic law, whose suspension, while it produced suffering, would also excite astonishment as a strangely unnatural event. I have seldom experienced so keen an emotion of impending loss and difficulty as when you once expressed a fear that you might have to leave us.

It is almost two years now since that blessed Sunday when you first sought out this regiment. I hailed your coming with joy, but how fair the auspice was, I was not the seer to understand. I shall long remember that day. It began for me a personal acquaintance which our subsequent fellowship all through the Peninsular campaign ripened into friendship. How often we "took sweet counsel together!" How often has your example provoked my zeal — how often has your courage rebuked my faint heart! But your first coming is especially memorable, in that it initiated in our midst the gracious influence of that Christian Press whose pages are committed to your charge. Since then the whole regiment has often sat down in the same hour to read its teachings, and few days have passed without the turning of some of those pages in some of our tents. What a ministering to our necessities have they accomplished! To me, aside from a source of inner refreshment and edification in the faith, they have been an incalculable help in my office. They have constituted my *grand reserve force*. Many Sabbaths, when untoward circumstances have forbidden the ordinary public worship, your Christian Banner has preached in my stead, redeeming holy time from utter abandonment to forgetfulness. On such occasions it has been my frequent habit to sally out betimes, armed with my "reserves," and go from tent to tent, or from group to group, as the case might be, explaining my distribution simply thus: "Here, men, is something for Sunday." You, who know how completely the military routine obliterates all difference of passing days, will not be surprised that many a time the first response to my offer has been, "What, chaplain! is to-day *Sunday*?" and you will agree with me, that in the absence of the "church-going bell" it is not the least of a chaplain's duties to warn his regiment when the sacred first day of the week is at hand.

To issue those "chaplain's rations," as some of the lads call your publications, has been a great delight to me. Some of our boys are rough fellows, Mr. Alvord, and most of them are of a religious faith differing from yours and mine, but they have always shown me the utmost respect, and I love them more than I can tell. No one of them, within my experience, has ever failed to respond heartily to kindness even of so slight a nature as the gift of what cost the giver nothing. I have never been at a loss how to dispose of what you have sent me. I have bidden Catholic and Protestant alike to take it; Catholic and Protestant alike have done so, thankfully in every instance.

In my tent I am besieged by those who want "something good to read." In my rounds I am followed at my elbow by the petition, "Please, sir, can you spare me one?" or hailed from afar, "Are you coming down this way, chaplain?" It is a pleasant thing to pause in these travels through the parish, and look back upon the *white waves* that rise in the wake of one's course.

Sports are hushed — swearing is charmed away — all are reading — Sabbath has come. The rustling of a hundred “Banners” in a hundred soldiers’ hands is no mean music to one who is thinking the while that in it the truth of God is commended to a hundred souls. Last Sunday the “Soldier’s Dream of Home” * shed a sweet influence over the camp. One poor fellow, poring over the picture, said, “I’ve dreamed it often, chaplain.”

But the time would fail me to tell of all that my gratitude has on record to the credit of your good offices as the almoner of a noble Christian benevolence. Flowing through your hands, it is surely prospered in the thing whereto it is sent. I can only thank God and you. I do so in my own behalf, in behalf of those who remain of a wasted regiment, yea, in behalf of those whose graves are all along the track of our two years’ march. That among the sheaves at last gathered into the garner of the Lord, it may be your joy to find the harvest of the precious seed sown by your labor, is the prayer of

Yours in a common work,

J. H. Z.

INCIDENTS.

The following extracts from Mr. Alvord’s correspondence during the year will more fully show the details of his work, while they afford also many facts that will be of great interest to the friends of the country and its patriotic army.

The narrative of his labors last year, as given in the last Annual Report, came down to May 1862, at which time Mr. A. was with the army on its way to the Peninsula. His first letter is dated

FORTRESS MONROE, May 11, 1862.

After a most delightful passage in a magnificent ship, and with water almost as smooth as glass, we reached here at about 2 o’clock. I stay on board, as we are not to stop long, but go on up York River to Yorktown, and probably West Point. You doubtless have heard that Norfolk is taken, and the monster Merrimac is no more: she was set on fire last evening and blew up about five o’clock of this morning. It gives great relief to every thing hereabouts. The President is stirring about with wonderful energy, and seems to be stimulating the rapid movements of the last few days.

At West Point I shall overtake the rear of our army and find my horse. I have now a wagon — a nice covered one, which will enable me to do much more than heretofore, and furnish me a shelter for the night. I also have two boxes of reading on board, enough to make two wagon loads, so that although I should like to go on shore here and see to some things, yet I have enough to work with for a number of days. I also have some things for the sick and wounded, when I may find those who are otherwise uncared for. Expect to see Richmond before the last week in May. Boats are passing us with the poor fellows from the late battle-fields, to be landed at the Fortress and then

*A picture published in a late number of the Banner.

taken North, and I expect to witness many sad scenes and to have many opportunities of usefulness during these next two weeks.

NEAR CHICKAHOMINY, May 15, 1862.

Have had a good time since coming on — in which I was very much blessed with speed and comfort. Touched at the Fortress the morning of the Merrimac's demise, and then to Yorktown, where the Quartermaster, learning I was on board with reading matter and a carriage, sent a special tug boat out into the stream and took me on board the Vanderbilt with all luggage, and I was soon landed at West Point. Two divisions I supplied at once (as I could work fast with my wagon), and then up here. This afternoon I am doing the same for Heintzelman's Division, who lie around me. Headquarters are not far off, where are the Regulars and many other troops. I must work fast, for in the morning they will probably be off. These little stops before battle are good times for good reading. I am welcomed all along the lines I assure you — even the staffs of colonels and generals evidently are glad to see me drive up, and, more often than ever before, invite me to become their guest. I try especially to supply hospitals, and shall stop this evening at the wharf of the Commodore, where are 800 on board. My carriage and harness cost \$120.00. To get both it and myself here cost nothing. It is much admired, as it is peculiarly fitted for the work. Pray for us.

CAMP, 14 MILES FROM RICHMOND, May 21.

We reached here to-day, at 12 o'clock, M. The rebels seemed to have retired, — it is said to within seven miles of Richmond.

I inclose a good letter from Dr. Marks. Our distribution is hailed now as almost the only relief from mental and spiritual starvation. A New York Herald reaches camp *sometimes*, and can be had all the way from ten to twenty-five cents per copy. This constitutes the chief reading of the army, except what I bring them. Have been through two divisions this morning, and with the warmest welcome. Said one chaplain, "Yours are angel visits;" another, "Your coming is a gleam of sunshine;" another, "We are starving for something to read;" another, "You do not *know how much good* it does us all to see these publications." The boys do not *snatch* as formerly. I have not enough for that, and they all seem to feel that these things, brought so far, are very precious; so they form a great ring around my wagon until the chaplain comes, giving the opportunity, while waiting, for a little sermon. The chaplain's greeting over, I pile the stuff into his arms, and telling him to sow it round over the whole regiment *evenly*, with mutual good wishes we part. As I drive off, I can invariably see, over my shoulder, the crowd following him, just as a flock of sheep will the farmer's salt-bag. Sickles' 1st Regiment crowded after the chaplain and me too. I could not resist, and stopped and gave them a good lot. Then they followed me again. I am glad I brought so much directly with me from New York. It made three wagon loads. This along the line, in connection with what I get on from Washington and Fort Monroe by mail, keeps up a constant and somewhat universal,

though *very stingy* supply. There is much time to read in these slow approaches; and battle behind and before produces the hearing ear and tender heart. When soldiers tell you of how many comrades fell by their side and show how they fell, it is easy to speak to them of the preparation for the coming battle.

EFFECT OF BATTLES — WHISKY.

NEAR CHICKAHOMINY, May 22, 1862.

Have been out to the bridge (Bottom's) where some of our régiments have crossed and gone on a number of miles the other side. There will be no battle here. As soon as the bridge is thoroughly repaired, the whole army will go over. This obstruction makes a stoppage of two or three days, during which I seem to work quite successfully. Three regiments to-day keeping guard at the bridge, and, of course, *doing nothing*, were intensely eager for the reading. When I gave — no matter what, tract, card, Banner, book — all were fiercely clutched. The outstretched hands, strained to the fingers' ends, were like a circle of eagles' claws around me. I could not give to them all, but they promised, after reading, to loan them to their comrades. The troops I have seen to-day all seem more sober than heretofore. Battles make bad men worse, but thoughtful men more serious. Two or three days after, all are excited, but then calm down, so that it is more difficult (at least) to swear and easier to pray. One pious captain said to me to-day, "I see more men lately sitting with their backs leaning against the trees and reading their Testaments, than I ever have before." War thus brings with it a savor of life or of death. The whisky order is greatly touching us. Old and subdued appetites will be roused afresh, and many young men will now be led into the habit of drinking. Physicians might have been permitted more whisky as medicine, but to deal it out indiscriminately is horrible. To be sure it is but a gill per day, but what the temperance men leave untouched will be enough to make *every body else drunk*. Meetings are being held in some of the best regiments where resolutions are passed that "each will draw their rations and pour it upon the ground." Others are voting strong remonstrances to be sent to the General commanding. One chaplain has just now said to me, "Do tell the churches to lift up their voices like a trumpet against this abomination."

Mr. A. left the army for a few days to attend the Anniversary of the Society, then hastened back, and arrived just in season to be present during the terrible week of fighting before Richmond. The following letters describe in part the scenes which he witnessed, and the important labors in which he was engaged: —

June 10, 1862.

After a very pleasant and rapid journey, I reached the front, where General Howard's old Brigade now are, and found all my things safe. But what a change in that staff of noble men whom I left on the other side the Chickahominy! The General, and his brother, Adjutant General, and John (a

favorite servant) all gone, and though not mortally wounded, and the two latter not wounded at all, yet none of them ever to return.

The fall of the General quite destroyed the entire staff. General Caldwell is already appointed in his place, and will take what he chooses of General Howard's old officers. Poor fellows! they were very glad to see me, and told me the sad tale of the battle with very heavy hearts. They are now encamped upon the very spot where the fight raged most fiercely. Slept well in my wagon last night, though at midnight a benighted chaplain, who had fallen out in the march of his regiment, crept in by my side. It proved to be an old friend, Mr. H. He came in just as it began to rain, very glad to get, as I was to give him, shelter. The evening, up to 10 o'clock, had been very pleasant, and I had a perpetual audience around my wagon, to whom I distributed and talked for two hours. They would not leave until I said, "It's time to go to bed, boys. Good night! God bless you!"—and crept within my curtains and under my blankets.

DISPATCH STATION, June 16, 1862.

Stopping for a train, I drop a word. Some attacks have recently been made upon the road, and the trains are irregular. Am on my way to the White House for supplies. Yesterday—Sabbath—was among the sick. All the rear of the army is now dotted with these hospitals. They take reading gladly, and are especially grateful if one can stop and cheer them up by conversation. Whole rooms full would ask me to read the Bible and pray with them. Death seems very near to every one since the great battle, and while in hourly expectation of another. "I tell you," said a captain of one of the batteries, "It's a pretty serious thing to see friends pass you, strong and well, and in a few minutes stumble over them as mangled corpses." He was an old army officer, and had been in many fights; but said he, "I never saw any thing like that last Sunday." A number of the captain's best friends fell, and though a profane man, yet he talked on very tenderly about it, and with a full heart. His case is like that of tens of thousands around us here to-day. A good time (is it not?) for all Christian labor.

It is impossible to note all the thrilling incidents of the late battle. Here a Christian captain stoops for a moment to drop a word into the ear of one of his dying men, and, in that earnest face and uplifted eye, felt it was not in vain. "I thank God," said the captain, "that I had grace given me for such duty." Yonder, a fallen soldier feebly asks for the daguerreotype of his wife from his knapsack. He took and kissed it tenderly, and, when my informant turned to look at him a moment after, *he was dead, the picture lying upon his lips!*

I have just seen a Testament pierced with a minie ball, which also pierced the owner's heart. Opening the book I found name and date, and penciling, which seemed to indicate premonition. On one of the fly-leaves he had commenced as follows:—

"With tearful eyes I think I see"—

and then, as if the thought was only half formed—he began just below again:—

“With tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom methinks I hear
A heavenly whisper come to me.”

I followed the bullet, and the first passage struck was, “Surely I come quickly. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.”

The journey of the messenger from that passage to the life of the poor fellow was very short. The “whisper” of the herald was scarcely heard, ere he was in eternity. The mutilated Testament, with its sad touching record, goes to mourning friends.

June 21, 1862.

It is very pleasant here now, rather hot and dry, but the roads are quite good, so that I can trot about almost every where. This enables me to do much—more than heretofore. I am all along the line, and especially among hospitals. Have to-day been drawing shirts from the depot (two loads) to change the poor fellows. Many of them have had no change before since they came here. It is delightful to have them washed and clothed in a clean shirt. We are in the midst of secesh families, who pretend to be Union *just now*. It makes us feel indignant to see how carefully government protects them, and yet they are so saucy and will scarcely give a sick soldier a drink of milk for love or money. The hospitals suffer very much for want of fresh things, which these farmers might give (or sell) if they would. Their reply is, “We want all these things ourselves.”

June 26, 1862.

Here we are quite in real war. You will hear all by the papers. The rebels are trying to turn our right flank, and probably will succeed, as they have thrown a very strong force in that direction. I am gathering up things to run, if such is the order. One wagon load I have taken to the rear, and shall come back for another. There is much work among the wounded, as battle is raging by intervals along the whole line.

28th. Another battle, and a very fierce one. Many are slain. We don't know how many. The wounded are coming in. Overpowering numbers compelled our brave regiments to give back, after a *most noble struggle*. The order is to wheel round on James River at once, and give up the railroad and White House, destroying all the bridges on the Chickahominy. So we go.

29th. I thought I would not be in *too big* a hurry, and went to the front and got all my things, with some exceptions. Some good reading I thought it *duty* to leave for the rebels!—say enough for one to each tent, with the label, “Will chaplains or colonels please distribute, and oblige,” &c. I then went to the hospitals along for two miles, until I came to Savage's, where I worked for three hours with the surgeons. About 2000 were brought in, with all sorts of wounds. Doctors were short, and what there were were occupied in amputations, and so you know I could attend to minor matters. Where the bullet had gone *through* (body or limb), I could dress it, perhaps, as well as

any one, and so all sorts of flesh wounds. I can not tell you of the variety of operations I performed — musket balls and fragments of shell go where they have a mind to — and the wounds had been stiffening since the day before. I enjoyed the work, as in every case such relief was given. Then I could carry water to the thirsty and speak words to the dying; for, as you may suppose, many were in this state. I can't now give particulars. Toward night I joined the retiring column, and last evening encamped in an oat-field, where Charlie and I lay very snug. A little headache this morning, but it is Sabbath, and I can speak many words of cheer, and scatter the gospel of life along this vast column. The sick are struggling after the regiment by weary thousands, — the roadside is full of those who can go no farther until rest or refreshment shall revive them. This is the time for *good Samaritans*. Yet few, scarcely any such, are here. Hard war in all its ruggedness crowds along and occupies attention, for mere military ends are now uppermost. We are still seven miles from the river, and some of the enemy are in front of us; we know not how many. A skirmish has just been had, in which a number of them were killed or taken prisoners. A wounded rebel major is this moment being carried past me to a hospital in the rear. He is nearly naked — savage looking — bloody and ghastly.

30th. We have had a hard time of it, but have now reached the James River. Last night I slept with the reins in my hands, lying over back in my wagon. *I did not dare start a buckle*. The brigade I was with camped a little after dark in a small field surrounded by forest. And almost as soon as the fires were lighted, crack, crack, went the pickets, and instantly the brigade sprang into line of battle. The rebels retired without a fight, but hovered round us all night — sometimes sending out a horrid scream from the edge of the woods, which started every man to his feet. It was doubtless a small party, but they succeeded quite effectually in destroying our night's rest. This morning at early dawn we were astir, and reached here an hour ago. I am going on to the rear with the sick and wounded, of which there are immense numbers.

DISTRIBUTION AMONG REBELS.

HARRISON'S LANDING, July 7.

I need not tell you of *the time* we have had, nor give reasons for neglecting my correspondence. Eight days of dodging shot and shell may be put down as one of the reasons. The experience of those days will never be fully described. Thank God, we are here and safe, as we think, for the present. I had to leave about eight thousand of the Banner behind, my horse being only able to draw the balance of my stock. I scattered them about, and as they were in the scroll packages, with "Will colonel or chaplain please give one to each tent, and oblige," &c., I calculate that the 80,000 fighting men of the rebels will be supplied. This is fair, is it not, — loving your enemies as yourselves?

SURGICAL WORK.

You can have no idea of the suffering at "Savage's," "Carter's," and now here, "Harrison's," — the crowd so immense, and the cry for water, food, and surgical aid heartrending. I am getting to be quite a surgeon; I dress all sorts of wounds (if the bullet has gone through). At Carter's Landing I was put in charge of the hospital, *pro tempore*, with a surgeon, by General McClellan's order, and in the same way here until the doctors could come. Five thousand men have been ministered to at this place alone. Officers, surgeons, nurses, and cooks in part are now here, and I hope to be relieved to-morrow. The small and almost innumerable regimental hospitals, at the present moment, require more my aid. They are the neglected spots, and to such I shall take your delicious jellies, &c.

TERRIBLE SCENES.

HARRISON'S LANDING, July 9, 1862.

You can never have any idea of the condition of this army for the last two weeks. Incessant battle during eight or ten days, a *cul de sac* to escape from, heat, storms, swamps, mud, acres of wounded and dying, more at hospitals, short rations, demoralization of at least an *apparent* retreat, an enemy flushed with *apparent* victory, and hounding at our heels with terrible ferocity; thousands of our disabled left on the field and in hospitals, to fall into rebel hands and be subject to their tender mercies; a crowd of many other thousands, sick and wounded, yet struggling to fly, mixed with baggage wagons, ammunition trains, droves of cattle, regiments cut up and sent to the rear, all draggling in mud, and worn to death. You should have seen us, as *pellmell*, we brought up here along shore! What made it worse, our friends were not here, — no reinforcements nor subsistence, nor hospital comforts. All for the first few hours looked as if we were forsaken and doomed. A line of battle, however, was formed from the strongest of the troops, and with a "right about, face!" they took positions a mile or two back, and although this position was contested for two days, yet it has been held, and now, protected by our gunboats, is pushed two or three miles further into the interior. Subsistence, too, has come, and a small reinforcement, and so we are just now in *statu quo*.

You ask me what particular things I did? Dragged sick men along with my horse and wagon, cheered on the exhausted squads, assumed *some* authority in ordering food, collected around me details of volunteer laborers, dug wells, put up cooking ranges, set every thing to boiling that I could, tried to manage the crowds when we fed them, (oh, what a struggle! I never saw starving men before!) dressed wounds, administered to the sick (they all thought I was doctor), and so up to the present time I am stirring about. To-day I go to Fortress Monroe for the "goodies" you have sent. They did not get beyond White House, and were sent back. They are needed, and ten times more. Every moment you can minister to some wretched case around on these grounds, and at the same moment hear the appealing cry of a dozen voices begging you to minister also to them; for multitudes still lie on the

ground. I am beginning to go out to the small hospitals (regimental "or brigade), where there is intense suffering, and in many cases absolute destitution. You can scarcely imagine how my horse and wagon have helped me. Charlie (noble fellow!) has tugged it through as though he knew what he was about, and the wagon proves strong.

As to reading matter, I escaped with about one hundred dollars' worth (the rebels got enough for "one to each tent"), which is here very timely. Every one seems to want it,—especially the sick; and when the cool evening comes and we have them quiet, it is very precious work to go round in this gospel ministration. These sufferers are glad of any thing in the shape of consolation.

SABBATH-SCHOOL BOYS.

Just now, by my side, lies a Philadelphia Zouave, a fine boy, gently bred, to whom I have been ministering. He crawled on to the grounds yesterday (his regiment quite torn to pieces, doctors and other officers gone), and has been lying all night without care, medicine, or food. Poor, broken-hearted fellow! He burst into tears as I spoke in sympathy to him, and drew out his tale of sorrow. He at this moment is sitting up and looking more cheerful. I gave him hot black tea, with the charming crackers Mr. Broughton sent. On showing him the motto,* he looked up and smiled at me so beautifully! A Sunday-school boy, of noble brow and intelligent eye, evidently from some good Philadelphia family. I mention this case in some detail, that you may have a specimen of the work of every moment through the day and night of any one willing or able to work. On the other side of me, as I write here on my knees, lies a colored boy, haggard and sick, to whom I have given medicine and similar food. His dark face is full of gratitude. Just around are many others.

NARROW ESCAPE.

Such special interposition, such strange incident, such terrible suspense, such quiet reliance, amidst the rush and roar of that week of battles, I never witnessed or experienced before! The hot fire we were under was little cared for; the one great thought was to get to James River, and the struggle of the sick and wounded, as well as of the fighting men, was enormous. I was involved with the line of battle more than once. On Tuesday, when the fighting commenced, I found myself *between* the combatants, and could only extricate myself by asking a kind colonel, who knew me, to wheel his men and let me pass through.

DEJECTION.

There is a new feeling, at present, every where, of sadness,—mourning. Officers fallen,—half in each soldier-tent in their graves or missing,—groups of worn and weary men crowd around me in almost every camp to tell the story of the fight and of their losses; knowing me, they expect my sympathies.

*Alluding to the words "Come to Jesus," which the baker had stamped upon the crackers.

Tears start from many eyes as we talk of the absent, — perhaps their colonel. (I found three such cases yesterday in a row.) “Very lonely,” they say, “we are now, and many of us sick.” “Take me to your hospital,” and so, ministering what comforts I have, do you see how their hearts are won? — ready for any counsel I have to give, or for any reading I choose to leave. They read, under these circumstances, with a *tender interest*, such as they never felt before, and your little books are now so appropriate.

SANITARY AND HOSPITAL STORES.

Large quantities of delicacies for the wounded and sick men were sent to Mr. Alvord from ladies and others of Boston and vicinity. These were invaluable to the army in this season of distress. He gives the following graphic picture of their administration, and of the good they accomplished: —

The delicacies take a good portion of my time just now (I have a soldier detailed to help me), in fixing, parceling, and distributing. Every thing you sent is *apropos*, and each article opens so fresh and perfect! In every case, I *know* that these comforts actually reach cases of suffering. They are not gobbled up by staff officers, doctors, stewards, &c. I go personally to the hospitals, inquire, examine, and then leave, in presence of the patients, what they will ask for and expect to get. In hundreds of cases, I minister with my own hand. Often — indeed, always — I find many poor fellows staggering about in camp, feverish, diarrhea, pale, emaciated, and yet *plucky*, and too proud to go down on a hospital bed, — the very bravest element of the army, — needing medicine, and some delicacy for feeble digestion, and yet no one to care for them. You would take me for an itinerant apothecary's shop, as with such a crowd I give each a pinch of tea, a handful of crackers, a swallow around from a bottle of Stoughton's Elixir, a paper of farina or corn starch, to be cooked up in a club and divided between three or four of them, and so on. *How* they look at me! “Don't you take any pay for this?” “No, the ladies of Massachusetts sent these things to you, boys, and I came to bring them.” Perhaps it is a New Hampshire regiment, and they object to receiving. “No; tell the New Hampshire ladies they must take care of the sick Boston boys when they find them.” “That's it, we will!” “God bless the Boston ladies!” Or it is a Michigan regiment. “Well, no matter,” I say, “Michigan is close to Massachusetts; we are all one, now.” “That's a fact, we are!” comes back with hearty emphasis. One tall, gaunt figure, with noble brow, stood in the outer edge of the crowd, lingering to listen, gazing at me with a fullness of gratitude, which fairly made him look solemn, when, slowly raising his bony hand (a little drawing of tea was in its hollow), he stretched it out to the crowd, and exclaimed, “It's the first generosity I've had since I came to the army!” Oh, if friends could know how the “blessing of many ready to perish,” is coming upon them! and is not this a cheap way to get “rich in good works,” and faith, too?

CAN NOT LEAVE.

It seems as if we were to stay here for perhaps weeks to come. I think officers are a little discouraged; many of them sick, and gone home on furlough. Chaplains, too, have nearly all left. You may say, Why then do you not leave for a while? I reply, at just such a time there is the more need of staying. This whole army is now as one great flock, scarcely having a shepherd. Is this a time to *abandon* our work?

A VIRGINIA SMOKE-HOUSE.

My things are stored here in the smoke-house. A Virginia smoke-house, you should know, is an *institution*—circular, twenty feet in diameter, and thirty feet high, frescoed in *ham colors*, and its pyroligneous acid keeping us quite free from insects, though very warm. Here I have put up two tiers of shelves all round, and with the light of the door (when open) and a board torn off, we look *very pleasant*. On a bunch of hay, in one corner, I have slept for two nights past comfortably.

DOUBLE WORK.

I am at the *same* work. Distress on every side, and trying to relieve it. Glad that all around you are helping. But how can I do this double work, as the reading matter has to be kept going. The field is white for this latter harvest. I suppose you will tell me to soften down the labor to the strength given. But do you know that one hundred thousand men are around me, and all needy in some particular in which it is perhaps in my power to give relief? This makes a very strong temptation to overdo.

EAGERNESS FOR READING.

July 25, 1862.

I have been among the new troops of Shields' Division to-day. They have some good chaplains, but wholly destitute of reading matter. Mails seldom reached them from Washington, and they were in an almost inaccessible region until now. It is good to take these Ohio and Western Virginia regiments by the hand and do for them as we have by others. Their wonder and gratitude is unbounded. I told the chaplains, as I drove into their camp this forenoon, that I had good things for soul and body. "Well, we are glad to see you. We have all the comforts we need for both sick and well, so far as the body is concerned; but if you have any good reading, do let us have it." It was the first time my delicacies had been wholly overlooked, and the *food for the soul* first seized upon. I found afterwards, too, that their sick had scarcely any thing but the coarse army rations. The crowd of common soldiers around my wagon showed the same striking preference. It was very affecting to see them plunge their brawny hands right over sweetmeats, boxes of crackers, and bottles of wine, and seize upon that *Banner*. They had not seen it before—and the flag (I had a few hundreds of it) took them by storm. These regiments seem composed of strong, noble men, and their presence with us is most cheering.

OUR READING MATTER AMONG THE REBELS.

I have heard well of my distribution among the rebel army at Fair Oaks. Dr. Marks says (he was taken and carried to Richmond) that they all took them and read them at the hospital where he was, and permitted him to carry them to five or six other hospitals on the different fields of battle (crowded with rebel, as well as Union wounded), and that all expressed delight in their perusal. He saw them frequently in the hands of different regiments, and in Richmond. On being introduced to a young gentleman on a certain occasion — “Dr. Marks, oh, yes, I remember. I saw your name in one of the Christian Banners we’ve been reading.” The critics of the South will probably not be of the same opinion with the simple soldiery, the two numbers given being the “Flag,” and “Washington.”

DIMINISHED RESOURCES.

So greatly had our contributions for the army work fallen off during midsummer that it was feared the Society would be compelled to recall Mr. A. In view of this painful anticipation he writes, August 2, —

“It certainly would not be best for me to stay *simply* to distribute jellies, farina, &c. These are good to accompany the gospel, but it is exceedingly mortifying to say to the crowds, — ‘I have nothing else. Our reading matter is gone!’ They look at me with astonishment and sorrow, and *it is a breakdown I can not face*. The temporal comforts cease to have their proper influence. With these alone, I am looked upon merely as a kind-hearted sutler, or traveling doctor. For some days I have been obliged to go in this way. They ask for the Banner, but I can not even promise it at any future time. Chaplains all wonder. It is not enough to say, ‘We spend all the money we get.’ They have supposed that *we* could get money; that *we* were in a position to influence the purses of good men and of the churches, and the failure is thought to be not on their part, but ours. Our great system of distribution, for aught I see, must stop. Is it not discouraging?”

NEED OF THE SICK.

August 6.

Battles and wounds are beginning again to draw upon us for aid. I have delicacies and *some* reading matter, but oh, what a begging there is for more! One hundred tents of sick men, within a stone’s throw, at this moment stretch their hands to me in vain. I had supplied them a few days ago, but these tents are constantly receiving and sending off fresh colonies of suffering. I suppose 600 came and went yesterday. The late movement brings the regimental sick to us. We expect a crowd to-day to go on board the hospital transports. Why *can* I not have the salt of God to pour into this stream of death? *Must* I quit these 100,000 men, who seem now to have a kind of special dependence on what we do for them, leaving them to sink into a deeper despondency than that which now broods over them?

PRISONERS.

Been to City Point to-day twice. Last evening we brought down 3,000 released prisoners, — four large steamers as full as they could be crowded. Poor fellows! ragged, gaunt, *hungry for every thing*. Don't you see how I want reading matter? To-day I shall go among them with clothing, &c., and I shall promise them something more. The churches, I know, will redeem the pledge.

ON THE TRANSPORTS.

August 9.

Thousands of returned prisoners and sick men have passed through here (Harrison's Landing) in the last four days. I worked until two o'clock this morning in getting some 200 or 300 on board, but I have not a tract or paper for them! A few large volumes I gave to the steward of the S. R. Spaulding for a permanent library, and this is absolutely the last of every thing I have. You can not imagine the pain it gives me. To feel it you must be here.

DESPONDENCY.

Have just received Bro. B.'s letter, which has a more encouraging tone, and speaks of more reading matter coming. It lightens my heart exceedingly. I have been gloomy, almost sick, for these two weeks. A number of smart, sharp letters I have begun to write, and then destroyed them. My better thoughts and hopes told me of help coming. I knew *you* were doing all you could. Drooping spirits around you, I perceive, are reviving. Rather, *the heart of the people* is about to take hold as it never did before, and, by God's blessing, better times are surely ahead.

HOSPITAL SCENES.

August 11.

Culpepper Court House. Came up here in a hospital steamer, and was just in season for the slaughter which the recent battle made. About one thousand wounded were brought here, and last night three trains of them left for Washington. This afternoon two more trains will go. I have been working quite hard, but feel well, though weary. One gets so used to these awful scenes! I look at mangled men, thinking only of what will relieve them, and this prevents that mere physical sympathy which would otherwise shatter the nerves all to pieces. I had only three boxes of stores, and wanted twenty. As to reading matter they seemed much more destitute than even the army of the Potomac.

CONFUSION.

HAMPTON, August 18.

Here we are in very great confusion; the harbor full of transports waiting orders; the army said to be all coming this way. *Fifteen thousand* sick are within a circle of two miles of us! Transports are loaded, and every hospital is running over. Mr. H. and myself are trying to fix up and feed 500 in some half-finished barracks, who, for the present, are mainly left to our nursing. Doctors are flying around, but all seem taken by surprise by our

sudden irruption. I am getting out what loose reading I can find, and putting it in circulation. Wish I had more, but hardly dare order it in this doubtful state.

THE NAKED CLOTHED.

August 20.

In this immense huddle here, we need *every thing*. Fourteen hundred slept in our barracks last night. Poor fellows! weary, sick, desolate. I put 150 shirts upon naked ones yesterday, and made and gave to them 700 handkerchiefs or napkins out of a lot of old shirts, cloths, &c., which I found in one of our boxes. Covered with dust from their weary march, or sweating on their cots, they were thankful even for a rag. Obtained a few Testaments, also, and some other reading matter, which was all eagerly grasped.

PRAYER NEEDED.

I hope there is *prayer* as well as enthusiasm among you at the North. God's mightier arm alone can give what we need. I am proud of the praises I hear from every lip of "old Massachusetts" and "Boston;" but would that you could just now have, in connection with your noble deeds, a day of fasting and prayer,—one that would come from the Governor's and *every body's* heart.

SAFFORD IN THE ARMY.

The quartermaster has just told me how much he has been interested in a worn and dirty book, covered with tobacco-stains, which he had picked up in camp, and which, he said, was the first religious book he had looked into for a long time. I asked him the name. "Safford,—Daniel Safford," he said, after thinking a moment. "I read it clear through. What a wonderful man he was!" I promised to give him a new one. You don't know how this scattered seed is finding soil and taking root. The very scraps and fragments of what we have given—such as remain—are picked up and re-read.

MORE SICK.

HAMPTON, August 26.

Have been to the bedside of 700 sick to-day, talked and given them reading, but there are 2,500 more within a few rods, to whom I have no strength to go, and if I had, there is very little left for them.

FUNERALS.

August 27.

Two funerals I have just attended,—both young men, about 21 or 22. They faded away as many will; neither medicine nor nursing can save them. We laid these pale corpses side by side, some thirty fellow-soldiers standing around in sorrow and in tears, though personally neither was known to any one in the company, nor even their regiments. Soldiers' hearts, after such experiences as we have had for the last four months, beat very full of sympathy and fellow-feeling.

END OF THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.

FORTRESS MONROE, August 29.

I am on the wharf, just leaving for Aquia Creek. Our Peninsular campaign is ended, and a very sorrowful work it has been. I do not, for one, regret the labor our Society has been enabled to perform. God has its record in his book, and I think the latter day will reveal glorious results. My only sorrow has been that we could not have done more, especially in this last retreat and embarkation.

I shall go to Washington at once and see what can be done to get connection with every regiment of the greatly increased army. The postmaster agreed to continue our facilities when I was there last. Shall we have material?

WHITE AND RED TAPE.

ALEXANDRIA, September 1.

Here we are with a load of sick up from Hampton, and in the midst of the thousands of wounded from the terrible battle.

We were the only nurses on board, and our stores were the only food which they had. So we were *the ravens* again. Is it not wonderful how a kind Providence provides for the suffering? I wish you could be here to witness special providences daily, almost every hour. We had just enough to last up. Yesterday (Sabbath), had the after cabin full of the convalescents in attendance on a delightful religious service. This morning, have been ashore among the recent wounded. Near 2,000 have been out all night on the platform cars, and without food, or rest, or dressings, since the battle; 400 of these groaning sufferers are upon the railroad track just opposite to where I write. We are making tea for them, and I have just *stolen* two boxes of bread from a quartermaster's pile. The *white tape* takes precedence of the *'red'* in such times as these; at least, I have learned to take the responsibility, and so report myself for court-martial to the generals after all is over. We go out to the battle-ground in a few hours, with some ambulance loads of stores and reading matter. Our barge is here now with a good stock, at least for the moment.

Have not yet beep over to Washington. Have you sent a large supply there for these now greatly increased and hungering thousands? We must have for them the food of the soul. Numbers yesterday, after preaching, came to us and said "they had resolved, since they had been to the war, to become Christians." "We came out wild fellows," one group said, "but now we mean to serve the Lord." Suffering softens men, and God speaks through the "poor dumb mouths" of these gaping or festering wounds. Beg hard of the churches to remember the souls of these dear, struggling fellows. But I must stop, and go among the heaps of bloody ones across the way, who are calling for our help, shot through and mangled in all conceivable ways. They seemed grateful that they could be taken from the field. "We left many behind who *couldn't come*," said one sorrowfully.

Hurry up every thing. A short work is now to be made in some direction. We hear that the tide of battle seems in our favor, and that we have the enemy hemmed in on all sides. God grant it!

ROCKVILLE, MD., Sept. 12.

We have extemporized a hospital in the Court House here, which is now full of sick and wounded. The skirmishes in front and accidental shots have sent in quite a number; the great bulk, however, are the *exhausted men* of whom I have so often spoken. They struggle on, numbers of them shoeless, trying to overtake their regiments, destitute of rations till they can do this, and in half the cases in vain, many of them, in the effort, sinking into confirmed disease.

My good reading *goes* among these crowds. You may see the weary groups perusing it all along the roadside, or the lonely ones in the hospitals holding it before their dim eyes, trying thus to forget their pain, or while away the terrible hours; or drinking in, with Christian appetite, its spiritual consolations.

CAMP, TWO MILES NORTH OF FREDERICK, Sept. 13.

We are now encamped along the base of the mountains upon which the battle has been during the day. I have distributed a great many papers during the day to the marching column. When they pause to rest, there is an excellent opportunity. I have also given good things to many poor, languid fellows who could not keep up.

Unless the march is ordered again for to-morrow (Sabbath), I hope to have a great day. I have my wagon well loaded for such a work. Sabbaths are "*high days*" for tract distribution among the troops.

FREDERICK, Sept. 15.

The battle on the opposite hills raged all Sabbath day, and there are some hundreds of wounded. I have had charge of two hundred left in the field when the army began the difficult ascent into the high country.

I have now turned over my charge to the general hospital in the town, and shall go this afternoon to the wounded of the battle.

FREDERICK, Sept. 16.

Continued battles and marches have kept us on the jump. From Harrison's Landing through Hampton, Mill Creek, Fortress Monroe, Aquia Creek, where we had the wounded of the Bull Run and Centreville battles; in the hospitals of Washington, Georgetown, Rockville, where we extemporized a hospital in the Court House; and now *here*, where I have in the field (bivouacked) 200 in charge, begging bread of the ladies of the town, milk of the farmers in the vicinity, and medicines and stores of whoever has them, *I have been busy*. Our barge lies at Georgetown, and I have a young man in our office at Washington, who, in connection with my brother, sees to every thing. *Four hundred mail bags are now gaping for your scanty morsels*. The regiments all say they "must have" this style of distribution continued. They get nothing else with certainty only as I bring it to them personally.

Had a glorious time last Sabbath. As the brigades lay on their arms after the marching order was given, I went through the ranks with "Sunday reading! Sunday reading!" The crowding, grabbing and "thank you" were unusually intense and hearty. Very many had forgotten it was Sabbath, poor fellows; no wonder. The thunder of the cannonade was already roaring on

the front, and the mountains a few miles ahead known to be full of rebels. The bugles were sounding over the immense field, and the hoarse "forward" from generals came up upon every side. No wonder the holy day was lost in the din. Even Gen. Howard raised both arms (the stump of the right), and exclaimed, — "Is it possible this is the Sabbath? I had forgotten it;" though we were just from our knees in his *never-omitted* family devotions.

We had prayed to the God of the Sabbath for strength in the coming strife, but the order of days had gone from the mind (with him every day is sacred). Yet at such a time the men all grasp the Banner, the little book or tract, peruse it eagerly for a few minutes, and then, at the order, "March!" the rustle is audible and distinct through all the ranks, of folding and pocketing, to be read again at the "halt for rest;" and so you will see these things worn up through a day's march, however exciting. I start for Middletown in a few minutes, where the wounded are. Why don't people give us more funds for this work?

MIDDLETOWN, MD., Sept. 17.

Here I am in the midst of the battles, quite well and very busy. Twelve hundred wounded are crowded into all the churches and public buildings we can get. As has always been true during the first day or so of fighting, we are quite destitute of help and of all necessities. I expect government teams every moment, and the provost marshal and medical director have both given me liberty to take all which is needed.

BATTLE-FIELD, NEAR SHARPSBURG, Sept. 19.

I snatch a moment while waiting for a couple of loads of hospital stores at the commissary headquarters.

The battle is again in our ears this morning. You will know of the result long before this reaches you. It is very bloody work in these two last engagements, for the enemy is desperate. So are *we* now. The boys *mean* to whip them this time, and we all hope and *believe* that God is giving us the victory. But it is at dreadful cost. Some of the Massachusetts regiments have suffered dreadfully. Poor Col. Hinks I ministered to by the wayside, then left him in the care of surgeons, to hurry on to aid, if possible, similar fallen ones. All the way from Middletown Hights the roadside, barns, villages, churches, overflow with the suffering. One thousand are in the Brick House Hospital, near the battle-field, where I am, and all the surgeons we have are busy amputating. I am trying to comfort those mangled in body and broken in spirits, helping in the dressing, &c. All the stores you sent, which I *can get brought on*, are now greatly needed. A number of wagon loads are either here or coming. Things, however, always move too slowly after battle. These bloody shirts, so stiff with gore, over tender wounds, now beginning to inflame, need so much to be exchanged for those soft and clean, but they are not here. Every body who has shirts seems to be behind. All last night I slept or *woke* amidst the continual groanings of these men, some of them very delicate and youthful. I thought how friends at home would have hung over them. You wonder why we can sleep at all. Habit, and then we must sleep.

This morning the hard pallet of agony, in a number of cases, I notice *empty*! The dead-house will explain. At the gray of dawn, the soft feet of nurses carrying stretchers I heard passing my wagon. I knew the burden they bore. I crept out, and instinctively sought the bed of straw on which I had left a young adjutant the night before. The cold clay was there; the spirit had fled. Poor mother! we'll send you the embalmed body to weep over — sad consolation.

To-day, after I get this food into the steward's hands, I shall distribute the dear Banner all around, and in the other hospitals near at hand. Also, I intend to go up to the line of troops who may not be engaged. They love to read as they lie on their arms *waiting*. The suspense is painful, and reading alleviates it. Sober minds and praying hearts hide behind the little sheet, communing with truth and Christ.

Send on all you can. The churches, I know, will make the moral effort for this gospel supply as earnest, ay, *desperate*, as are yonder combatants amidst the roar of the artillery.

The wagon is loaded, and I must go.

September 20.

I jumped, as you see above, but forgot, in the busy scenes around me, to send my scratch. The enemy are off. The artillery of which I spoke only played lustily for an hour from some heights on their rear. We are all sorry, for we *meant* to have caught the rascals. Their retreat let us into the lines to bring off our remaining wounded and bury the dead. I can only say that scenes *more horrible* than any before in the war I have witnessed to-day. Hundreds of wounded had lain since the battle, among rebels intermingled and heaps of slain, with wounds inflaming, festering, hungering! thirsting! Many had died simply for want of care alone; their last battle was fought! We gathered and revived, as well as we could, such as we found alive, then turned them over to surgeons. Almost every shattered limb required amputation, so putrid had the wound become. I was angry (I think without sin) at your *volunteer* surgeons. Those of the army were too few, and these exhausted. But squads of the above, as is usual, had come in without instruments, without sense enough to set themselves at work in any way, without any idea of dressing small wounds. They wanted to see amputations, and so, while hundreds were crying for help, I found five of these gentlemen sitting at their ease with legs crossed and waiting for their expected reception by the medical director. Of course *he* was up to his elbows at the dissecting table. I invited them to some jobs, but they "had not come to nurse;" they were "surgeons." I started for some one to nab them, but when I returned they had gone to wander among the curious over the battle-field and among the dead! Their youth might have been their apology, and I will add there are many noble exceptions to the above.

The disgusting details of the field I need not describe. Over *miles* of shattered forest and torn earth the dead lie, sometimes in *heaps* and *winrows*, — I mean literally, — friend and foe, black, distorted in features, among mangled and dead horses. You could distinctly hear, over the whole field, the hum

and hissing of decomposition. The rebels had left most of their dead unburied, and which seemed about twice as numerous as ours. Of course you can imagine shattered muskets, bayonets, cartridge-boxes, caps, torn clothing, cannon balls, fragments of shells, broken artillery, &c., every where. I went over it all just at evening, and after a couple of hours turned in sickening horror from the dreadful sight. The stench we can not escape; camp-fires are built to keep it off as well as we can while sleeping. Gen. Howard and staff are unhurt. I drove out to his encampment, that I might rest a few hours away from the moaning and calls for help of sufferers. To-day I turn nurse and surgeon again. It gives me much opportunity to do good in word and deed. The grateful upward glance of these brave men, as you press some cordial to their pale lips (lifting their heads while they drink), pays, and the dying grasp spiritual instruction. Some go peacefully, some stupidly, some praying, some cursing. "God is my trust," whispered a loving brother. "God is my trust," he repeated, with his hands clasped on his bosom. "I'm going," he added with emphasis, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." "Good-by!" "Good-by!" and I hastened to other dying ones.

P. S.—I give the Banner to all the wounded, to be read aloud in groups of four or five, as I have not enough for all. I can only say they beg for more, and thank me most earnestly for those I give them.

September 21.

This vast battle-field turns up another leaf from the deep heart of this army. I write in the midst of the dead, buried and unburied; in the midst of hospitals, in the midst of the weary, sobered, shattered regiments.

To many hundreds I have all day tried to minister, soul and body. This afternoon have been out with the Banner and "Carletta." How eagerly they seized them! The boys to-day *knew it was Sunday*.

With my last parcel I started through the division for the 15th, 19th and 20th Massachusetts Regiments; but the 72d Pennsylvania intervened. They saw me, and I was instantly surrounded. "I said to the first few, "Don't show them, and let me pass on." It was of no use. The crowd thickened, and our own boys were not reached. As I threw up my hands when the last paper was gone, I felt very sad, for ten thousand troops were still around unsupplied.

In the hospitals I have only been able to give one number to a group of four, five, eight, or ten, and to say, "Read them aloud," or, "Read, and lend it to your neighbor." But tell me, Christian brethren, *how can that faint voice read audibly?* and how can the sick man read to be blessed when half a dozen are impatient to snatch his text-book? He wants to peruse a few sentences (and you'll see him doing this when undisturbed), as he holds the paper with both hands trembling above his head; then, dropping it on his breast, his eyes are closed, and *he's thinking*. Again he reads and pauses, until wearily he slowly folds the little sheet, and places it beneath his pillow, to be read over at seasons when his feeble strength permits. Do you see the tear now roll down that boy's pale face? He wants no one to be watching

him. Don't you see that *each man should have a copy?* Who will give enough that each man, sick or well, may have one?

PREACHING IN HOSPITAL.

To-day visited the Emory Hospital, and held services in one of the wards. A most attentive audience, *full*, as the convalescents from other wards crowded in. It is interesting to preach to sick men. You see before you, and, running down, perhaps, in two right-angular directions, long rows of cots—the straight line of pale faces turned toward you, their expression and emotion pictured in quivering distinctness, as on delicate canvas. A suffering countenance is a pellucid mirror, and tears, in sick men's eyes, are very touching; the big drops seem bigger, more crystalline, than the healthy ever shed; and so, with such an audience, you preach on very tenderly, very impressively,—you can't help it; and, as we may hope, by God's grace, with some permanent effect.

“CAMP MISERY.”

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 16.

Yesterday I went with a load to the convalescing camp, or “*Camp Misery*” at Alexandria. More than 80,000, the colonel in command told me, had been admitted there within the last few weeks. As fast as they recover they are sent to their regiments. It is a place of want, I assure you. Dirty, shirtless, gaunt, lame, worn-out fellows. Many of them down-hearted and homesick, of course. Many of them rheumatic, wounded, and really sick. From 15,000 to 20,000 such crowd around you. A wagon load of, no matter what, is but a pinch of snuff. Away it goes, and you may pick and cull the worst in doing it. About half of my stuff was reading matter, and for an hour I sat in my wagon and handed it out leaf by leaf, with intermingled talking and preaching, and at the close, there were more hands thrust out for them than at any other time. I have learned to keep such crowds quiet, not to clamor, as “*I want to do the talking;*” and you would stare at the sight,—all still as a meeting house, while scores of stretched-out arms, and skinny fingers, like pitchforks, were stuck forth encircling me. “Keep quiet,” I say, and “patient.” So I work on and on, around and around, the circle. They take and retire, but that palisade of arms is unceasing, and to this work there is no end, until the whole is gone. Whoever before saw the gospel clutched at like this? Send it on. Tell every body *to send it on quickly.*

A REGIMENTAL SABBATH SCHOOL.

October 18, 1862.

In the Vermont 12th, the lieutenant of the guard came from the ranks (they were on duty), and took Banners for all his company. He expressed his thanks repeatedly for them. After directing me to the chaplain, he continued, “and I've just paroled fifty men for Sabbath-school service.” Pointing to some unfinished barracks outside the camp, “You'll find them there,” said he. Passing on—giving of my stores to the new Bucktail Regiment, which lay partly between—I found, what I have never seen before in this army,

and what I think was never before seen in *any army on earth, a regularly organized Sabbath school* — organized, as I afterwards learned, before they left their native mountains. They were in squads, or classes, each with a teacher intent upon their lessons.

INCREASED RELIGIOUS INTEREST.

October 31, 1862.

As an evidence that the Spirit of God is among the troops, a chaplain of one of the new Maine regiments, just in for books, says that his men "are already eager for religious reading." "A spirit of *tenderness* prevails throughout the camp." A lieutenant approached him a few days after his labors commenced, and said, "You are our chaplain, I presume. I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, but I am a professor of religion, and though I have been for a long time greatly backslidden, I now feel that, in the commencement of this service, I want to enlist anew in the service of Christ." Two captains came in one evening and quietly said, "Chaplain, we don't want to disturb you, but any evening, when you can, we should like to have you come to our tents and pray with us." In a number of tents, professors of religion had set up family prayer, and without opposition from their companions. Six young men, occupying the same quarters, came *in a body*, and requested of the chaplain that he "would visit, and converse and pray with them." A spirit of prayer was manifest among the Christian men of the regiment. On one evening in the week they nearly all gathered in his tent for special prayer. One or two hopeful conversions had taken place, swearing was less frequent than a few weeks since. In a number of tents all had agreed to the motto, "No swearing in this tent." There was a spirit of singing throughout the camp. (The chaplain, among other things, takes one hundred hymn-books to-night.) And so this good young brother simply talked on, wondering himself at what he was telling, with eyes brimming tearfully, hoping we would "not forget him in prayer, for it was a field of ripe fruit and harvesting, which he was not prepared for, and had not dared to expect." "Remember us," said he (as he bore toward the door the big parcel I had given him), his tone so soft and subdued and thrilling, as if he *meant it*, and that squeeze of the hand, if you could have all got in some prayer meeting, I'm sure he and his would be remembered. One cause of the interest, he thinks, is, "tender Christian letters from home." The boys often came and showed these letters to us. Tell Christian friends of all these absent ones to write a multitude of such letters.

NEW DEMANDS.

I hope we shall swim on, but the army is now immense. I have genuine scoldings, from lip and letter, often, because things do not come as formerly. The little I had has been eaten up around here of late by the passing new army, and these enormous hospitals; while off in the field, in the old regiments, there has been abandonment. For the last few days I have seen this as I have been among that immense host along the Loudon valley. I took

quite a quantity of matter, but at Harper's Ferry eight or ten hospitals, of course, had their first claim, and, as usual, the fighting men along the front got but little. If I could only have had a four horse wagon load, and gone up and down that ten miles of dense humanity for a week, I should have met the want only approximately. As it was, one day sufficed to clean me out, and then I had to run. It don't do for *me* to stay among the troops when I've "nothing to read." I can't be vexed with their asking when I've nothing to give.

In November, Mr. A., worn down by so protracted and exhausting service, came home for a few days' rest. He did not sufficiently recover to resume his labors until after the army had reached Falmouth, on the Rappahannock, and the first battle of Fredericksburg had been fought. December 30, he wrote from head-quarters, Second Division, Second Army Corps.

Came down here last week, and found things so interesting that a little overwork during the first two or three days gave me one of my headaches, from which I am now recovering. I shall learn prudence, by and by, and mean to avoid any thing of the kind in the future. General Howard and staff have given me every attention and comfort. He made me an inmate of his own tent, — warm and cosy; and John, his body servant, has been my constant nurse.

The army lies quiet and comfortable along here on the north bank of the Rappahannock, its front extending some six miles, and on the railroad toward Aquia Creek four miles, its center being opposite Fredericksburg. Cabins of logs, — log pens embanked outside, roofed with shelter tents, — and Sibley tents on circular palisading, with uncouth fire-places, and sometimes flooring made from the boards of broken boxes; occasionally, an oblong pit dug in the ground, three or four feet deep, with a kind of hen-coop roof of split logs; altogether make a most grotesque-looking though immense city of camps, and yet furnish much solid comfort to these accumulated thousands. Health is good, food plenty, clothing warm, and though somewhat cast down with the results of the late battle, good spirits abound every where, and eagerness to march again *some where*. The killed and wounded were not near as many as at first reported, and I have never seen a place where the sick and wounded were so well provided for as here. The weather, too, is delightful.

My stock of reading which I brought down was seized with the usual avidity, and on Sunday I had a great time visiting nearly the whole Division, closing with a precious prayer meeting in the evening, in the tent of General Howard, many officers being present.

"SOFT SOIL."

The late battle-field lies before us, almost every inch in sight. The boys can look off from these heights and point out the very spot where each brigade took the terrific storm, and where their companions fell; and just now

they have time to talk and read and think. It makes soft soil for the seed. "We think more of these things than we used to," is a common expression; it just now fell from the lips of a brigade commander.

NOT SO MUCH SWEARING.

"There is certainly less swearing than we have had," is a remark I have heard more than once. A few days since, General Howard, on entering his tent, threw down a pack of leaflets on swearing which I had given him in the morning (it was Sunday). "There," said he; "I have been all through my division to-day, visiting hospitals, and I haven't heard a single man swear. I'm sure I haven't," he added, "for I determined, when I went out, to give one of these to every man whom I heard take an oath, and *there they all are*," pointing to the unbroken pack. "Isn't it strange?" he added, looking steadily into the fire.

You know that no good man's ear tingles more quickly and intensely at profanity than do the General's. I have lately seen officers high in command more than once stop at the close of the prayer meeting to talk on personal religion, and these were men of known profanity.

HEART-ACHE.

Swearing enough there is; irreligion stalks every where in these camps, but God, even on this bloody soil, is ripening his elect. Oh for laborers in such a harvest! Nearly one-half of these regiments are without chaplains. Reading matter we have formerly given is used up, or all lost in these hurried long marches. I distribute what you send to some six hundred regiments, and other bodies of troops, with regularity; but I hardly dare, for shame, go among them personally, these parcels are so minute. They are but bait, — a taste inciting them to pounce upon me for more.

If Christians want the heart-ache, let them come here. This great multitude, so near to death, so near to *life*, so dear to loving hearts at home, — shall it be, when it so much needs, when it calls, when it stretches forth literally its tens of thousands of hands for this gospel, that its importunity be denied? We want our country saved, loyal; but souls loyal to God and saved, even more.

BAD READING.

At a later date, Mr. A. speaks of the "demoralization" said to exist in the army. He calls it rather *discouragement* with the men, while with the officers — some at least — there is reason to fear there may be something worse. The cause of this he attributes, in a large measure, to the circulation of one bold, bad paper. "It is absolutely frightful to witness the influence it is exerting. I predicted this long ago, from the immense circulation, favored in high quarters, of that wretched Herald."

PREACHING ON STEAMER.

HEAD-QUARTERS GEN. HOWARD, January 20, 1863.

Came down (as I was obliged to in order to reach the army *at all* before the fight, or movement, whichever it may be) on Sunday; distributed Ban-

ners all through the crowded boat in the morning, and at ten o'clock was invited to preach, by the quartermaster in command, which I did not decline. Had a crowd filling both saloons, with double doors between, composed of officers and men rushing back to their several posts, and the attention was excellent. I love to preach to soldiers, and especially officers; if they are not Christians, in most cases, the recollections of by-gone days will be revived, and if they do not listen intently, they will be seen, all through the audience, with moistened eyes, buried in dreamy memories, receiving good from the word by its solemn or sweet associations. It was pleasant, at the close, to have officers of high rank come and thank me for the service.

ARMY QUARTERS.

Rode upon an open platform car from Aquia to camp, and enjoyed throwing papers to the guards, who, by night and day, are kept watching the track. They squabbled for them most amusingly. Found all quiet here; but this morning there is bustle and preparation for the battle march. Tents, &c., are not to be taken, as it is supposed the enemy are not far away. I shall leave my two assistants, with tents, stores, &c., here, and follow in the distance on horseback. This gives me a much better opportunity to be just where I please, than to have the wagon along, — falling back upon my base when I please. You would like to see how I am now fixed, — a pleasant wall tent, with little stove; green carpet of pine sprays; table, a box cover on stakes; bed, the wolf-skin over a stretcher; a store tent (shelter) pitched just opposite, in which are saddle, harness, boxes of books and papers, with rough cooking quarters for the boys. One of these takes care of my horse, cuts wood, makes fires, cooks, cleans up generally, and the other keeps my accounts of distribution, copies my sketches for correspondents and the press, &c., &c. The Government have furnished them, giving me more time out and with chaplains, driving about in general work, than I have ever had before. To-day have been distributing what I could; for, when battle draws near, I find it the best time. Chaplains and good Christian men feel also like being doubly active then.

MODES OF LABOR.

My two assistants — young men belonging to the army — work well. We all go in different directions to-day, loaded. They are already out with packages to chaplains and commanding officers, carrying our card and compliments. The weather above is beautiful, though all mud beneath, — an immense brick-yard. The chaplains of the corps, with all the Christian men of the regiments, are co-operating with me in good earnest. Let every one pray for a blessing on the work.

PREACHING.

Preached on Sunday to 63d Pennsylvania, or perhaps to the brigade, for the day was warm and still, and the little mound on which the regiment lay was central; so, at the "church call," and as singing commenced, they came flocking up from the four winds. At evening we had another of the delight-

ful meetings at the General's tent (Howard's), more solemn and crowded than ever. Two or three ladies had heard of it, and came up from General Sumner's; and before the meeting closed, General French came in. He seemed surprised to find his brother division officer thus surrounded and employed, but sat down very pleasantly, and went to singing with us.

CHAPLAINS' MEETING.

Had a meeting of the chaplains of this corps yesterday. Fifteen were present, and more than my tent would hold, so we opened out upon a green carpet of boughs before the door. It was an excellent meeting. They all feel grateful for and assisted by our good reading. I gave them what they wanted, as they left. Bro. M. was with us, and the general came in and talked in his usual happy manner. It made some of the brethren stare to hear a Major-General (as he is now) talking religion; and his remarks, advice, and offers of assistance, gave them a spring which they will not soon forget. My purpose is to have such meetings in all the corps; but where shall I find another Howard?

A DELIGHTFUL SABBATH.

STONEMAN'S STATION, Feb. 10.

Yesterday was a delightful Sabbath. I rode through seven regiments, two of which were the Massachusetts 18th and 22d, dispensing these precious leaves, while my two boys went in another direction. You ought to see their faces glow as they come back from these excursions. "Every body," says one of them, his face glowing with animation, — "every body sends back compliments, and thanks you, sir." Both are becoming quite handy in the work of putting up the packages, as well as in distribution.

"GIVE US ONE."

"That's what we want," said a crowd of cavalry as I drew up by their regiment to-day, with one side of my saddle-bags filled with potatoes and bottled molasses (I had just been *drawing my rations*), and the other with tracts; and "Give us one," "Give us one," was so often repeated that my poor saddle-bags lost their balance completely. Thus every day I work, from bags, wagon, pockets and arms among these hungry men. Dear fellows! May the grace of God, through such simple instrumentalities, reach their hearts.

OFFICERS OVERSEEING THE DISTRIBUTION.

Officers in charge seem to appreciate our publications more and more. They evince a growing interest in the welfare and comfort of their commands. Where there is no chaplain, they, without exception, pledge themselves that what I send shall be thoroughly distributed; adjutant, orderly, or sergeant, perhaps some good Christian man from the ranks, being detailed for this purpose.

"Everything you give us shall go to the men," has often been the remark of the colonel of a regiment where I have left a supply of books and papers

SEED-TIME.

This present season of rest along our immense line, extending from here around by Stafford Court House, and then down the Rappahannock to Bell Plain, including the encampments along the railroad, centering at Stoneman's Switch, is *seed-time* for us, as memories, anticipations, long winter evenings, leisure to ponder, make most desirable soil and circumstances. God's blessing added shall give the harvest.

ON THE TRANSPORTS.

To-day the 29th Mass., on board the steamer Hero, welcomed me as an old friend. Whatever I had was to them a prize. Tracts, almanacs, Tract Journals, any thing given was eagerly taken. Went through both decks, from stem to stern. The men seemed well, but with thoughtful countenances, as if wondering where and for what they were going. They clustered about me, and I saw that many a heart had a message for those *I* might see before *they* did; but it was looked, not uttered. I told them to be cheerful and trust in Him above. "There's all my trust," said a dear Christian brother as he held my hand closely in his grasp.

The fleet, as I distributed, reminded me of that which started nearly a year since from Alexandria; the same white cloud of gospel rolls over all these boats.

IN THE HOSPITALS.

WINDMILL POINT, Feb. 12.

This afternoon and evening have been aiding what I could in the removal of the bad cases from the "Windmill Hospital" to Washington, and in supplying the boats, and convalescents who are left behind, with our gospel reading. Twelve hundred Banners which I providentially found at Aquia Creek are just the thing. Some 4,000 or 5,000 men crowd this immense establishment (500 tents), and to break it up will be a mercy. Hospitals for each division will hereafter be formed along the front.

There are good signs of fruit, — more thoughtfulness, solemnity, multiplied prayer meetings; fifty rose for prayer at a meeting held here last Sabbath, and five in a regiment near us.

"ONLY KEEP HOLD, AND WORK FOR IT."

"There's six or seven of our fellows who have lately got up in our meetings and told their feelings," said a good Christian brother I just now met. "Old professors revived?" I inquired. "No, those who never professed any thing before." On further inquiry I found that his regiment was in an interesting state of revival. They had been having *noonday prayer meetings* as long as the weather was good, and now, besides regular chaplain preaching Sundays, there are prayer meetings Sabbath and Friday evenings, and a Bible class on Wednesday evening. Great numbers of the men attend. The colonel gave them the use of a large tent and also a log guard-house for the purpose. "Is the colonel a Christian?" I inquired. "No, but he knows the best men he's got in his regiment are Christian men, and he favors us."

"Well, brother, you don't find it hard to keep your religion in the war, do you?" "No, sir, not at all, *only keep hold, and work for it.* I've not only been in this war, but was all through the fighting in Texas and Mexico, and I don't find it hard to keep my religion." His eyes dimmed with loving tears as he spoke, and I could not but think that this "precious state" of things in the old ——— regiment was very much owing to the presence of *such* Christian soldiers.

I inquired if they like the reading we sent them. "Oh, yes," said he; "the men devour it, and I'm coming soon to get more." Who will not help feed these hungry here in the wilderness? Send us the "baskets of bread,"—send them quickly.

"BRING ME A TRACT."

Questioning a Christian soldier as to his work the previous day, he replied, "I distributed all the tracts, though the Sabbath was very stormy." "How were they received?" "Very eagerly. The regiment always like to see me come round with tracts. Those who are not Christians thank me for them. One boy said, 'I'm glad you've come. I was just going to read the old ones you gave me before. I want you always to *bring me a tract* when you have them.'"

This regiment has no chaplain, and our soldiers often come to me for an armful of tracts.

SOME OF THE FRUITS.

"*How de do?*" exclaimed a hard-looking soldier, with his blue great-coat buttoned closely under his moustache, and his slouched hat well down over his forehead. I grasped his gristly hand as he thrust it toward me, with "How do you do?" in reply. His gray eyes twinkled, as he continued, smiling, "You don't know me." (I did not for the moment.) "Heacock?" "No, *Barnes,*" still shaking my hand; "don't you remember the papers you gave me on swearing?" "Yes, I do," as his face and the fact flashed their association into my mind, "and you distributed them to the regiment, did you not?" "Yes, I did," said he still smiling, "and nothing ever did us so much good as those papers" (tracts). "There isn't half so much swearing now as there used to be." "Good," said I; "and you know where to get more." "*Yes, and I shall come for them.*"

This man is a rough specimen, by no means a Christian. I recollected giving him the tracts, and his refusal to promise me he would not swear, but pledging to read and distribute what I gave him, and here was the fruit.

INCREASED RELIGIOUS INTEREST.

Under date of March 24, Mr. A. writes, "There is increased religious interest among us now, which adds to my labor. I am called upon to preach and attend meetings, far beyond my ability to respond. I have never seen so much of God's presence in the camps as at the present time, and that not confined to one spot or corps, but *universal*. Not powerfully developed yet in fruit; but the soft soil, the quickening, prayerfulness, attendance on all means of grace, eager grasping of religious reading, return of backsliders,

with some conversions,—and I may add, the favoring of all these things by high officers,—all this indicates most unmistakably a large blessing in prospect.

* A division general last evening, not a professing Christian, told me he was “very glad to see all these religious efforts;” he thanked me for “the good reading” I sent among the troops and hospitals, and “especially to his headquarters;” wanted more chaplains in his regiments; inquired very earnestly if something could not be done to supply the vacancies; wished me to do what I could on the subject. I think there is a wide feeling of this sort, viz., that *our army needs more Christianity*, even among those who, though patriots, are not Christians themselves. They see that religion is a *power*, and that irreligion weakens; that God must be pleased if he is to bless; and this aside from the feeling, created by their exposed position, that religion is personally needed. Is not God’s Spirit doing all this?

PATRIOTISM AND RELIGION.

Put into your papers for the army all the *war religion* you can,—its anecdotes, incidents, facts, moral lessons, articles bracing up loyalty, as well as moral and religious teaching,—put all these together. As one chaplain remarked here yesterday, he commenced his prayer meeting by singing the “Star-Spangled Banner,” and, said he, “The Spirit of the Lord follows right along in its train.” The brother’s eyes filled with tears, and his heart was full as he added, “I never realized God’s presence more clearly than I did last evening.”

CHAPLAINS’ MEETING.

One of the methods adopted by Mr. Alvord for the religious welfare of the army is the holding of chaplains’ meetings for consultation and prayer. In these the chaplains make each other’s acquaintance and are mutually strengthened for their difficult work. These meetings were begun by him in Washington, early in the course of the war, and have been sustained with varying interest to the present time. In reference to these he writes, March 27,—

I am called upon to hold prayer meetings and to preach far more than I am able. The large tent of the Christian Commission near me is full every night, and we are having preaching about in the regiments where there are no chaplains.

My meeting for these at 10 A.M. on Mondays has so increased that I am having a larger tent put up to-day. Last Monday ten or twelve gave accounts of the distinct special work of God in their respective regiments. The meeting rose in interest as these tidings came in. Hearts swelled with gratitude; praise was rendered, and prayer became specially earnest for larger blessings. It was a meeting long to be remembered, and on next Monday, if the army does not move, I expect many more present.

"STORMY WIND FULFILLING HIS WORD."

The Sabbath morning opened gloomily. The rain had slackened, but the mud was deep, and a cold March wind swept furiously over the encampments.

At first it seemed that the day would be lost. But a quantity of reading had been received the evening previous, and it could be circulated. The thought of what it might accomplish was an inspiration. Before nightfall fifty regiments, batteries, and hospitals had been supplied.

"That's it," "*that's* what we want," "can't do any thing else to-day," was the exclamation of many a soldier, as his head peered through the crevice of his poncho curtain at the call, "Good reading," "Sunday reading," going by.

Where time permitted, an entrance from the piercing wind was welcomed with "Glad to see you such a day as this;" and the apparent genuine kindness of the visit seemed to unlock their hearts. The great bulk of the distribution, however, was done at second-hand by chaplains and Christian soldiers, whose public service had been prevented by the storm.

The results were striking. Cards and obscene talk were, in scores of cases, instantly laid aside. Silence followed, or within the close-drawn tent was heard, above the howling wind, the voice of readers, as the Journal, Banner, some tract or little book, were read aloud to listening comrades. Conversation or debate on the subjects followed. The evening prayer meetings felt the influence—solemn, tender, impressive; and when, on the next morning, at the chaplains' meeting, the fact was deplored that "preaching had been prevented by the weather," nearly all alluded to the opportune coming of the reading matter: "It was so fortunate," said one; "I was cast down," said another, "but the papers came, and I went to work;" "It seemed to me very providential," remarked a third; "for," he added, "I believe such things are of God." One chaplain related an instance where a man came to him during the day with "a tract in his hand and tears in his eyes," saying he wanted to be a Christian.

Such times as the above may appear to us forbidding and unpropitious. But "my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord."

On another occasion we remember a stout, earnest-looking soldier saying with peculiar emphasis, "We love to see you coming to us, sir, on stormy days; we can't then do any thing but read." Severe upon the strength of the distributor as such days may be, they are *our* "marches in the storm," when we are quite sure to surprise the enemy. They are "high days," whether Sabbaths or not, when the circulation of this printed gospel has the promise of greatest reward.

CHURCH BUILDING.

At my meeting this evening I had a little meeting-house full. There was intense hearing, and I am sure there was an impression of some sort. It was in the 44th New York (Ellsworth Avengers), a noted regiment. I want to tell you about this meeting-house.

You know there are no chapel tents now, and every thing has to be usually in the open air, where but two or three *can* be gathered together. The chaplains and other Christian men don't usually feel willing to spend much time in erecting any permanent building, as the army is constantly liable to move. But these 44th boys (without a chaplain) determined that they would have a better place for their meetings. They had been held, as one of them said, by the side of a *stump*. Two of them especially, although only privates, seemed almost inspired on the subject. They obtained permission of the colonel to build a cabin of logs. These had to be drawn a mile, trimmed, framed, and piled up; sixteen by thirty-two feet were the dimensions fixed upon; quite a notable house, as you see, — calculated to hold one hundred and sixty persons.

The first logs were heavy, and hardly any one to help. Their plan at first was not very definite. They would lay down a log, and then look and plan by the eye. Another log was wearily drawn and put on. The crowd came round to quiz and joke. "Are you to have it finished before the world ends?" "Fixing up to leave?" "How does your saloon get on?" The more serious, in pity, tried to discourage. There was "already an order out to move; what's the use?" "Who wants meetings?" But these two Christian boys (S. and L.) toiled on like Noah, amidst the scoffs of the multitude. The edifice slowly rose; volunteers lent a hand. The Christian men of the regiment became interested. (There are forty or fifty in all, eighteen or twenty of whom at length aided in the work.) A sufficient height was reached, and first a roof of brush, and afterwards of patched ponchos, was put on, and meetings began, — or rather they *began* when it was only an open pen. In a few days Burnside's advance came, and the regiment left for the field. In their absence, plunderers stripped the cabin, and carried off a portion of its material; but on the return of our troops the same busy hands and hearts of faith were again at work. A sutler gave them the old canvas cover of his large tent, which he was about to cut up to shelter his horses with, and lo, it *precisely fitted* the roof of the meeting-house, — not an inch to spare! This was drawn over the neat rafters and lashed at the edges, making a transparency day, and reflecting the light most pleasantly by night. The boys thought it almost a miracle; and also when their door was fitted in with "latch and string," but no lock to preserve the interior of their house from depredations; and when, having inquired and sent every where for one in vain, they were out for their last load of poles for benches, they had to tell me how, *just upon their pathside in the forest, a lock was found, with key in it, all ready to be fitted to their door!* I thought myself it was a little strange, — that far out here in Virginia, at such a time, an article by just these eyes should have been discovered. But I concluded that the God who had helped these feeble youth to build his house, could help them finish it.

Well, there it stands, to his glory and the credit of their perseverance. (It took about one hundred logs to build it.) You should have seen their eyes shine, as, here in my tent for tracts, they were one day giving me its

history, and you should have been with us last evening. The little pulpit made of empty box boards, two chandeliers suspended from the ridge-pole, of cross-sticks, wreathed with ivy, and in the socketed ends four adamant candles, each burning brilliantly. Festoons of ivy, and "dead men's fingers" (a species of woodbine called by this name), looped gracefully along the sides of the room, and in the center, from chandelier to chandelier,—their deep green, with the fine brown bark of the pine logs, and white canvas above, striped with its rafters, sweetly contrasting. Below, a perfect pack of soldiers, in the "Avengers'" uniform, squatted low upon the pole seats, beneath which was a carpet of evergreen sprays,—all silent, uncovered, respectful; as the service opened, you could have heard a pin fall. There was nothing here to make a noise. Pew-doors, psalm-books, rustling silks, or groined arches reverberating the slightest sound of hand or footfall, there were none. Only the click of that wooden latch, and a gliding figure, like a stealthy vidette, squeezing in among the common mass, indicated the late comer. The song went up from the deep voices of men,—do you know the effect?—and before our service closed, tears rolled down from the *faces of men*. To be short, every evening of the week this house is now filled with some service, four of which are religious. When they can have no preaching, these soldiers meet for prayer.

I stole in one evening, lately, when they were at these devotions; prayer after prayer successively was offered, in earnest, humblest tones, before rising from their knees; the impenitent looking on solemnly. Officers were present and took part, and seldom have I seen such manifest tokens that God is about to appear in power. Opposition there is none. The whole regiment looks upon the house now as a matter of pride,—encourage all the meetings. It is attractive to visitors, and, when not used for religious purposes, is occupied by lyceum debates, singing clubs, &c., &c. How those two Christian boys do enjoy it! Said one of them to me, "We have been paid for all our labor a thousand times over."

P. S. The sound of singing is in my ears; the large tents near are packed again this evening with earnest worshipers; it has been so every evening for a week or two.

DISTRIBUTION BY A LOCOMOTIVE.

One of our boxes of Banners stood a little too near the track, as we were loading at Aquia Creek; a down train came suddenly backing in upon us; we sprang for the box, but it was too late. The giant locomotive had things in his own way. Seizing the box by one of its corners (it was a heavy one), a wrench and crash quickly exposed, in fine confusion, its contents; displayed them as clerks do their goods on counters. As he did it, the engine seemed to say, with a rattle of puffs, "*There, Tract Society!* you have been quite too stingy with your good reading; the boys need it in larger quantities; now, soldiers, help yourselves." No sooner said than done. In plunged an eager crowd, like thirsty travelers of the desert, on the borders of some crystal lake. For once these poor fellows seemed to be getting their fill. During the first

few minutes we made no remonstrance; but the thing grew serious. The "raid" was proving an entire success. Perceiving our helplessness, the captain of the provost came to the rescue, drove back the excited crowd, and placed a guard over what remained of the entrails of our box.

The above is no fancy sketch nor exaggeration. Neither were these soldiers rushing upon an abandoned pile of money, food, or raiment; no luxury for the body, nor trash to amuse the mind, allured them. They recognized religious reading. They saw their own familiar "Christian Banner," and their multitudinous grasp was upon it; it was seized as the *gospel for soldiers*. Thank the locomotive for its example of generosity. That "Ho! every one!" we wish to imitate; who will aid us to distribute in an abundance equal to the demand?

PREACHING BY MOONLIGHT.

March 4.

Last evening was beautifully moonlight, not cold, and I had a scene you would have loved to witness. On the hillside yonder lies a cloud of canvas, and the chaplain proposed that I should go up and have preaching. "Of course," I said; and soon the church-call from the bugle brought me a crowd of two or three hundred. There they stood, forming a complete circle of a number of rods in diameter and two or three men deep. The moon swam through the heavens above us, the great blue dome rested on surrounding hills and distant water. Far over the Potomac the sun had left in setting a gorgeous aurora,—his day-ropes thrown off at bed-time. Near and below us were transports dotting the water, or hanging along the rude wharves, and all the bustle of the day was sinking into a hum, broken only by some neighing horse or sweet music strains from afar, and nearer by the intent talk of multitudes. In such a church, with these galleries, we broke forth in "Come, Holy Spirit," and then the chaplain's strong voice in prayer. Again, "Live on the Battle-field" rolled out on the night air. It was a kind of inspiration. All eyes were now upon me. I could not see the eyes of any one. A grim warrior-ring in great-coats, each face seemingly alike,—shadowy cartoons,—centered eye and ear and heart upon my lips. It was easy to preach, and I trust with a blessing. Again the song rose more loudly than before, and with a short benediction that strange assembly dispersed. The majority wheeled into squads and marched to quarters. Others, especially officers, came around to thank me for the service. I returned feeling that the word of the Lord was fitting to all people and places, and that we might in the morning sow the seed and "in the evening withhold not our hand."

A FUNERAL.

March 5.

Was called off at the above period. This morning came another and much sadder service. Two from the hospital had during the night fought their last battle and were inclosed in soldiers' coffins. A short but appropriate address was made by the chaplain, then the regiment "fell in" and followed the muffled drums, beating the plaintive Portuguese Hymn, to the graves. These had been dug alongside brother graves, upon a little grass

plat upon the shore, uncommonly decent and deep, five feet at least, which is not usual for soldiers, and with much tenderness these brothers were lowered into their last resting-place. The religious service was closed by a few words and brief prayer, and then came the military ceremony. Twelve men who had marched behind the coffins with arms reversed, were now ordered to approach the still open graves. "*Load at will—LOAD,*" was the order, and then "*Ready, aim, fire!*" Six times such a volley rang athwart and over the bodies of their comrades. Then the word, "*About face,*" and striking up a lively air, the regiment marched back to camp. The former part of this ceremony seemed solemn, not only as a sad honor to the departed, but as a miniature of that loud call which in the last day will wake these dead. They slept on beneath this volley, but the loud crash of the resurrection will startle these sleepers and bring them, with ourselves, before the judgment throne.

After this I fell into the usual routine of my work, and by the help of soldiers detailed and teamsters, had before three o'clock distributed to more than twenty regiments. I then started homeward, over the worst of roads, stopping at Gen. Sigel's head-quarters, and then on through the center of his large corps, scattering along the words of life, and as twilight was fading into darkness, Saul, with his pleasant voice, welcomed me and Charley to my own comfortable quarters.

Saturday, went to head-quarters of Gen. Hooker. Obtained my monthly passes, drew rations, worked among the prisoners, of which they have quite a camp, took a circle of regiments and hospitals, and, after disposing of my wagon-load, came home quite tired.

Sabbath, preached to the 32d Mass. by invitation. Had a full attendance and attention.

Monday, prayer meeting again here in my tent, of chaplains; a good time. To Aquia Creek in the afternoon. To-day, it rains or snows (both). In my routine, called on Gen. Caldwell and Gen. Howard. The latter is confirmed as Major General. Pleasant time, as I always have there.

April 3.

I have just returned from Belle Plain to my quarters at Stoneman's, where I loaded up instantly and came here. The roads are now good, and the probability of movement drives me round. I hope to go through this and the 12th Corps before the start. I have now an extra team (two-horse), and with my boys am working rapidly. Yesterday and day before we distributed to more than one hundred regiments, &c., either putting every thing into their hands personally, or by selected distributors. I have along now enough for nearly one hundred more, and hope in about three days to get the seed into the ground. The large quantity of papers last sent come in just now most *apropos*.

EFFECT OF RELIGIOUS READING.

Frequent allusion is of late made to the effect of our reading matter upon the minds of the soldiers.

This morning, in the chaplains' meeting, repeated mention was made of the way these publications had been blessed. One said, "they had done more good, he believed, than his preaching." Not only chaplains, but officers and common soldiers, now come crowding to my tent to obtain tracts, which they go forth and distribute among their comrades. Such a company was here this morning, a number of them young converts. Three of these dear fellows came back just now to tell me how Jesus had blessed them in the work. "*The devils* were subject to them through his name," *i. e.*, the crowd came round to hear them tell what that Saviour had done for *their souls*, receiving the tracts gladly. "*If there was any thing in religion, they wanted it.*" In three batteries the hard, rough cannoniers, with one or two exceptions, were all ready to ask, "What shall I do?"

My large tent is in every-day use. I am wakened every morning with the singing of happy young converts, and so through the day. My store of tracts and papers being there, makes it very attractive. It is seated off nicely with poles and the boards of your broken boxes, and it's a real little meeting-house. While I am writing these sentences, a company of boys from the 12th New York are in, asking if they can have it this evening for a meeting.

Speaking of the chaplains' meeting, it has this morning had its usual interest, only not as full, for it rains, and the marching orders prevent their coming from long distances. "Deepening solemnity and increase of interest" is still the substance of their reports. One stated that yesterday he administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to nearly one hundred.

A REGIMENTAL COLLECTION.

I inclose to you a note with which I this morning received a regimental collection. It is much the largest I have ever had from such a source, and came wholly unsolicited. It is from a regiment where I have distributed a good deal of reading, but where there is no very special work of the Spirit; on the contrary, where, until within a few weeks, there has been some opposition to the chaplain's efforts. Do you see how universally both officers and men contributed?—nearly every man *on the ground*, two companies being away on detached duty.

The subscription contains first the names of thirty-two officers, giving one dollar each; then of three hundred and seven non-commissioned officers and privates, giving from ten cents to a dollar and a half each; the whole making \$126.

"WHAT HAVE YOU TO SELL?"

Said a pleasant-faced soldier, as he approached our wagon, from which to an eager group we were distributing. "Love, the gospel, and Sunday reading," was the reply; "will you have some?" "Yes, that's what I want," said he, smiling and stretching forth his hand. "Ah, *that Banner* I always like to get; thank you, sir;" and down went his eyes upon his paper, as, stepping backward in the crowd, he commenced reading. I lost sight of him in that attitude. May his heart buy, on the same gospel terms, the salvation that little sheet offers.

"GOD'S FORGIVENESS"—"HINTS TO SOLDIERS."

Passing in my work among the tents of one of the division hospitals of Gen. Sickles, I was arrested by the voice of a soldier earnestly calling me. On turning, I perceived it was one of the guards, a large, stout Irishman.

He rose from his sitting posture and approached, saying, "Have you a book or tract for me, sir?" "Yes," I said. "Give it me, if you please, sir; they've done me a great deal of good." "Tell me more about it," said I. "Well," he replied, his eyes fixed earnestly upon me, "I read the things you gave me, and I've been praying, and I think God has forgiven my sins." "You think *God* has forgiven them, do you?" "Yes, I do," as he grasped my hand with tears in his eyes. "And you mean to keep praying to God?" "Yes, there's nothing else for me, and I want you to give me more to read." "What particular book was it that did you good?" "*Hints to Soldiers*," he quickly replied; "I've got it there in my knapsack, and mean to keep it as long as I live," pointing affectionately to where his treasure was hid.

This rough man seemed, indeed, like one "found" by the grace of God. That tiny book *alone* appeared to have been the divine messenger to his soul. "What church," I continued, "did you attend at home?" "Oh, I went to our church," he replied, in a thoughtful tone; "but out here, sir, it makes no difference. We all want God's forgiveness, and to be prepared for what is before us. I mean, sir, to try for that." I shook the soldier's hand, and spoke to him words of strong encouragement.

RELIGIOUS INTEREST.

April 15.

We are in a delightful state of religious interest, deepening and increasing on every side. Chaplains' meeting on Monday, and all other meetings near us this week, have been crowded, and more conversions than heretofore. Early this morning I was awakened by singing and prayer, mingled with exhortation. On going out I found that a band of happy converts had taken possession of my large tent, all unknown to me, for a meeting of their own. They were telling of what Jesus had done for their souls, and of their willingness, if it was his will, to die. It seemed so strangely sweet on the eve of the march and battle.

I have thought to-day that God may be stopping us that first his own work in the hearts of thousands may be more thoroughly perfected. Perhaps the whole army and country are to be continually baffled, that we all may be *Christianized* before victory. Let us work and pray right on for this.

INCREASED INTEREST.

The Spirit of God is here; opposition, in its ordinary sense, *none*, and we are all full of hope. Even this delay of the march is in favor of deeper spiritual impression. It is a lease of life, that these soldiers, just going into battle, may repent. They speak of it as such. Yesterday you should have seen a regiment surrounding the crown of a little hill, on the top of which, and in the midst of the staff officers, I tried to address them. Tears streamed

down many faces. God was very manifestly with us. I can't well get rid of preaching now, somewhere, every Sabbath, and *all* are at it more than they have been.

April 21.

Things here are very interesting. The seed-sowing is coming to fruitage. An onward, *deepening* movement has been seen for some months; conversions are becoming common. Sabbath night last, a cloud of mercy seemed to break over our encampment. For hours after the regular services of the day and evening had closed, prayer and singing could be heard in all directions. Over the fields or in the groves, you could scarcely go any way without coming upon squads and groups of men on their knees praying for mercy. It mingled in one great cry which went up as incense (shall we not believe?) *before the throne*. The wicked heard it and were aghast. Christians rejoiced; many could not sleep until the small hours and exhaustion overcame them. In the morning, early, my large tent was resounding with the songs and happy experiences of young converts. Last evening I preached to the tent packed full, and at the close many rose and audibly confessed their faith in Christ or asked for prayer. It was affecting to see hard-faced soldiers weeping like children. One poor fellow got up, quivering from head to foot with emotion, and bending forward, buried his face in both hands and sobbed aloud. He could not speak, but sank again upon his seat; again he struggled and was upon his feet, and with a throe, as if almost demonized, he broke forth, "*I will confess*. I've tried to resist this, but can't. I've struggled in vain to drive the Spirit from me. I *will* now believe that Christ died for *me*. Pray for me." There was a terse energy in these words I can't describe. They were seen to be joined to conviction and feeling as with links of iron. So the meeting went on bowing like a forest before the tempest, until the close. This morning, prayer meeting again; — and I am moving my tent to a more convenient position and filling it more closely with seats. You will all pray for us, I know.

THE WESTERN ARMY.

MR. SAVAGE'S WORK.

Besides the usual duties of a District Secretary, the superintendence of the operations and interests of the Society throughout the vast field under his care, Rev. Mr. Savage found time to make several prolonged visits to our Western armies, performing there as far as possible the counterpart of Mr. Alvord's labors in the army of the Potomac. A few extracts from his letters descriptive of this work will be read with interest.

PITTSBURG LANDING.

April 8.

I left Chicago with over two hundred dollars' worth of publications for distribution in the several divisions of our army located in Kentucky, Ten-

nessee, Missouri, &c. As the sanitary commission at Chicago were sending a large amount of supplies to Pittsburg, Tenn., in anticipation of the great battle since fought, I was requested to take charge of a portion of these. This would facilitate my own special work, and I gladly accepted the mission. Just as I was leaving Chicago, the news came of a terrible engagement between our army and rebel forces, and that large numbers were killed and wounded. An immediate demand was made for volunteer surgeons and nurses to go to the battle-field and care for the wounded. An express train, sent by the sanitary committee, with twenty surgeons and fifty nurses, overtook me at Cairo, and as soon as we could transfer our stores to a steamer, we were on our way up the river, and were the first boat with supplies that reached Pittsburg after the battle.

The scene which presented itself on landing was sad beyond description. My heart aches every time I recall it. There lay piles of the unburied dead; our own brave men who had fallen in battle, or had since died from their wounds, and rebels, side by side. There were thousands of the wounded waiting to be removed to some hospital where they could receive proper care. Some had lost an arm, others a leg; there were wounds in the head, in every part of the trunk of the body, and in every limb. Some were dying, and others longing for death to put an end to their sufferings. The rain and mud rendered their condition still more uncomfortable. No one could look upon these thousands of mutilated, suffering, and dying men, and think of the other thousands of agonized and bereaved fathers and mothers, wives and children, connected with them, without feeling most keenly how terrible is this war, and how gigantic the sin of rebellion and slavery which has occasioned it.

Our first efforts were directed to gathering up the wounded and putting them on board the steamers, to be transferred to the hospitals of Paducah, Mound City, Cairo, St. Louis, Evansville, Cincinnati, &c., and in caring for their immediate wants. It was a blessed privilege to prepare the cot, dress the wound, minister the cooling draught for these suffering men, and then, when made comfortable, to speak to them of the Great Physician, and put into their hands the little book, or tract, or Banner,—those leaves of the tree of life which are for the healing of the nations. I distributed our publications on a large number of the transports, and they were received with great gladness. I found numbers of the wounded into whose hands I had put the publications in previous months who welcomed me as a brother. I found that others of this class had fallen while bravely fighting for their country and for freedom.

Among the honored dead was a young Congregational minister, a personal friend, who enlisted from motives of pure Christian patriotism. And while faithful to his country, he was faithful also to the Great Captain of our salvation. I had furnished him at different times with publications, which he had faithfully distributed in camp. He fell early in the battle of Sunday, and died, as the chaplain of the regiment testifies, "with a sweet, serene smile resting upon his finely-wrought features, — a smile that left its impress on the cold clay."

I found among the wounded another personal friend (a Baptist clergyman), who was a lieutenant. He had been shot through the thigh, shattering the bone so that it can not be set, and also through the arm. He lay hours, after he was wounded, within the rebel lines, with his wounds undressed, unable to get even a drink of water; a part of the time the balls and shells falling thick around him. Yet he told me, as he lay there, he enjoyed some of the sweetest experiences of his life. He several times found himself unconsciously singing that sweet hymn, —

“When I can read my title clear.”

I could give you many facts, illustrating the bravery of our noble volunteers in that hard-fought battle, and the ennobling, sustaining, comforting power of the gospel, amid scenes of agony and death.

And here let me say, that in conversing with hundreds of the wounded, — with a single exception, — I did not hear a word of complaint from them. Their cheerfulness and fortitude were wonderful. It is a pleasure to do all in our power for the temporal and spiritual welfare of such men.

I found also accumulated evidence of the value to the soldier of good reading. Several showed me the little books which they had carefully preserved in the bosom of their shirts. They had thus carried them with them on to the battle-field.

Finding that, in the condition of our army at Pittsburg, and the expectation of another battle, I could not work to advantage with our soldiers *in the field*, I returned to Cairo, Mound City, and Paducah, where, among the wounded in the hospitals, and on the numerous steamers, — going and returning from the head-quarters of the army, — there was a most inviting field for the distribution of our publications. Every State of the West, and almost every regiment, had its representatives in these places. They received my books and papers with great eagerness and many thanks.

It was my purpose to visit the division of the army under Gen. Pope, on their way to Memphis. But, before I could accomplish this, almost the entire force, about 25,000 men, came up the Mississippi to Cairo, on their way to join Gen. Halleck's forces. As each of the transports spent several hours at Cairo, I was enabled, with the aid of Rev. Jeremiah Porter, to distribute publications on most of them, and thus reach a larger number of regiments in two days than I could in several weeks under ordinary circumstances.

Our Western army is now at such distant points, or so actively engaged in the field, that we can not, *just now*, reach them as readily and successfully as at former times. But if the war goes on, there will still be a great and important work for us to do among them.

In October, Mr. S. writes, —

Our army work has taken strong hold upon our churches and communities, and the blessing of God has signally attended the circulation of our publications among our brave and noble soldiers. The demand for these has at no time been more urgent, nor the evidences of good accom-

plished by them more abundant. In my recent visits to various camps, and to the hospitals at St. Louis, where are thousands of our sick and wounded soldiers from the recent battle-fields of Corinth, Perryville, Iuka, &c., I was received with great cordiality, and our publications were accepted with the warmest expressions of thankfulness.

In January, he writes again, —

Our army work we are still prosecuting with unabated interest. The demand for publications from every department of the Western army is numerous and urgent—from Minnesota, Missouri, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Kentucky and Tennessee. We have supplied to some extent regiments in all these departments, and also a large number of hospitals; yet the whole amount is trifling compared with the numbers to be supplied. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the eagerness with which these publications are received, and we have constantly accumulating evidence of the good accomplished by them.

Our plan of operations in the distribution of our publications in the Western army is similar to that which you have adopted at the East, viz., *to enlist the voluntary co-operation of chaplains and pious officers and men in this work — thus saving all expense of paid laborers, and affording essential aid to chaplains and others in the regiments in their efforts for good.* This plan, supplemented by my own occasional visits to the army, has proved eminently successful. The whole cost to the Society of *distribution* since the commencement of the war has not exceeded one hundred dollars.

From a visit to Memphis for the supply of Gen. Grant's army, he reports many facts of interest:—

In the early part of January came the intelligence of the battle of Vicksburg, and soon after that of Arkansas Post, in which many of our brave and noble soldiers laid down their lives, and many more suffered from wounds. Regarding it as an especially favorable opportunity to do good, both to the bodies and souls of our soldiers, I immediately left for Vicksburg, taking with me several boxes of our publications, besides sanitary stores, &c. On reaching Memphis, however, I found that more could be accomplished from that point than below. The wounded from Vicksburg and from Arkansas Post were all brought up from those places, and either left at Memphis or taken to the hospital above. It was a blessed privilege to minister to the sanitary wants of these noble men, and then to speak to them of Jesus, and put into their hands the Banner, the Tract Journal, the tract, or the soldiers' books. Ofttimes they seemed almost to forget their sufferings in the delight of having something to read. I am sure that if our contributors could have witnessed the joy and thankfulness manifested by the 460 wounded men on the United States hospital steamer from Arkansas Post, as I passed from cot to cot, putting into the hand of each a book and paper, and remembered what these men had endured, suffered, and sacrificed for us, they would deem no sacrifices too great to furnish them an abundant supply for all their need.

HOSPITAL SCENES.

There was one noble young man from Wisconsin, *both* of whose arms had been cut off near the shoulder by the fragments of a shell. Poor fellow, there he lay, unable to do a single thing for himself; and with the full consciousness that he must, if he recovered, be helpless and dependent. Yet he uttered not a murmur or regret. He was the most grateful man for any favor bestowed that I have ever met. When feeding him with fruit, which he especially craved, between almost every mouthful he would exclaim, "Oh, how good that is!" "How kind in you!" "The Lord bless you for it!" I never felt so humbled and ashamed of my own unthankfulness to the bountiful Giver of all good, as then.

When distributing books and papers, I said to him, "I don't know whether you will care for any, as you can not hold them to read." "Yes," said he, "I want that you should put them on the bed where I can see them. It will do me good to look at them, and sometimes the nurse will read them to me."

He trusted that he had found Christ since he was wounded, in fact, while he lay upon the battle-field, and seemed to have an intelligent, peaceful trust in him. To be able to minister to the comfort of one such, amply repaid for all the toil, discomfort, and expense of the trip.

Another young man from Illinois, severely wounded in the leg by a grape-shot, and to whom I gave, as I left at night, the "Soldier's Hymn Book," said to me in the morning, "I learned one of the hymns after you left, and it was very *sweet* to lie here and repeat it."

Another, from Iowa, had lost his foot. He was in great anguish of mind — said "he had formerly been a church member, but he had backslidden before he entered the service, and since he had been in the army he had neglected religious duties altogether." He was in great darkness. I tried to lead him back to Christ and gave him books adapted to his case. He seemed to prize these. I have no doubt but that ere this he has gone to give an account of his stewardship.

I visited all the hospitals at Memphis, and distributed publications among the sick soldiers; and I could fill sheets with deeply interesting incidents witnessed and related to me — scenes such as the public mind has become familiar with — of awakened religious interest, conversions, return from backslidings, and triumphant Christian deaths. Hospital life has been to large numbers "the accepted time and the day of salvation."

PUBLICATIONS EAGERLY RECEIVED.

As the three great divisions of Gen. Grant's army came into Memphis while I was there, to embark for a new siege of Vicksburg, I had the opportunity of reaching in a few days with our publications a much larger number of our regiments than I could under ordinary circumstances in as many weeks. And as I went on board the transports and into the camps with my "gospel rations," they were seized with greediness. Some of the regiments said they had not been supplied for months. It was my purpose when I left home to visit La

Grange, Jackson, Corinth, &c., but meeting faithful brethren from those places who were desirous of doing the work of distribution, I furnished them with publications, and expended my own personal efforts where more needed.

I also furnished publications for the regiments and hospitals at Cairo, Mound City, Fort Donelson, Columbus, New Madrid, and Helena. Rev. J. E. Roy, who went down on a hospital boat to Arkansas Post, took with him a package, which he distributed among the victorious regiments engaged in that expedition. Rev. Jeremiah Porter and Rev. Z. Hawley have done a noble work of the same kind at Memphis. From numerous chaplains I received a cordial welcome, and the only regret seemed to be that the supply was so limited compared with the wants.

LETTERS FROM CHAPLAINS AND OTHERS.

Evidence has incidentally been given showing the manner in which the work of the Society has been regarded by chaplains and others in the army, and the coöperation which has been afforded by them. The following additional particulars are subjoined.

From the Rev. Dr. Marks, chaplain of the Pennsylvania 63d Regiment:—

In regard to the influence of your publications, I can not speak in too strong terms.

After our removal to Hampton, in the change in the necessary freedom for a time from military restraint, the depravity of many found fresh vent. Satan came in like a flood. The men had been out in a severe storm; were cold, hungry, almost tentless, and had lain down on the wet field. If liquor could be obtained, many drank. Numbers, who, like Ahab, had walked softly for a few days, became profane and morose. We finally pitched our tents in the field before Hampton. You found us there, and permitted me to take the box of books brought from Washington. These I removed to camp, and immediately commenced the work of distribution. The effect was instantaneous. If an angel in robes of light and glory had come down, and commenced walking up and down the streets of the camp, and looking into every tent, the effect would not have been more sudden and striking. The men became quiet; swearing ceased; the songs of Zion again were sung in many tents; again the men clustered together for prayer. I resolved to give at this time especial attention to one company,—the one in which there had been the least religious interest, and of which I heard one of their officers say that he did not think there was a single pious man in it. I visited this company more than the others, and having found in the box some Testaments, I distributed twenty among them, and talked with many of the men in their tents. The books opened the way for this, and when I came to a man and gave him as a present a beautiful little book, he had to listen to what I had to say on the subject of his soul's salvation; and before we left that camp, there was the greatest change manifested in that company. Several sought

me for conversation. They were not ashamed to be seen standing with me in the street, listening to the great theme. Several confessed their sins. All ceased to mock, and some of the worst men in the company became the most decided in their advocacy of religion.

BOOKS AND PAPERS PREPARE THE WAY FOR RELIGIOUS CONVERSATION.

In other regiments which I have visited, I found the same thing exemplified. No man will refuse to hear me to whom I have given a paper or book; and if I wish to rebuke his swearing, the best and most successful way will be to give him something which will please and profit him. Your books have been to us like the manna which fell around the camp of Israel. Many men have told me that they have been more instructed by them, more benefited, than by all the reading of their previous lives. On wet, stormy days, when off duty, they have nothing else to do; and your books have been dropped into their tents, and been like a voice from another world, and angels' hands helping them. Only another world can reveal how much has thus been done for many a tempted, weary, struggling soldier. God will remember it.

From Rev. A. H. Quint, chaplain of the Massachusetts 2d Regiment:—

Of books, half a dozen copies of that excellent little book, "The Soldier's Hymn Book," comprised my whole stock. These I have preserved during all changes, all cutting down of baggage to the one valise allowed each officer. I *lend* these six; I do not *give* them.

Mr. Q. adds,—

I tried at Washington to obtain a new supply of reading-matter, to secure which was a main part of my errand there a week ago. But I failed utterly. Now, I receive the welcome tidings that a box of well-selected publications of the admirable American Tract Society, 28 Cornhill, is on its way. I am more than glad—I am grateful. A winter camp, with no books, few papers, is a dull place. I have many calls for them, but no supply. A supply could have been accumulated, but no transportation could be afforded. So, small and frequent bundles are the only useful ones.

From the chaplain at Forts Reno and Mansfield, near Washington:—

The Tract Society never before had such a field of operation as the army affords at the present time. Most revolutions have their crises. This upon us has its crises. One was when the inquiry was made, What shall we do for *men* to meet this strong armed rebellion? Another was, What shall we do for munitions of war? A new one is ushered in. It is one that especially calls upon the *church*, upon Christian philanthropy, to give to the multitude the bread of life. This bread must be carried in tract form to reach the multitude. And every chaplain is weak and poorly armed for his work, de-

ficient of this *side arm* in the service of his country. The chaplain who goes forth bearing such arms with the spirit they breathe is clothed with a panoply of success. His silence as an ambassador for Christ is eloquence when these silent ministers preach successfully to the thoughtful thousands in arms to save our country. Dear brother, can you send us more of these *arms* to aid us in our mission?

From the chaplain of the Connecticut 17th Regiment:—

I find your Christian Banner an invaluable aid to me in my service. I never have half enough to supply the wants of the men. Our regiment now numbers upwards of seven hundred active men, two hundred of whom are professing Christians, and I believe that could we only have time enough to work in one place we should soon see the work of the Lord prospering among us.

From the chaplain of the Vermont 15th Regiment:—

The papers you have sent us find great acceptance with the men. The variety of matter, together with the brevity of the several articles, saves them from a kind of repulsiveness, which sometimes attaches to a tract. Some men will read tracts with avidity. Nearly all welcome the papers. One likes to give a tract for a special purpose. The papers can always be distributed, and never come amiss.

From the chaplain of the 33d Wisconsin Regiment:—

Last Sabbath I placed a tract, paper, or book in every tent, and there was in no instance among the coarse and profane any objection to receiving them, and almost every where what I offered was received with a prompt and hearty "Thank you, sir." I wish our friends at home knew how much good we can do with the publications prepared for soldiers; your Society would not need to ask for more funds.

God is giving us unmistakable evidences of his favor.

From the chaplain of the 106th Illinois Regiment:—

The Banner is a great favorite of the boys; the Tract Journal, also, is highly prized. My only regret is that we can not get a full supply at every issue of them. The sick and wounded receive your little books and tracts with tears of gratitude, and often complain that no reading has been furnished them. They suffer for want of it. I feel that I must appeal to you for more help. And I am certain that if the benevolent in the loyal States could only see need as we see it here, and know the good accomplished by these instrumentalities, they would not withhold the means for a full supply.

From the chaplain of the Michigan 6th Volunteers, at New Orleans:—

I was greatly rejoiced at the receipt of a package of small books and tracts for the soldiers. I said to myself, Now the hands of the sick and wounded soldiers in our hospital will not be stretched out wholly in vain, nor will the

question, "Chaplain, have you any more of those beautiful little Hymn Books for the soldiers?" he answered in every case with a negative. The tear has often started when I have looked over the history of the past year and thought how many had been comforted and assisted by such agencies to keep their faith bright and bear up against the wasting hand of disease, and meet death with the Christian's hope. Every day as I pass through the hospital, and also through the camp, the men inquire for something to read. Nothing, so far as I know, has ever been published which is so well adapted to the condition of the soldier as your small books and tracts. This is especially true in view of the frequent removal of troops from one place to another. These they will put in their pocket or knapsack and carry them, while larger books must necessarily be left behind. They help to keep bright the chain which binds the soldier to his former home and Christian associations. They have aided me, I trust, in leading a few souls in this regiment to the Lamb of God, who cleanseth from sin.

From the chaplain of the United States General Hospital, at Mound City:—

Your little red and blue books are great favorites among the boys in the hospital. I am happy to have them to distribute, for I am persuaded that they are doing much good. The papers I distribute Sunday morning, that the men may have some religious reading to remind them that it is holy time. Occasionally, I have evidence that the heaven of truth is working in the hearts of these men by seeing them entering upon a Christian life. I trust that our friends at home will not forget that one *great want* of a hospital is *useful reading*. Men sick, away from the comforts of home and the society of friends, are inclined to despondency, which aggravates their disease and lessens the prospect of recovery. Whatever is done in this direction is, in truth, a service to the country, as well as a beneficial act to individuals.

From a member of the 32d Wisconsin Regiment:—

I cheerfully acknowledge the receipt of the package of papers, books, and tracts you forwarded to me for the soldiers. The eagerness with which they received them can not be described. "Give me one," "Give me one," rung out clear from voices in all directions, as they thronged and environed me, until my supply was exhausted. They cheerfully promised to read them, and then give the same to others to read. As cheerfully the most of them promised to practice the teachings of those precious publications. I could dispose of *many, many* tracts and books and Banners, if I had them.

The Lord will bless you in your work of labor and love.

The chaplain of the same regiment, after giving an interesting account of the regimental church which he has organized, and the meetings of prayer held, says,—

My experience is, that these religious publications, such as you have sent me, are a chaplain's right arm of power for good in the regiment.

The chaplain of the 7th Illinois Cavalry:—

Your former favors have been gratefully received by me and the officers and men of the 7th Illinois Cavalry. But our supply of reading matter is now exhausted, and it is difficult to get any here. Our men are getting very hungry for something to read, and beset me daily with the question, "Can't you give us something to read?" To me it is sad to be compelled to say, I have nothing. Our religious services have been kept up as regular as the circumstances would possibly admit of, and our prayer meetings have been deeply interesting.

Rev. J. H. Hazen, chaplain of the 47th Illinois Regiment:—

Could you have been with us on last Sabbath and witnessed the attention to the services, and then seen with what eagerness they snatched up even a page of a little tract; and could you hear the men as they come to me almost every hour, and ask, "Chaplain, can't you give me a book, tract, or paper?" then see them as they turn away disappointed, I know your heart would yearn for the poor soldier, deprived of all the associations of home, as well as many of its comforts and all its luxuries.

Rev. Jeremiah Porter, the excellent and devoted chaplain of the hospitals at Memphis, writes:—

DEAR BRO. SAVAGE: I was greatly rejoiced, as were many of the soldiers to whom for two Sabbaths I had promised the books, to receive the package of publications you sent me. Some of the Army Banners I gave to the men after sermon; and the colored men and women present at the service thronged around me after the soldiers left, to shake hands and beg for papers. I was pained to deny some of them, as I wanted to carry some to Battery A, a half mile still further on. The boys wished to have a prayer meeting on Wednesday in the church, and the colored sexton said he would be there and open the house; "for," he said, "we have more privileges now than before your troops came."

No one agency is doing so much good as the wide circulation of these precious truths; not one so strengthens a chaplain's hands. The good seed does bring forth good fruit. Tell the benevolent at home how grateful all are for these remembrances of their soldier-boys.

From Rev. E. Andrus, chaplain of the 6th Michigan Vols.:—

I have received several packages of papers from your Society for gratuitous distribution among the soldiers. I am most happy to say that they are welcomed with great delight by the men and read with great interest, and I trust with profit. The little hymn and tune, *Looking Home*, we sang with great comfort through the hospital and in our public service on the Sabbath.

I have never seen any thing better calculated to do good than the Christian Banner and the small books and tracts. Could you see the eagerness with which the men both in camp and the hospital reach out their hands and ask

if they can have one, you would not wonder that chaplains plead for such reading. Could you know, and all the donors see, how reading of this sort helps to pass away the idle hours in camp life, and how greatly it aids in preventing vice by giving employment to the mind, you and they would feel amply repaid for all the effort made in this good cause. May God inspire to greater liberality, and bless all these silent messengers, making them fruitful in the salvation of souls.

COLPORTAGE.

Our efforts in the direction of colportage need not require any lengthened statement. The only colporters in our service when the year commenced, aside from several in the employment of the Western Tract Agency, have terminated their work in connection with us, during the year. The Committee have been compelled to the conviction that "a more excellent way" exists for the distribution of our religious literature; a method less expensive, quite as efficient, and having the great advantage of co-operating with other modes of Christian effort. The nature and objects of our organization contemplate rather *auxiliary* aid to established agencies, than any great, distinct, and independent enterprise. If we can place in the hands of earnest workers in God's vineyard those instruments of labor by which their exertions can be rendered more effective, it seems evident that we have most nearly realized the highest aims of our existence as a society. And while there are so many laborers toiling in the great harvest-field, who are more than ready to receive and distribute, "without money and without price," all that the bounty of the churches can supply it is felt to be rather our duty and privilege to furnish them with the help on which they universally set so high a value.

THE FREEDMEN.

This Society has not formally instituted schools for the instruction of the late slaves. It has not seemed entirely consonant with the nature of the institution as a *publishing* Society to do so, nor has it been necessary, in order to effect the object in view. Following the distinctive principle which it has adopted, of operating *through agencies already upon the field to be cultivated*, it is

enabled to aid directly and efficiently in the instruction of the freedmen, by furnishing text-books, papers, &c., to chaplains, pious soldiers, and others laboring in this work. More than *twenty-one thousand* "Picture Lesson Books," published by the Society, are now in actual use among these people. They are called for from Washington, Fortress Monroe, Newbern, Port Royal, New Orleans, and at various places in the West and South-West.

As a specimen of the value of our books among the freedmen, we subjoin the following letters from Rev. H. James and Rev. Dr. Stone, chaplains at Newbern:—

NEWBERN, N. C., May 12, 1863.

The books have been made exceedingly useful, and are worth every thing to these ignorant, but attentive and ambitious people. They are helping lay the foundations of a *book* education in the case of hundreds of them. If you can send me more, from any funds placed at your disposal, I can make good use of them, and put every one under black fingers in *daily diligent use*. I started by their aid a famous school in a church at Plymouth, N. C., where I have been spending six weeks.

I am just entering upon a special work of superintendence of those people, as successor to our beloved Bro. Means.

Yours very faithfully,

HORACE JAMES,

Chaplain 25th Mass. and Supt. of Contrabands.

CAMP MASSACHUSETTS, May 30, 1863.

GENTLEMEN:—I have hardly yet got to the bottom of the box you filled so full of bounty for mind and soul,—so precious a charity for my poor contrabands, and flanked by spiritual succors for our soldier-boys. Thank you all,—Secretary, Executive Committee, donors, and Christian public, for the gift. The work of enlightening the colored race and leading them up goes bravely on. They have had a taste of freedom, letters, self-respect, elevation, and advancement; and he will be a bold man, and must be a strong one, who shall arrest them with a "*Thus far*." Their feet are on the rounds of the ladder, and climb they will. Thank you again for light and help.

Yours, for country and humanity and Christ, A. L. STONE.

THE FOREIGN FIELD.

In the present circumstances of our own country it has not been deemed advisable for the Society to extend its work in aid of the Press in mission fields abroad. Still, it has not been wholly unmindful of the wants of those fields. The sum of *one thousand*

dollars has been appropriated for that purpose. It is hoped that hereafter, when the needs of our own people and army are less pressing, more may be done in foreign lands.

From CANADA WEST, Rev. Hiram Wilson, to whom our publications have been liberally furnished, writes:—

ST. CATHARINE'S, C. W., Dec. 22d, 1862.

The package of Tracts, Tract Journals, Banners, &c., you had the kindness to send me in October last were duly and thankfully received, and the greater part of them were distributed before the close of navigation.

The vessels ceased passing through the Welland Canal on the 11th inst., making three days less than eight months since they began to pass in April.

The past season has been one of very great commercial interest on this canal, the number of lockages of vessels alone being about *five thousand*, some six hundred more than the season previous.

Our labors during the season have been arduous, but exceedingly interesting. It has been our purpose to do the greatest possible amount of good to the greatest possible numbers who have made up the vast throngs who could be reached at the locks, and along the canal, up and down the Ontario slope of eight or ten miles.

If time would allow, I would gladly give you more than a brief outline of my labors for the past season. I have visited in all 1,560 vessels, and distributed about 100,000 pages of Tracts, and 4,000 Tract Journals and Christian Banners. Not only have the sailors in large numbers been reached and benefited, but considerable numbers of wayfaring people on the propellers, the lock-tenders, raftsmen, laborers employed in making repairs, and numerous cottagers along the banks of the canal for miles, and the military barracks of St. Catharine's, Port Dalhousie, and Niagara. To the soldiers an ardent desire has often been expressed that they may be good soldiers of the Cross as well as of the Crown.

The tracts and papers from our hands have generally been received in a spirit of kindness, and read with eagerness, as we are well informed. These and other means of enlightenment and of grace have wrought favorable changes in the character and deportment of the sailors and others.

Intemperance, profaneness, and Sabbath desecration have been greatly diminished within a few years, and how many may have their names written in heaven, through the divine blessing upon these influences, the Lord only knows. Our object is not only to reform the outward man, but to seek the renovation of the heart, and thus advance the Redeemer's kingdom.

Most of the tracts and papers given have been joyfully received, and perused and re-perused with interest, on the vessels, and carried home at the close of navigation, to be read by others. I have had repeated assurances that this has been done. We usually have one meeting every Sabbath evening, on some vessel, for the reading of the Scriptures, proclamation of the gospel, &c. On these occasions our auditors are generally very respectful

and attentive. It is often felt that good impressions are made, affording ample encouragement for holding them.

Opportunities for doing good here abound in every direction, and it is fit that we should heed the apostolic admonition, — "To do good and communicate, forget not, for with such sacrifice God is well pleased."

Yours truly,

HIRAM WILSON, *Missionary.*

From LABRADOR we have received the report of Rev. Mr. Carpenter laboring under the auspices of the Canadian Foreign Missionary Society.

CARIBOU ISLAND, LABRADOR, Sept. 2, 1862.

REV. I. P. WARREN, Secretary American Tract Society.

MY DEAR SIR: Our communication with you and the rest of the outside world must soon close. It is not much I can say in regard to the tract work here. Mr. Broughton's case of tracts and papers, as generously granted by your Society, came duly to hand by the Newburyport fishermen. They have been scattered to do their own work.

They have been made up in small packages, and deposited in the cabins and forecastles of the many American and colonial fishing schooners which frequent these harbors. They have been sent to the small and destitute settlements on other shores, whose needs I have learned through their fishermen annually visiting these fishing grounds. They have been distributed far and near among the settlers on this coast.

The station this winter will be removed to Esquimaux River, where, in the Sabbath school, in the Mission school, in our cabin, and in the cabins of the people, the contents of those little papers and books will be read and heard, and, I hope, with God's blessing, be treasured up in some "good and honest hearts."

Can I have a similar grant for next year?

I hope most of all that the prayers of the friends of the tract will follow the tract in its mission work among the seamen and shoremen of the north.

Very truly yours,

C^C. CARPENTER.

From SOUTHERN INDIA Rev. Mr. Tracy sends an earnest request for two hundred dollars for the purchase of tracts to be distributed on that field.

The district of Madura, with an area of 8000 square miles, contains a population of about 1,800,000 souls. To supply the spiritual wants of this population, we have in the field a force of twelve missionaries, one of whom is our physician, and another the principal of the Mission Seminary, leaving only ten who can go among the people and preach to them the words of eternal life.

The number of tracts distributed the past year in the mission amounts to 44,773. Christian books of all kinds are received with great avidity by the

people, and are more and more sought after, not as a mere matter of curiosity, but because they are believed to contain the truth. Much knowledge of the gospel finds its way in this manner into villages where a missionary is seldom or never seen. An interesting case of this kind occurred recently, where a missionary, on visiting for the first time a heathen village, found a man who, from the perusal of a single tract, had become acquainted with the leading doctrines of the gospel, and, what is better still, expressed his earnest conviction of their truth. His influence in favor of the newly-discovered truth was already felt in the village; and the missionary was listened to with deep interest, while he preached that gospel which is able to make those who hear and receive it wise unto eternal life.

Of many other cases of interest which have come to my knowledge the past year, I will mention but one. It is that of a man living in a remote part of our field. He is a person of much influence in his own caste, and is often called in as a counsellor and umpire in disputes between persons of much higher caste than his own. He was a poet withal, which added not a little to his influence. But he was a thorough and devoted idolater, and had for a long time persecuted, with much bitterness, his own son, who was a consistent and active Christian. While recovering slowly from an attack of sickness, he was induced to read "The Sweet Savors of Divine Truth," a small book containing the principal doctrines of the Bible in catechetical form; and the truth thus brought before his mind seems to have had a saving effect. He has cast off every mask of heathenism, and has openly professed himself a Christian. I may add that he has turned into poetry the book which so deeply interested himself, with the hope that it might thus become more extensively useful to others.

Our native Christians, as well as ourselves, are deeply interested in the conflict which is now going on in America. We rejoice in what your Society is doing for the spiritual welfare of those who are periling their lives in the cause of our country. May God prosper the right, and bring rebellion, and slavery, and every evil work, to a speedy end!

Praying that God may prosper your Society in all its efforts for his glory,
I remain, Yours very truly, W. TRACY.

From AINTAB IN NORTHERN SYRIA an application has been received from the Central Turkish Mission for aid to their Mission press. The writer remarks,—

Our people stand in most urgent need of a more extensive literature, but the scantiness of our numbers cripples all our efforts. We have now six stations and seven missionaries. Were all strong, the burden would be greater than we could bear; but two of our number are on the sick list. We have made an earnest appeal to the Board for a reinforcement, which we hope will receive attention.

But even now our work goes forward by the good hand of the Lord. Progress has been made in the matter of self-support, and in the ordination of

native pastors. A great point gained at Aintab and Oorfa is the adoption of the principle of raising taxes on the grand list. In this country, where no true principles for collecting money prevail, and where the ideas in regard to it are warped very much by a time-honored custom, we consider it a long step in the right direction that our Protestant communities even are willing to assess taxes according to each man's ability. Aintab now supports all its schools, and two pastors, and two out-stations. Oorfa supports all its schools and one pastor. The other stations are making commendable efforts in the same way.

We now expect that four native brethren will be ordained in the course of two months, and during the present year as many as eight. We can not well express to you the joy we feel in view of this glorious result.

We can not speak of any extensive revival which has occurred in our mission during the year; but the number added to all of the churches is one hundred and forty; and in Oorfa there has been unmistakable evidence of the Spirit's work. It is not common for converts in this country to know the time of their spiritual change; but since the week of prayer, there have been in Oorfa instances of awakening worthy of a place among the "Remarkable Conversions" of President Edwards. Troubled sleep, dreams, soul-sickness, so severe as to leave its traces on the face, are some of the characteristics of the work. One young man was told one night, in a vivid dream, that he had but two days to live. He at once retired for secret prayer, and while beseeching God to have mercy on his soul he awoke. We trust he found peace in those two days.

Desiring the continuance of your patronage, and the sum of a thousand dollars for the work in our field the present year,

I remain most truly yours,

ZENAS GOSS,

In behalf of the Mission to Central Turkey.

HOME EVANGELIZATION.

Much remains to be done fully to awaken churches and pastors to the importance and practicability of cultivating the spiritual wastes which prevail more or less in almost every town and village of the land. There are many families and neighborhoods in which religion is a stranger, where there is no religious reading, and the worship of God either domestic or in the sanctuary is unknown. The exploration of these destitutions, and the adoption of some systematic methods for supplying them, at least with the *printed* gospel, would seem to be the duty of every church within whose boundaries they occur. Were the same prayer and effort expended thus which are so properly bestowed upon the heathen

in distant lands, the result could hardly fail to be a great increase of strength to our Zion and the salvation of many souls.

A few reports have come to us of this class of efforts, showing them greatly blessed of God. The various City Missionary Societies are doing a good work in their respective fields. We add the following, illustrative of similar labors by churches and individuals.

WALTHAM TRACT SOCIETY.

This auxiliary is one of the most efficient local organizations for home labors with which we are acquainted. From its Annual Report we give the following extract, showing what can be done where there is "a mind to work." The example can not be too highly commended as worthy of universal imitation.

The Society has now been in successful operation for eleven years. Commenced in weakness, it has grown in strength, until now the Tract Journal *enters every house in this town of 7,000 inhabitants*. Its history demonstrates the truth of the proverb, "Great streams from little fountains flow," etc. One or two ladies commenced the work of tract distribution, at their own expense; others offered their services, providing an organized plan of operation might be inaugurated. These facts coming to the observation of one of our churches, resulted in the appointment of a superintendent and an assistant authorized to district the town, select the tracts, and procure distributors. Subsequently, the other churches in town, which we denominate evangelical, coöperated, and as a natural sequence, the operations were more successful. On the 15th of February, 1852, a union meeting of the aforesaid churches was called, a constitution prepared and accepted. None of these articles have any but a local interest, save the first. It is as follows: — "The Society shall be called the Waltham Tract Society, auxiliary to the American Tract Society: the object shall be to promote that Society's publications in this vicinity, and to aid in extending its operations to the destitute in our own and foreign lands."

The work has been carried on with considerable zeal and success. The meetings are largely attended, and occur monthly, the churches being opened for them in rotation.

We consider this one large opening for *united* labor in the Master's vineyard, — one great light for the dark corners of our town, — one strong tie for the union of our churches. Blest as we are by this organization, we can but hope that other towns on this new year may seek a similar blessing.

SOUTH PLYMOUTH, MASS.

In this town the ladies have an efficient home organization, whose value will be apparent from the following letter. How

fraught are such labors with the richest blessing both to those who receive and those that bestow them!

It would have done your soul good to have been present at our public meeting of the South Plymouth Female Tract Society, last Sabbath evening. We have had no aid from abroad, but the testimony of our own people to their estimate of the tracts was gratifying in the extreme. One good deacon said that he had received in the last year a thousand fold more than he had ever paid to the Society, by perusing the tracts which were left each month at his house, which he termed "little rills of salvation which flow to our own doors." Another deacon, naming over the various tracts which had been distributed, and speaking of their contents, showed that our labors have not been in vain. We have reason to bless God for faithful laborers, and we have reason to believe that *every family in the parish and in the place has received the twelve tracts for the twelve months in the year.*

MISSION WORK AT THE WEST.

A devoted young pastor writes to a friend a deeply interesting letter concerning the field in which he is laboring, from which we are permitted to make the following extracts:—

You in the East can have no idea of our mission work in the backwoods of the West. Let me tell you of one day's incidents, connected with the tracts which you sent me.

I had a quantity, when I first came here, of tracts I had picked up in Chicago, and divided them as I have these. I went to what we call the "Mission School," under the charge of Mr. —, a pious lawyer. "I've got some tracts for you," said he. Their eyes fairly sparkled. When he gave them out, every person fell to reading, and even while a gentleman from town was speaking, the tract could scarcely be laid aside.

After the service was over, the people got under trees, on the grass, and I could hear them reading them, some aloud, spelling part of the words, some by themselves. One of the missionaries read the child's tract, "Angel Lilly," aloud to his school, and was even interrupted by the emotion of the school. Many wept over their tracts. One brother told his school that they might have a tract by asking for it after school, and he tells me he never was so beleaguered in his life. All closed about him in a mass, every one wanting one. A large farmer, who has been converted in one of these mission schools, said to me, "You can't tell, pastor, what a heap o' good we got out o' them tracts. We change with one another all through the district."

If there are people any where who do not care for tracts, they are certainly not in our missionary fields. Nearly all the reading these poor people get are in these, or in an occasional newspaper. Our missionaries feel that these tracts are invaluable auxiliaries to their work.

FROM THE WISCONSIN PURITAN.

The following correspondence of this paper describes an interesting and valuable plan of home colportage, which this Society will very gladly aid as far as possible.

"FORT ATKINSON, March 3, 1861.

"Br. —: Will you allow me to ask you a few questions relative to tract operations? Bro. Wells, of my church, thinks that in conversation with you last fall, aboard the cars, you spoke about setting in operation a system of tract distribution through the agency of your church. We are contemplating something of that sort for our village, if we can get the right sort of a system. We want to do it not only for the good of the village, but for the good of church members likewise, by giving them something to do. Now if you have a system in operation, or if there is one in your city, will you be so good as to give us some information relative to its organization and mode of operation? Do you bring the body of the church into the work, and do they do what is assigned them? Has each visitor a district, and how often are they to visit? Do the visitors have meetings for report and consultation? But I need not ask further, — you know the information we need, and if you can give us any, we should be thankful.

"One other thing: how can we best obtain the tracts we need? Br. Wells has been a tract distributor in London, and he says that there the Tract Society furnishes the tracts gratis for this work; but that is not the case with our Society, as I have ever learned.

"An early reply would much oblige,

"Yours in the labors of the gospel,

"D. C. C.

"The reply was in substance as follows: —

"We have had such a system of tract distribution in my church and congregation, and, though it has been partially suspended, we are about to resume it. Such a system was once inaugurated for the whole city of Milwaukee, to be conducted by the various churches. It is a great loss that it was not continued.

"We do not secure the services of all our church members, but of as many as we can. Generally, those who engage do the work assigned them. Each individual has a particular district, and some are general distributors beside, giving a tract wherever they think it will be read. The districts are visited once each month, and each visitor is expected to look after children for the Sabbath school, to see that those destitute of the Bible are supplied therewith gratuitously if needful, to invite those to church who neglect the sanctuary, and see that those destitute of food and raiment are supplied. They also obtain subscribers for the Tract Journal and Child at Home. All are guarded against sectarian efforts; invitations to the Sabbath school and the house of worship are not specially to *their* school or church, but to any that are evangelical, each child or person choosing a place for himself. Monthly reports are expected, to the church, in writing or verbally.

"I think tracts could be obtained in this manner of the American Tract Society at Boston. Take a collection for that Society in your church once a year, and you would probably be gratuitously supplied with what tracts you may need for your home distribution. One tract per month to each family is ordinarily sufficient. Each visitor will thus be instrumental in engaging the religious thought of some or many persons for a little time, each month, during the year. If you wish for further information, address Rev. G. S. F. SAVAGE, District Secretary, Chicago."

This Society will furnish its publications in the manner indicated to any church which will thus systematically undertake the work of giving the gospel to "every creature." The Tract Journal and Child at Home afford, as well as tracts, most valuable materials for this purpose.

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

Less force has been expended the past year for the collection of funds than heretofore. Our brethren who have labored as District Secretaries have had much to do besides soliciting contributions from the churches. Still, our work can not be efficiently sustained without this service, and it may be even desirable to increase it in the future.

Rev. CHARLES H. BULLARD has continued his service in Connecticut and western Massachusetts with encouraging success. "The annual meetings in Hartford and New Haven," he writes, "the former especially, were unusually interesting, and judging from the increase of the contributions in each place over those of the year previous, they evidently gave a new impulse to the work in the hearts of our friends. That there were not the same results in one or two or other places where meetings were held was owing partly, at least, to the fact that storms prevented any thing like a general attendance. Whenever the facts and encouraging incidents of our work have been brought before the churches, they have not only awakened sympathy, but have elicited cheerful coöperation. In some cases our friends have not waited for us to come to them, but they have sought out and come to us, bringing precious gifts. One such I can hardly forbear to mention. Obedient, as she thought, to the call of the Great Master, a lady brought a fine gold watch and chain, a necklace of gold, and precious pins; a part of them, at least, of far more value to her than their weight as gold, for they were the gift of her deceased

husband. The sacrifice, therefore, was one of double cost. And whatever may be thought of the act as being called for or not by Christ, or by the necessities of his cause, nevertheless what she intended and what she sought was, by such use as the Society might make of them, to win jewels to be set in the crown of her Saviour.

"Owing to special efforts in the Sabbath schools to meet the first wants in the army, the contributions from this field were larger last year than this. But that was an effort that was not expected to be continued. The largest donation from any city during the year, made at one time, was from Hartford, — more than nineteen hundred dollars. The largest from any country town was from Glastenbury, — more than one hundred and forty dollars, taken in the church, not including forty dollars that came into our treasury from the same place the following month. The individuals who give us large amounts are not numerous, except in the cities. Our contributions are made up of small sums, and represent the masses.

"Our publications, where the pastors avail themselves of the use of them, offered to feeble churches, are doing a good work. One pastor says, 'The papers go into thirty families, of which five are Irish Catholics. Of the remaining twenty-five, eighteen do not attend church.' They are eagerly received, he says, and adds, 'I anticipate the best results. It can not be but that great good will be done. If you want to know how *I feel* about it in reference to my pastorate, I say that I am greatly strengthened by it. I preach the gospel to at least twenty families more than I did last year.' This place is one of the dark spots in Connecticut; and while it gives abundant opportunity for labor, and for such coöperation of the Society with a pastor, it is but natural to suggest that had it had such a pastor for the past ten years, and had he had such publications to aid him, it would not now be what it is, — only a little more disloyal to God than it is to our own government.

"Such coöperation, thus far, has proved to have a twofold advantage, — one to the church, and the other to the Society. It begins in the Society giving, — the church receiving; but ends in the church giving, — the Society receiving.

"A few regiments leaving this part of the field, during the year, were supplied to a limited extent."

REV. CHARLES P. BUSH has been District Secretary for the States of New York, New Jersey, and eastern Pennsylvania, dur-

ing ten months of the year. On the first of March last, he left the service of the Society, to form a connection with the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. It was with sincere regret that we were called to part with one who had so greatly endeared himself to us by his fidelity, his earnestness in his work, and his great personal worth. The kindest feelings and best wishes of the Committee go with him to his new field of labor.

It is expected that this field will be under the direct charge of the Senior Secretary of the Society, Rev. Mr. Alvord, as soon as his important labors in the army can be dispensed with.

Rev. G. S. F. SAVAGE has been engaged, during the year, on his great field in the North-West, developing its resources, and doing all he could to supply its destitutions. The work done there is a noble one, and attests to the indefatigable perseverance and energy of the Secretary of that district. A fuller account of his labors in the army is given on a preceding page. See also his address at the anniversary meeting in New York, in the Appendix.

In addition to these agencies, Rev. P. C. Headley has spent some six or seven months in our service, laboring in New England and New York; and Rev. L. Bradford has been at work two months in the State of Maine.

The portion of New England not included in Mr. Bullard's district has been more particularly under the care of the Secretaries at the Tract House in Boston.

FINANCES.

SUMMARY OF DONATIONS AND LEGACIES DURING THE YEAR ENDING APRIL 30, 1863.

	Donations.	Legacies.		Donations.	Legacies.
Maine.....	\$1,151 32	\$713 98	Tennessee.....	\$14 00	
New Hampshire.....	2,381 24	1,069 55	Missouri.....	1 00	
Vermont.....	914 14	3,691 88	Oregon.....	38 00	
Massachusetts.....	15,477 07	19,855 30	California.....	150 00	
Rhode Island.....	1,064 49		District of Columbia..	543 65	
Connecticut.....	6,546 19		South Carolina.....	3 50	
New York.....	3,192 45	108 21	Mississippi.....	20 00	
New Jersey.....	307 09		Canada East.....	7 00	
Pennsylvania.....	145 25		Canada West.....	1 00	
Maryland.....	16 00		Nova Scotia.....	2 00	
Ohio.....	752 87		New Brunswick.....	11 00	
Indiana.....	35 50		France.....	25 00	
Illinois.....	2,198 05		Turkey.....	20 00	
Michigan.....	927 39	1,000 00	Persia.....	3 00	
Wisconsin.....	721 91		India.....	45 00	
Iowa.....	466 45		Sandwich Islands.....	20 00	
Minnesota.....	144 91				
Kansas.....	24 53			\$37,377 03	\$17,458 92
Kentucky.....	1 00				

TREASURER'S ACCOUNT.

The American Tract Society, in account with HENRY HILL, Treasurer.

Dr.

April 30, 1863. To sundry expenditures during the year, viz.:

In Charitable Department.

Freight on publications granted . . .	\$874 16	
Grants in cash to foreign countries . .	1,000 00	
Salary and expenses of Rev. J. W. Alvord and others in the army . . .	3,575 18	
District Secretaries	4,326 61	
Colportage	836 04	
Legal expenses for collecting legacies .	468 72	
Salary of Rev. W. Child, Secretary . .	1,800 00	
Circulars, postage, and stationery . .	726 50	
Public meetings and half An. Rep. . .	501 41	
Traveling expenses	226 18	
		<u>\$14,334 80</u>

In Business Department.

For publications	67,793 86	
For store expenses	6,141 66	
For general administration, salaries, repairs, taxes, &c.	5,370 84	
		<u>\$79,306 36</u>

93,641 16

To balance from May 1, 1862 26,008 76

\$119,649 92

Cr.

April 30, 1863. By amount received during the year, viz.:

From sales of publications	\$52,149 19
From donations and collections	37,377 03
From legacies	17,458 92

\$106,985 14

By income of Building Fund transferred to current business of the Society \$8,105 74

115,090 88

Dr.

May 1, 1863. To balance \$4,559 04

H. HILL, Treasurer.

BOSTON, MAY 26, 1863.

We have examined the above account, and find the same correctly cast.

JOSEPH STORY, }
C. D. KELLOGG, } Auditors.

The preceding account shows simply the amount of *moneys* which have passed through the hands of the Treasurer during the year. Fuller exhibits of the receipts and expenditures as distributed between the two departments of the Society are subjoined.

I. CHARITABLE DEPARTMENT.

RECEIPTS.

Donations and collections	\$37,377 03	
Legacies	17,458 92	
		\$54,835 95

DISBURSEMENTS.

For publications granted	\$30,705 39	
Freight and express on do.	874 16	
Grants in cash to foreign countries	1,000 00	
Salary and expenses of Rev. J. W. Alvord and others in labors for the army	3,575 18	
District Secretaries	4,326 61	
Colportage	836 04	
Circulars, postage, and stationery	726 50	
Legal expenses for collecting legacies	468 72	
Public meetings	501 41	
Salary of Rev. W. C. Child, Secretary of Charitable Department	1,800 00	
Traveling expenses	226 18	
		45,040 19
Balance		9,795 76
		\$54,835 95

For the Army.—The whole amount received, specifically given for the benefit of the army, was \$8,231.08. The amount expended in grants, labor, &c., was \$24,547.61.

II. BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

RECEIPTS.

From sales of publications	\$52,149 19	
From the Charitable Department for grants	30,705 39	
Transferred from Building Fund	8,105 74	
		\$90,960 32

DISBURSEMENTS.

For publications, viz:

Copyrights and contributions to periodicals	\$1,232 25
Designs and engravings	3,490 18

Electrotype and stereotype plates	3,779 94	
Paper	24,162 78	
Printing	8,555 54	
Binding	14,101 47	
Printed sheets purchased	599 40	
Books, tracts, cards, &c., purchased	7,784 19	
Salary of Rev. I. P. Warren and assistants	4,054 93	
Postage and stationery	33 18	
	<hr/>	\$67,793 86

For Depository, viz :

In Periodical Office, —

Salaries of clerks	\$1,024 72
Freight on periodicals	118 47
Wrapping paper, twine, &c.	180 13
Postage and stationery	230 19

In Store, —

Salaries of Depository and clerks	2,518 00	
Advertising, circulars, bills, &c.	1,162 96	
Boxes, paper, and twine	365 69	
Freight, postage, and stationery	301 60	
Traveling expenses	239 90	
	<hr/>	\$6,141 66

For General Expenses :

Salaries of Treasurer, bookkeeper, and clerk	\$2,730 00	
Repairs of Tract House and furniture	764 75	
Interest, exchange, discount, &c.	997 01	
Taxes and insurance	314 80	
Gas and fuel	185 65	
Postage, stationery, &c.	171 25	
Society's Library	122 74	
Miscellaneous	84 64	
	<hr/>	\$5,370 84
Total disbursements		\$79,306 36
Balance		11,653 96
		<hr/>
		\$90,960 32

III. PUBLICATION FUND.

This fund remains, as last year, \$8,273.50, which is invested in the stereotype plates and engravings owned by the Society.

IV. BUILDING FUND.

This fund last year amounted to	\$10,290 20
Received within the year for interest on investments	514 54
	<hr/>
	\$10,804 74
Deduct amount transferred to the current receipts of the Soc'y	\$8,105 74
	<hr/>
	\$2,699 00
Besides this, there is specially invested, to pay the mortgage on the Tract House	7,500 00
	<hr/>
Making the present amount of Building Fund	\$10,199 00

V. FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE SOCIETY.

1. Assets.

Stock on hand, at cost	\$21,584 07
Due on account for publications	17,525 14
Stereotype plates and engravings, estimated present value	10,710 40
Copyrights, estimated value	2,858 84
Tract House, estimated value	15,000 00
Fixtures and Furniture	2,600 00
Building Fund	10,199 00
	<hr/>
	\$80,477 45

2. Liabilities.

Due on bills for paper, &c., not matured	\$4,559 04
Mortgage on Tract House	7,500 00
	<hr/>
	\$12,059 04
	<hr/>
Balance, being net value of the Society's property	\$68,418 41

A statement was made on a previous page of this Report of the action of the Executive Committee in formally organizing the two departments of the Society's operations. The second article of the By-laws thus established, prescribes the mode in which the expenditures shall be divided between these departments. It is believed that it will be a matter of some interest to the members and friends of the Society to learn in detail how and upon what principles this is done, together with such facts pertaining to the internal administration, as shall afford a clear and connected view of its actual working.

I. THE TRACT HOUSE.—We begin with the center of operations, the Tract House.

Previous to the year 1860, the Society had rented accommodations for its store and offices. In that year the premises then and since occupied, at No. 28 Cornhill, were by vote of the Executive Committee, and with the expressed approval of the Society at its annual meeting, purchased for \$8,400, of which \$900 was to be paid at once, and the remainder, \$7,500, to remain secured by note and mortgage for twenty years. Shortly after, a Building Fund was instituted for the payment of this mortgage, consisting partly of donations specifically made for this object, and partly of certain legacies given to the Society to be permanently invested, or to be used at discretion, amounting to \$10,199.00. This fund had furthermore increased from interest, rents; &c., till the gross amount May 1, 1863, was \$18,304.74. As there seemed to be no demand for such an accumulation, and as the Society greatly needed funds in its publication work for the increase of its stock and business, the Committee appropriated the surplus of \$8,105.74 to be used for that purpose, retaining the original fund of \$10,199.00 for the payment of the mortgage note in 1870, according to the terms of the purchase.

It will be seen, therefore, that there is no annual expense to the Society for rent, either of store or offices. The cost of repairs and taxes is more than equaled by the interest accruing from the fund; and as the latter is now credited to the Business Department, the repairs and taxes are also charged to the same, the Charitable Department meanwhile being accommodated with office-room without charge. All expenses for gas and fuel are also paid by the business.

II. THE SECRETARIES.—Originally the duties of a Secretary, as the term denotes, were to record the proceedings of the Society, and to conduct the correspondence. As its operations increased, and especially after it began to perform a large work of charity in grants of publications and by colportage, those duties were greatly multiplied, involving the direction of this charitable work under the order of the Committee, and the presentation of it to the churches and the public, to stir up their zeal and secure more liberal contributions for its support. Rev. Mr. Alvord was appointed to that office in 1858, and it being a service obviously performed in the Charitable Department, his salary has been charged among the expenses of that department.

In 1859 the Society determined to resume a publication work of its own, and appointed Rev. Mr. Warren for that purpose, as a second Secretary. The term, however, still less appropriately designates the duties devolving upon him, which are to conduct the *publishing* work of the Society. It is his province, under the direction of the Publication Committee, to receive and examine manuscripts offered, to prepare such as are accepted for the press, and carry them through the processes of stereotyping, printing, and binding. He also edits the periodicals, and attends to all correspondence relating to the publishing work of the Society. His salary, with those of his assistants and all compensations to authors, is wholly paid by the Business Department, as a part of the cost of the publications.

In consequence of the great increase of labor required by the new position of the Society, and with some special reference to the interests of the cause among the Baptist churches, Rev. Mr. Child was appointed, at the annual meeting in 1861, a third Secretary. Shortly after this, Mr. Alvord devoted himself particularly to his well-known labors in the army, since which time the care of the Charitable Department has devolved on Mr. C. It is expected that ultimately Mr. Alvord will take his position as Resident Secretary in New York City; and as both these officers are wholly in the service of the Charitable Department, their salaries should be charged among its expenses.

III. THE TREASURER.—The ordinary duties of this financial officer are well known. They are divided between the two departments, and his salary might be charged to both in an equal ratio. For the reason specified in the next paragraph, however, it is thought preferable to charge it wholly to the Business Department.

IV. DEPOSITARY AND CLERKS.—The Depositary has charge of the Society's store and sales, also of the packing and delivery of the publications granted. The latter is a very onerous service. By far the major portion of the *sales* is at wholesale, in large packages, to booksellers and others. The *grants*, however, are almost always in *small* parcels, each requiring to be done up separately, involving a great amount of labor, as well as store-room, paper, twine, &c. Even the materials sent to Mr. Alvord for the army are generally put into small packages designed each for a regiment, hospital, &c. It is difficult to determine as between the departments precisely the amount of service thus rendered to each by the Depos-

itary and his clerks. Inasmuch, however, as the publications thus taken by the Charitable Department for grants are taken in a retail way, it is found most convenient to charge them to said department at the usual retail prices, and in return, in view of the patronage thus afforded, the Business Department assumes to itself not only the entire salary of the Treasurer, but also of the Depositary, book-keeper, and clerks, with all other expenses of the store and those (freight excepted) attending the packing and delivery of the grants.

V. THE DISTRICT SECRETARIES. — As the term denotes, these officers are appointed by the Charitable Department, to perform the local work of a Secretary upon their respective fields. *They are not therefore merely collecting agents.* While they are to make known the operations of the Society to churches, pastors, and benevolent individuals, and labor to kindle a deeper interest in those operations, they are also expected to promote and superintend the work of home evangelization so far as it may be done by the Society. This involves an exploration of the spiritual destitutions around them, stirring up churches to undertake the supplying of those destitutions with the printed gospel, coöperating with local tract societies, mission Sabbath schools, and individuals, in their efforts to this end; ascertaining who are proper recipients of the Society's benefactions and instituting proper connections with them, — in a word, rendering themselves true *Tract Missionaries*. They are therefore not merely the collectors of the church's bounty, but its *almoners*. They are cultivators of the fields assigned them, both for the production of larger charities, and for the gathering of ampler harvests of redeemed and sanctified souls. It is an office sufficiently laborious and self-denying, but one of the most important in the machinery of our modern benevolence. It is justly said in the very able survey of expenditures in the last Annual Report of the A. B. C. F. M., "It would be as wise for a farmer to think of enriching himself by saving the price of his seed wheat, as for this Board to think of enlarging or sustaining its missions by saving any of the expenses necessary to a vigorous prosecution of its home work."

VI. COLPORTAGE. — The conclusions to which experience has led the Executive Committee respecting colportage have been stated elsewhere in this Report. So far as it may be sustained by this Society hereafter, it is designed that it shall be strictly a charitable

labor, for the purpose of carrying the gospel to the destitute, and not an extensive agency for the *sale* of publications. It is in this view of it that the small amount expended for the service during the past four years is put down among the expenses of the Charitable Department.* If individuals shall be employed to *sell* books, their compensation will be expected to be derived from their sales, or be paid from the Business Department.

VII. OTHER EXPENSES.—The expenditures of the Society, not already enumerated, class themselves readily and naturally under the rule that each department shall bear those which appropriately belong to it. Each has its own account for postage, stationery, circulars, &c. The Annual Report, being an exhibit of the common work of both, is charged equally to both. The expenses of Anniversary and other public meetings, held for quickening the interest of the community in the benevolent labors of the Society, are charged to the Charitable Department. It is the aim of the Committee sacredly to guard the funds contributed by Christian benevolence, that none of them be diverted from the proper intent of their donors, but made most fruitful in promoting the cause of the Redeemer and the salvation of souls.

In the Annual Reports of the Society for 1860, 1861, and 1862, the receipts and disbursements of the two departments are shown as classified somewhat differently in a few particulars from the method now delineated. The difference is simply that a portion of the expenditures are assigned to the Business Department, which, according to the rule now established by the Executive Committee, should have been charged to the Charitable Department. A reclassification of the accounts for those years, as now required, together with those of the present year, would give the following general summary of the financial affairs of the Society, from the resumption of its separate position to the present time.

I. — Charitable Department.

RECEIPTS.	1859-60.	1860-1.	1861-2.	1862-3.	Total.
From Collections and Donations	\$17,133 30	\$18,148 03	\$37,146 82	\$37,977 03	\$110,125 23
Legacies	7,830 51	3,192 07	6,323 86	17,308 92	34,592 13

Total Receipts.....	\$24,970 61	\$21,641 00	\$43,470 80	\$55,385 95	\$145,072 36
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DISBURSEMENTS.

For Publications granted.....	\$11,923 06	\$16,580 79	\$30,797 17	\$30,705 39	\$90,339 41
Freight on do. do.	1,600 00	500 00	524 16	2,600 00
Grants to foreign countries.....	2,313 87	8,738 86	1,805 04	16,025 12
Appropriations.....	3,686 65	3,686 65
Anna Wyle, Mr. Abbott's salary and incidental expenses.....	1,800 00	1,800 00	2,146 51	3,575 18	6,721 74
Salary of the Secretary of the Charitable Department.....	2,093 46	1,800 00	1,325 00	1,800 00	6,975 00
District Secretaries.....	2,093 61	4,729 68	4,559 43	4,326 61	16,580 18
Clericals, Postage and Stationery.....	256 53	720 83	1,246 87	728 60	2,007 80
Public Meetings including Annual Report (half).....	502 81	347 60	601 41	1,068 55
Legal Expenses for collecting legacies.....	503 30	112 00	408 72	680 72
Other Expenses.....	400 17	223 18	1,129 65
Total Disbursements.....	\$21,198 83	\$34,473 84	\$44,359 27	\$45,040 19	\$145,072 13

Total Receipts, \$144,927.36. Total Disbursements, 145,072.13. Balance, being debt of Charitable Department, \$144.77.

II. — Business Department.

RECEIPTS.	1859-60.	1860-1.	1861-2.	1862-3.	Total.
Balance on hand, May 1, 1859.....	\$4,044 71	\$ 4,044 71
Received from Sales.....	32,294 64	\$49,657 07	\$14,544 73	\$62,149 19	178,505 53
Charitable Department for Grants.....	12,928 06	16,880 79	80,797 17	30,705 39	90,530 41
Donations to Publishing Department.....	6,162 00	2,821 60	8,105 74	8,923 60
Transferred from Building Fund.....	8,105 74
Total Receipts.....	\$55,349 31	\$69,398 36	\$75,341 90	\$90,960 32	\$290,249 80

DISBURSEMENTS.

For Publications.....	\$47,218 96	\$68,440 22	\$61,005 20	\$67,793 86	\$245,078 24
Store Expenses.....	6,487 31	9,491 65	8,297 35	6,141 00	29,767 97
General Expenses.....	4,971 02	6,164 16	4,011 93	6,370 84	19,817 95
Total Disbursements.....	\$57,227 29	\$83,116 03	\$73,314 48	\$79,905 36	\$290,664 16
Total Receipts, \$290,249.80. Total Disbursements, 290,664.16.					
Total Debt of Society in both Departments, \$4,550.04.					

LIFE DIRECTORS,

CONSTITUTED SINCE MAY 1, 1862, BY THE PAYMENT OF FIFTY DOLLARS AND UPWARDS.

Barstow, A. C., Providence, R. I.
 Barstow, Mrs. A. C., do.
 Bowers, Rev. C. M., Clinton, Ms.
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 Clark, Rev. Lewis F., Whitinsville, Ms.
 Ellis, George, Tarrytown, N. Y.
 Gardner, Rev. Geo. W., Charlestown, Ms.
 Higgins, Rev. Lucius H., Plantsville, Ct.
 Holton, Edward D., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Johnson, William, New Haven, Ct.
 King, T., Chicago, Ill.
 Lane, Rev. John W., Whately, Ms.

Lawrence, Dea. Aaron, Amherst, N. H.
 Magoun, Rev. George F., Lyons, Iowa.
 McArthur, Rev. Henry G., Oshkosh, Wis.
 Northop, Rev. H. H., Flint, Mich.
 Perkins, Rev. F. T., Galesburg, Ill.
 Pierson, Rev. Arthur T., Binghamton, N. Y.
 Robbins, Rev. A. B., Muscatine, Iowa.
 Salter, Rev. William, Burlington, Iowa.
 Shaw, Rev. James B., D.D., Rochester, N. Y.
 Taylor, Rev. H. B., Evans, N. Y.
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 Whiting, Rev. Lyman, Providence, R. I.

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 Ashley, Rev. B. F., Sharon, Ms.
 Avery, John, Leicester, Ms.
 Avery, Rev. William F., Norwich, Ms.
 Ayer, Miss Mary, Bradford, Vt.
 Backus, Rev. Joseph W., Lowell, Ms.
 Bacon, Rev. J. M., Essex, Ms.
 Baker, J. W., Windsor, Ct.
 Barlow, Leland O., Granby, Ms.
 Barrows, Rev. John M., Olivet, Mich.
 Barteau, Rev. Sidney H., Waterford, Wis.
 Bassett Georgiana, Newburyport, Ms.
 Bassett, Miss A. P., do.
 Bassett, Rev. William E., N. Manchester, Ct.
 Batchelor, Dea. Stephen F., Whitinsville, Ms.
 Beardsley, Sarah H., West Winsted, Ct.
 Berry, Alfred E., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Berry, Rev. Augustus, Pelham, N. H.
 Bidwell, Miss Clara E., New York City, N. Y.
 Bigelow, Ann Eliza, Boston, Ms.
 Bigelow, Lydia Edwards, do.
 Bliss, Samuel, Chicago, Ill.
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 Bradford, Lewis H., Fitchburg, Ms.
 Bradley, Miss Kate, Middletown, Ct.
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 Brooks, Miss Marietta, Hartford, Ct.
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 Capron, William C., Uxbridge, Ms.
 Capron, Miss Mary J., Attleboro', Ms.
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 Case, J., Canton, Ct.
 Case, Mrs. Maria, do.
 Case, Mason, do.
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 Catlin, Willys, do.

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 Coffin, Mrs. Ellen E., Middletown, Ct.
 Coffin, Miss Mary R., Haverhill, Ms.
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 Colony, George D., Fitchburg, Ms.
 Cooling, Richard, Lisbon, Wis.
 Crocker, Mrs. Alvah, Fitchburg, Ms.
 Crocker, Mrs. Elizabeth P., Cromwell, Ct.
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 De Loss Love, Rev. Wm., Milwaukee, Wis.
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 Dike, George W., Crystal Lake, Ill.
 Dike, William H., Faribault, Minn.
 Dike, Mrs. Mathilda, do.
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 Doolittle, Mrs. Jane E., Chester, Ct.
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 Duren, Asa, do.
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 Elliot, Helen J., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Elliot, Lucretia A., do.
 Ellis, Charles, Uxbridge, Ms.

- Elmer, Rev. Hiram, Clinton, Mich.
 Emerson, Rev. John D., Haverhill, N. H.
 Emerson, Mrs. Martha A., Andover, Ms.
 Evans, Rev. L. J., Walnut Hills, Ohio.
 Fairbanks, Mrs. E. M., Fitchburg, Ms.
 Fairbanks, Rev. John B., Monroe, Wis.
 Ferre, Mrs. Zerviah, Chicopee, Ms.
 Fitch, Mrs. Emily G., New Haven, Ct.
 Fitts, Jesse R., Candia, N. H.
 Fitz, Mrs. L., Westerly, R. I.
 Fisher, Dea. Moses B., Fracestown, Ms.
 Foote, Miss Fannie, New Haven, Ct.
 Foote, Miss Ellen M., do.
 Foote, Mrs. M. F., do.
 Foster, William H., Andover, Ms.
 French, Georgiana L., Hartford, Ct.
 Frost, Mrs. Martha W., N. Andover, Ms.
 Gale, Frances I., Albion, N. Y.
 Garrette, Miss Mary Spring, Millbury, Ms.
 Gates, Dea. Henry B., Willimantic, Ct.
 Gay, Miss Borridill M., Burlington, Iowa.
 Glover, Mrs. Marcia A., Jacksonville, Ill.
 Goodhue, Julia A., S. Hadley, Ms.
 Gordon, James M., Auburndale, Ms.
 Gould, Sophia Cary, Boston, Ms.
 Gould, Harriet Duren, do.
 Goslee, Miss Adelle, Jewett, N. Y.
 Graves, Albert, Middletown Point, N. J.
 Griggs, Mrs. John W., Brookline, Ms.
 Grout, Sylvester, Putney, Vt.
 Gulliver, Charlotte E., Norwich, Ct.
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 Haines, Mrs. Phebe A., do.
 Hale, Philetus C., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Hall, Mrs. Margaret, Northampton, Ms.
 Harrington, Rev. Eli W., N. Beverly, Ms.
 Hart, Rev. H. A., Rockland, Me.
 Hart, Rev. Edwin J., Merrimack, N. H.
 Hart, Mrs. Mary E. F., do.
 Harwood, Ephraim A., Westford, Ms.
 Haynes, Henry D., Sturbridge, Ms.
 Hazen, Mrs. Fanny L., Lord's Bridge, Ct.
 Hendrie, Mrs. Charles, Burlington, Iowa.
 Herrick, James Frederick, Madura, S. India.
 Hill, Simon, Maple Rapids, Mich.
 Hooker, Rev. Edward P., Medford, Ms.
 Horton, Mrs. Abby H., Barrington, R. I.
 Howitt, John, Lisbon, Wis.
 Howitt, Matthew, Pewaukee, Wis.
 Hubbard, Claudius B., Sunderland, Ms.
 Hulburd, Hiram, Stockholm, N. Y.
 Hume, Miss Mary, Marbletown, N. Y.
 Jenkins, William Lord, Fitzwilliam, N. H.
 Jerome, Rev. E. M., W. Meriden, Ct.
 Jessup, Charles H., Bridgewater, Ct.
 Johnson, James, Jewett City, Ct.
 Judd, Andrew T., S. Hadley Falls, Ms.
 Kelsey, Henry R., Plymouth, Ct.
 Kendall, William, Whitinsville, Ms.
 Kendall, Loammi, Chelsea, Ms.
 Kendrick, Mrs. Abigail, Clinton, Ms.
 Kenney, Rev. I. E., Niles, Mich.
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 Knight, Emma F., Boston, Ms.
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 Lee, Rev. Samuel H., N. Bridgewater, Ms.
 Leland, Mrs. Frances, Holliston, Ms.
 Leonard, Mrs. Mary S., Burlington, Iowa.
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 Lincoln, Clara, Hartford, Ct.
 Lovett, John, Beverly, Ms.
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 Mack, Rev. J. A., Plainfield, Ill.
 Marden, Rev. A. L., Piermont, N. H.
 McKeen, Mrs. Sarah P., Bradford, Vt.
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 Montague, Rev. E. I., Oconomowoc, Wis.
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 Partridge, Rev. George C., Batavia, Ill.
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 Reid, Susan D., Salisbury, Ct.
 Reid, William D., do.
 Rice, Henry B., Fitchburg, Ms.
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 Richmond, Thompson, Lisbon, Wis.
 Ridgway, Lizzie S., Boston, Ms.
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 Roberts, George Jr., S. Windsor, Ct.
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 Rogan, Rev. D. H., Greenfield, Ms.
 Rood, Frank D., Hartford, Ct.
 Rood, Arthur W., do.
 Rossiter, Dea. Chittenden, Windsor, Vt.
 Rouse, Mrs. Eliza H., Jamestown, N. Y.
 Russell, Laurens A., Lisbon, Wis.
 Russell, William S., Brighton, Mich.
 Sanders, Lilly A. R., Whately, Ms.
 Sanford, Harlan P., Medway, Ms.
 Sargent, Rev. George W., Raymond, N. H.
 Sargent, Mrs. Eliza, Clinton, Wis.
 Sayles, Mrs. Stella W., Tallmadge, Ohio.
 Sears, Miss Lizzie, Williamsville, Vt.
 Seelye, Miss Mary F., Cleveland, Ohio.
 Seelye, Miss Alice D., do.
 Seward, Mrs. Julia B., Guilford, Ct.
 Shedd, Mrs. Susan F., Medford, Ms.
 Shumway, Dea. Edmund, W. Medway, Ms.
 *Skinner, Darius, Royalton, Vt.
 Skinner, Mrs. Wealthy, do.
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 Small, Rev. Uriel W., Sterling, Ill.
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 Smith, Mrs. Charlotte M., Berlin, Ct.
 Smith, Mrs. E. M., Guilford, Ct.
 Smith, Ellen A., Boston, Ms.
 Smith, Lydia A., Hartford, Ct.
 Smith, Lewis B., Barrington, R. I.
 Smith, Benajah E., Poughonock, Ct.
 Soule, Mrs. Caroline K. L., Hampton, Ct.
 Stearns, Dea. Nathan A., Willimantic, Ct.
 Stebbins, Henry A., Bradford, Vt.
 Stevens, Miss Hannah, Loudon, N. H.
 Stevens, John H., Durham Center, Ct.
 Stone, Joseph W., W. Newton, Ms.

Storrs, Mrs. Ann, Braintree, Ms.	Warren Harris F., Scranton, Pa.
Stowe, Mrs. Mary Hall, New Bedford, Ms.	Warren, Samuel D., Waltham, Ms.
Strickland, Miss Charlotte E., Bradford, Vt.	Watkins, Miss Abby A., Gloucester, Ms.
Strong, Miss Helen, Cleveland, Ohio.	Weaver, Thomas, Lisbon, Wis.
Talcott, Elijah H., Sweden, N. Y.	Wellman, Arthur Holbrook, Newton, Ms.
Talcott, Mrs. Elijah, Vernon, Ct.	Wells, Maria S., Hartford, Ct.
Talcott, Lyman F., do.	Wells, Mary C., do.
Taylor, Isaac, Brookline, Ms.	Wheaton, Catharine C., N. Falmouth, Ms.
Tenney, William, Thetford, Vt.	White, H. C., Middletown, Ct.
Thayer, Mrs. Caroline, Franklin, Ms.	Whitin, Dea. John C., Whitinsville, Ms.
Thurston, Mrs. Frances G., Newbury, Ms.	Whiting, Miss C. W., Canton Center, Ct.
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Tuttle, George W., Littleton, Ms.	Wiard, John, Plainville, Ms.
Twombly, William, Great Falls, N. H.	Wilder, Rev. Moses H., Howells, N. Y.
Utey, Mary Jane, Concord, N. H.	Wiley, Rev. Ambrose F., Burlington, Iowa.
Wallace, Rev. Charles C., Perth Amboy, N.J.	Woodman, Charles Eugene, Boston, Ms.
Walton, Miss Julia A., Agawam, Ms.	Woolley, Rev. J. J., Meriden, Ct.
Warren, Mrs. Julia C., Grand Rapids, Ill.	Yale, Miss Mary J., do.

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4. Slavery and the Bible	16	48. Where are you going?	4
5. Are You at Work?	8	49. Immanuel's Land	4
6. Are You Insured?	4	50. A Working Church	4
7. The Daily Life	8	51. The Swearer's Prayer	4
8. So many Calls	4	52. The Middling Man	4
9. Noah's Carpenters	4	53. Come and Drink	4
10. Let go that Stern Line!	4	54. How it was blotted out	4
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A.

MR. GOUGH'S SPEECH AT THE ANNIVERSARY IN BOSTON.

I FEAR that my hearers will think the Tract Society has made a great mistake in inviting me to speak on this occasion. The Bible says that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" but I have known times when the heart was so full, so weighed down with thoughts, so overwhelmed with the feelings of the hour, that the tongue refused to speak. Not long ago I visited a hospital in Washington on a Sabbath-day, and the chaplain desired me to say a word to the sick and suffering soldiers who were there wearing away their weary days in pain and languishing. I told him I would try, and I stood upon a chair and looked around upon the scene. There the poor fellows lay on their little narrow beds, with pale and haggard faces, and their large eyes gazing upon me, with bandaged heads and splintered limbs, some trying to totter toward me, trembling and faltering through weakness and suffering. I folded my arms and was dumb;—I could not speak;—the hour was slipping away, my heart was full, but I could only stand and weep. Oh! I never can forget that scene, nor the faces of those sick men! my brain was full all the day, thinking, thinking!

I walked your streets to-day, and I saw the 11th Massachusetts Battery as it returned from its nine months' service. God bless them! they looked like war-worn veterans, although, so short a time in service; they bore the scars of war; they had passed through the storm and the tempest, the flash of bayonets, the rattle of bullets, the roar of cannon. I could not refrain from grasping one of them by the hand and saying, "God bless you, my noble friend!"

I can not come to you with experiences gleaned from the battle-field. It is a great disappointment to me that I have not been permitted to listen to a recital from Mr. Alvord, as I could have learned so much from him. When I walk through the crowded streets of the city, thronged with multitudes of every class, all engaged in their peculiar avocations, or enjoying themselves amid the luxuries which wealth and prosperity can bestow; when I visit the house of God on the Sabbath, and see how peaceful all is around me, I can not realize, without a strong effort, that we are actually at war. Our homes are safe, peace and quiet surround us, we see no signs of strife. Why is it, I ask, that we do not hear the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry? Why is it that death and desolation do not stare us in the face at every turn? Because there are noble hearts and stalwart arms struggling for us, and keep-

ing back those who would invade New England and despoil her. Look at our army, and think what it is doing for us. We may well believe that the angels in heaven regard with interest this mighty struggle between a terrible despotism and true liberty. We must remember that the soldiers are fighting for us, for our lives, our liberties, our blessings.

A little time ago I met an Englishman in the cars. He said unless the United States should separate, or that if the Union should be preserved, in half a century our nation would control the whole civilized world! Well, he *never will* see us separate! We are now fighting for our existence as a nation, and intend to preserve it intact. And there is one idea that I would have every working-man understand in all its length and breadth: we are fighting for the dignity of labor! Toombs once threatened to call his slave-roll under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument, and there are men in Massachusetts who would be glad to help him! Shame, everlasting shame on them! We are now fighting to prevent this, and there is no danger of it while we can send into the field such armies as are now defending our liberties. But should that hour ever come, then would be established a system that would disfranchise every working-man among us; then would the Southern cavaliers rejoice over the "mud-sills" of the North! We are contending for the privilege and right of governing ourselves, and shall succeed!

In 1827 a learned man very knowingly remarked that it was *his opinion* that railroads could never compete with canals; and a member of Parliament has given it as *his opinion* that a republic could never compete with a monarchy! One of these is just as silly as the other; we *can* compete successfully, and *will*! We are now marching through the fire, but it is for our purification, and no power on earth can ever shake us from the foundations our fathers laid in truth and justice; and we must bear in mind that our successes will be owing to our soldiers.

But, we are to be *taxed*! Yes, I hope so! and the more you are worth the more you will be taxed! Are there none here who wish their income tax was \$150,000? There is an attempt on the part of some among us to depreciate the patriotism and heroism of our army. Oh! *shame and disgrace* upon those who think that thirteen dollars a month will pay for hardship, toil, suffering, loss of health, shattered bodies, mutilated limbs, and the thousand evils that of necessity accompany war! Patriotism for the paltry sum of thirteen dollars a month! Ninety-nine out of every hundred of our soldiers could earn twice that sum out of the army, and they serve their country at a great pecuniary sacrifice. And are they the dregs of society? Churches, Sabbath schools, and all our institutions of learning, are represented in the army. There is scarcely a home in the North that has not sent some member to the war. Our soldiers, their wives, mothers, sisters and children are paying the price of our liberties. It is a great price, but it is for a great end.

The saddest feature of the war is the loss of human life; in this view war is most horrible; but human *rights* are worth more than human *life*. God will establish his throne in righteousness, if in order to do it he sweeps nations

from existence. Such is the conflict now raging, and our soldiers are doing for us incalculable work; *but what are you and I doing for them?* Would that I could do more! I envy the experiences of those who have ministered to the bodily and spiritual wants of our brethren in the army. Not long ago I was in a hospital, and saw a young man, twenty-six years of age, pale and emaciated, with his shattered arm resting upon an oil-silk pillow, and there he had been many long and weary weeks, waiting for sufficient strength for an amputation. I knelt by his side and said, "Will you answer me one question?" "Yes, sir," was his reply. "Suppose you were well, at home, in good health, and *knew* all this would come to you if you enlisted, would you enlist?" "Yes, sir," he answered, in a whisper, "*I would in a minute! What is my arm or my life compared with the safety of the country?*" That is patriotism, and an army composed of such men has claims upon us that we can not resist.

I rejoice, therefore, in this Society, as one in which all can unite in doing good. Love to God begets love to our neighbor, leads us to acknowledge *all* as human beings, whatever their color. All have claims upon us. Some say that this is a "*nigger war*," an "*abolition war*!" If they please to make it so, so mote it be! And why not? Is not a negro my neighbor? Where will you draw the line between fighting for a white man and a negro? How will you separate them? It would be a difficult task. In 1846 I addressed an audience of 2500 colored people in Richmond, Va., and a Philadelphia lawyer could not have drawn a line between the blacks and whites! There would have been inextricable confusion; there were blue eyes, and straight hair, and white skins. There is an unnatural, a wicked prejudice against color. I would not place a colored man above a white man; but I hold this, — that the *black man can not help his color*! He would if he could! If you want to find fault with the color, complain to God, and let the negro alone!

A few months since I rode in a night train to New York. There were four colored people sitting near me in the car, neat, quiet, and well-behaved in every respect. Near by were four white men, awfully profane, and offensive to every sense; they had bad whisky with them, so bad that even they could not drink it, and threw it out of the window and bought better at the next station; they smelt of bad whisky, raw onions, and old cheese, — an odoriferous compound! — they drank deeply and swore terribly, and one even lay on the car floor; but they were white men! I will not use their words, but they swore about the "*niggers*." The colored people made no reply, but kept quiet, although I could see one of the men look at them with "*the tail of his eye*," as the Irishman said, and I could see that with every fresh oath from the *white men* the young woman drew closer to her companion. Soon a boy came through the car with water, and passing it to the colored people, the girl said, "If you please," when one of the whites swore terribly about the "*niggers drinking*!" but the girl only said, "If that gentleman wishes for water, please pass it to him first!" Where was the politeness? with the white or the colored? No, I would not place a white man below the negro; but I would respect the colored race and all their rights.

I speak as I please, and as I think. Sometimes I have been accused of making digressions. The fact is, I believe my whole speech is made of digressions! Coming recently from Worcester in the cars, I saw a colored woman with a baby, and the father and mother were delighted with the child, and it was one of the prettiest babies I ever saw! I remarked to a gentleman sitting beside me upon the awful sin of separating mothers and children as is done in the South. He replied that they did not have much feeling about it, no more than a cow when deprived of her calf! In Norfolk, Va., some years ago, I attended negro sales, and if I ever saw a cow show as much feeling for a calf as I there saw parents show for their children sold into bondage, she *should have it!* A fine-looking colored girl was in the room with us at the hotel. My wife told her she did not need her services; but the woman replied, "Massa sent me here." "But I do not wish for you; I can dress myself!" (and my wife is one of the women who can!) "But massa told me to stay here." "Sit down, then," said my wife. "Massa would not allow me to," was the answer. All this time, through the window which opened into the yard, I could hear the "*going, going, gone!*" of the auctioneer, as he sold mules, furniture, cattle, and negroes, alternately. All at once, the colored woman threw her hands wildly over her head, and fell to the floor, a convulsive, heaving mass of woe. Her *husband* had just been sold, and her master had sent her into our room to prevent a scene! and all the comfort the poor girl had was that he would get her another husband immediately! There is a "Southside View of Slavery" for you! Said a Southerner to me, pointing to a woman, "You would think that she was black to look at her; but when I strip her to whip her, she is as white as any body!"

Oh, this system is to be destroyed, and every tap of the drum of our army, whether in advance or retreat, whether victorious or in temporary defeat, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, always and every where, is to me like the boom of a bell tolling the death-knell of slavery! You cheer! but let us not expend all in breath; we need *money!* Our sailors, too, those who man the gunboats, those who on the water so gloriously sustain our flag, to those we owe a duty. Would that we had fifty Mr. Alvords, and as many more to back him up. The work is a grand one, and based on the soundest principles. I believe much in getting at men's souls through their bodies; do not, in caring for their spiritual wants, ignore their temporal necessities; go with a loaf of bread in one hand, and a tract in the other; inquire into their wants, talk to them of home and friends, cheer and encourage them, talk with them of all their temporal circumstances, and thus excite their sympathies and open their hearts.

It is a great cause for rejoicing that we are not confining our work to our own circle; there has been too much of Methodists working in *their* circle, Unitarians in theirs, Episcopalians in theirs, Congregationalists in theirs, while the outside is a world in sin. It has been so in the temperance cause. In England I have known a Dissenter to decline aiding in the work because a rector was president of the society, and the Church people to refuse to co-operate because the enterprise started among the Dissenters! What consis-

tency is there, if a man be perishing in the ditch, and a friend offers his hand to pull him out from inevitable death, and he pushes him away until he has asked, "What is your religious persuasion?" In this case we unite; our agents are at work, ignoring all sects, and simply laboring to do good as they have opportunity. We read much and have heard to-night about the instruction of contrabands; only let the light of the Bible and of education in, and slavery is doomed without any resort to force.

I love to identify myself with this Society and its noble work. Twenty years ago, and what was I? Life is but too short for me to labor; the curtain of dark despair has lifted, and I bless the means, and devote my life to their dissemination among those in sorrow and doubt. All that I am I owe to Christianity. Other institutions, temperance even, may be good; but they lose their value unless they are joined to and sanctified by Christianity. Whatever is devoid of the grace of God is weak.

Travelers were once on a prairie; they saw a ruddy glare in the horizon, it reddened, brightened, until, as it shot up its forked flames high in the air, they shouted, "The prairie is on fire!" Nearer came the narrowing circle; the wall of fire seemed closing around them; certain death seemed to hiss in the leaping fire. There is but one resort: they must *fight fire with fire!* There are two matches; one is struck and fails. They pray to God that the other may save them; it burns, the grass catches, the flames start on, they stand on burned ground, and are saved! So must we fight fire with fire. God will answer our prayers, bless the feeblest means, and save our land, and may he prosper this Society in its work, and make it a blessing and an honor to our country.

B.

STATEMENT OF THE ORGANIZATION AND METHODS OF OPERATION OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

READ AT THE MEETING IN NEW YORK.

THE administration of this Society is divided into two Departments, called respectively the BUSINESS and the CHARITABLE DEPARTMENTS. What are the nature of these, and the relations between them?

The Business Department is carried forward by the two Committees of Publication and Finance, with one of the Secretaries of the Society, who is also its Editor. The Publication Committee consists at present of four gentlemen, — one each from the Congregational, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Episcopal denominations. It is the province of this Committee to *issue* the Society's *publications*; to procure for this end original or selected matter for books, tracts, and periodicals; to purchase copyrights; to contract for

engraving, stereotyping, paper, printing, and binding,—in a word, to do whatever is necessary to place the publications upon the shelves of the Depository.

The Finance Committee are composed of laymen, merchants of Boston, and have charge of the *sales* of publications. They appoint a Depository and clerks, superintend the store, fix prices, settle accounts, and do whatever else is connected with the circulation by sale of the publications of the Society.

The Business Department, thus constituted, is solely an organization for the manufacture and sale of religious books, tracts, and papers. Under its care are the Tract House,—which is simply a store or depository with the needful offices,—the copyrights and stereotype plates, the manufactured books on hand, and the receipts from the sale of publications. It has no control of the funds derived from donations and legacies of the benevolent public, and receives none of them except as will be presently explained. It carries on its business and is supported precisely in the same way as any ordinary book-publishing house. It owns no printing house or bindery, no presses, or machinery of any kind, but procures all its work by contract from private establishments devoted to those branches of business.

The Charitable Department is under the superintendence of a distinct Committee, called the Charitable Committee, together with the other two Secretaries of the Society, one at Boston, the other—though now temporarily employed in directing the work of distribution in the army—designed to be located in New York. It is the province of this Committee to receive and disburse the funds which are derived from legacies, contributions of churches, and donations from the Christian public. They have charge of all agencies for soliciting and collecting such funds, of all colporter and missionary labors, and of the making of grants, or gratuitous appropriations of publications to the destitute; in a word, of all *charitable* work, meaning by that whatever is not involved in the *manufacture* and *sale* of publications.

It is proper to add here that the Publication, Finance, and Charitable Committees are all sub-committees of the general Executive Committee, to whom by the constitution the management of the Society's affairs is intrusted. They each report their proceedings monthly to the latter, for revision and approval by the entire body.

What now are the practical workings of these Departments?

We have said that all benevolent funds *given* to the Society are received by the Charitable Department. They are entered by the Treasurer in the proper books, which are entirely *distinct and separate from those of the Business Department*, and their receipt is publicly acknowledged in the Tract Journal. Out of these moneys, the Charitable Committee pay for whatever missionary and colporter service is performed for the Society, for collecting and distributing agencies, and for the Secretaries employed in this department. They also purchase of the Business Department, at stipulated prices, the publications which they wish to distribute gratuitously to the destitute,

just as they might otherwise purchase them of other societies or private publishers; and they pay for them in the same manner. Thus the entire funds of this department are expended directly in the benevolent work of the Society. These are regarded as sacred funds, not to be sunk in any mere mechanical or business operations. Coming *from* the benevolent public, they are all — every penny of them — to be *returned to it* in charitable gifts of publications to the needy, or charitable labors for the souls of men.

The funds of the Business Department are derived exclusively from the sales of its publications, — partly to the Charitable Department as thus explained, the account of which will, of course, just equal the gratuitous distributions of the latter, — and partly to purchasers from without. The funds thus received pay all the expenses of this department, including copyrights, stereotypes, engravings, paper, printing, binding, the salaries of the Editing Secretary and assistants, the Treasurer, Depositary, clerks, all expenses of the store, repairs and furniture of the Tract House and its offices, interest, taxes, insurance, freights, and all other miscellaneous matters connected with the business. The accounts of these are kept in their own separate books, and are presented in separate exhibits in the Annual Reports of the Society.

At what rates are the publications of the Society sold, and upon what principles are those rates fixed?

From the statement already made, that the proceeds from sales pay the entire expenses of the Business Department, it is apparent, first, that they are not sold *at cost*, meaning by that simply the expense of *manufacture*. The items of expenses above enumerated show that there is much more than the cost of manufacture to be provided for from some source. If the publications were sold at cost, this large aggregate amount must be taken out of the charitable donations, and therefore so far diminish the resources for the charitable work of the Society. In that case, also, local booksellers, and the trade generally, unable to make any profits to yield them a livelihood and repay them for capital invested, could not afford to keep these publications on sale in their regular business; so that the Society would be compelled, in order to sell its goods at all, to establish its own depositories in all important towns, each attended with large expenses, to be also paid from the charitable funds, — or, to maintain, under various names of hawkers, peddlers, or colporters, a great number of traveling salesmen, whose salaries and traveling expenses again would be defrayed out of the charitable funds. And besides all this, the sale of books at cost involves, inevitably, an oppressive competition with private publishers and booksellers, tending greatly to the injury of their business, and inflicting grievous injustice upon them under the guise of doing a religious work for the public.

Rejecting, then, this principle of business, as both impolitic and wrong, this Society sells its goods at such rates as to bring to it a moderate profit. With this profit it pays, in addition to the manufacture, all the business expenses before enumerated, *leaving the charitable funds untouched*; it allows

a discount to be made to other booksellers, such as enables and invites them to purchase these as part of their stock, thus saving all costs of depositories, with all their risks and losses; it secures its sales without the employment of a large and expensive retinue of traveling salesmen and colporters; and, instead of oppressing or injuring the trade, it brings them into the most harmonious relations to the Society, and opens all the avenues which their capital and skill and efforts can give to effect the widest diffusion of its publications. Thus, in point of fact, while the Society has not a single depository save its own store in Boston (the one so called in New York being conducted by a private individual solely on his own account), and scarcely one colporter, properly so called, employed in the sale of books, its business sales are constantly and rapidly increasing, and its business connections extending over all portions of the loyal States of the Union, the British Provinces, and to no inconsiderable amount in foreign countries, where the English language is spoken and read.

But does not this principle of selling at a profit enhance the prices of the Society's books beyond those of other societies and publishers?

The answer to this inquiry is one of simple fact and not of theory. It is to be gained by an actual comparison of the books, considering their sizes, styles, and mechanical execution, as also the question whether they are new, copyrighted works, or such as cost nothing for authorship. It is believed that, so compared with the issues of most publishers and societies, our prices as a whole are not greater than theirs, but rather less. All tracts and periodicals are sold as low as the lowest known rates in this country. A large number also of small books, most used in charitable distributions, are of equally low prices. Other books, more expensive in their production, and which go rather into business channels, are sold at prices to cover not only the cost of manufacture, but the other expenses of the department, so as not to necessitate with every book sold a draft from the charitable funds to eke out that deficiency. The prices of these are possibly greater than those of some societies operating on different principles; which, instead of being a reproach upon our system, is regarded as one of its especial merits, as relieving the Charitable Department from a needless and unjust burden; a conviction which is confirmed by the expressed opinions of many able and disinterested business men in all parts of the country.

At what rates are the publications sold to the Charitable Department for grants charged to that department?

At the regular prices, for which, unless in exceptional cases, they are sold to other parties. It is to be remembered, however, that not only are the publications *sold* to the Charitable Department, but to a large extent *distributed* for them without additional charge. The separate grants made by them are generally very small, hence involving great labor in packing and dispatching them, with storeroom, clerk hire, wrapping paper, &c., all which is furnished for that department without charge. Neither is there any charge for an

office or its furniture, for fuel, or for the services of the Treasurer or book-keeper. The only consideration which the Business Department receives for all this is simply the business patronage afforded it by the former. If the publications taken by the former are mostly at retail prices, it is because the great mass of them are taken *in a retail way*, involving an almost endless amount and variety of details. It should be added that, so far as is known, this is the mode of assessing the value of grants employed by all similar societies in this country.

But if the Society has wholly discarded colportage, how does it get its charitable grants of publications distributed among those who need them?

The Society has *not* discarded colportage so far as it may be needed for this strictly charitable service. It has only disused it as a means for *selling* books. It is too expensive an agency for this purpose, experience having shown that it costs generally, including superintendence, not less than eighty per cent. of the amount sold by it. The Society prefer to publish books sufficiently fresh and attractive, and furnish them to the book trade at low enough rates, to secure for them the widest diffusion through the ordinary channels of business. The numbers, the capital and skill thus employed by the trade, constitute an agency immeasurably superior, both for extent and effectiveness, to any possible system of colportage. Besides, if colportage is to be relied on as an agency for selling books, it should be paid for out of the proceeds of the sales, or from the Business Department, and not out of the charitable collections from the churches.

The chief reliance of the Society for securing the needful distribution of its charitable grants is upon persons and agencies *already existing* on the fields to be reached. In the sparsely settled, the frontier, and the remote portions of the country, there are not less probably than 2,000 home missionaries, of the several denominations coöperating in the Society. These are most competent to the work, most conversant with the wants of their respective localities, and glad to procure our publications and to use them in the most judicious manner. It is an agency divinely called and appointed for the spiritual cultivation of the fields around it. Then there are churches, Sunday schools, often local tract and missionary societies, and every where some at least private individuals, who love to pray and labor for souls, all of whom are ready and efficient helpers in this work. In the army and navy are the regular chaplains, and numerous pious officers and privates, who are glad to receive and distribute these publications. As evidence of this it needs only to be mentioned that through these chiefly, under the superintendence of Rev. Mr. Alvord, distributions, for months past, have been made as regularly as the condition of an army in the field permitted, among more than 800 regiments, batteries, troops of cavalry, ambulance trains, hospitals, transports, &c., of the Potomac Army, and, under the direction of Rev. Mr. Savage, of Chicago, a very wide distribution among the armies of the West. The various stations and military posts on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts have

thus been reached, and the fleets of the navy, both on the ocean and the rivers of the West.

All these distributions, both general and specific, besides being extensive, and greatly strengthening the hands and the influence of the missionaries, chaplains, and others employed, are almost wholly without expense. There are some small incidentals, of freight, correspondence, &c., also the labors of the Secretaries who superintend and control this vast system of distributions, but this is all. The work of *distributing* itself is gratuitously done by those who love to do good and delight to go forth bearing precious seed, to reap in due time, with God's blessing, immortal harvests of redeemed and renewed souls.

Suppose, once more, that the Society's business should be so enlarged as to afford a profit much exceeding the entire expenses of the Business Department, what would be done with the surplus?

Answer: it would be transferred as a donation to the Charitable Department, increasing by so much the charitable resources of the Society. As there are no expenses for machinery, or a large printing and binding establishment, there is nothing requiring accumulation, beyond the sum employed in the current business of the Society. The proceeds, which, in the hands of a private tradesman, would enable him to live in affluence or amass a fortune, are here consecrated to the work of the Lord, and added to the direct gifts of his people to swell the tide of benefactions to the destitute. It could not be expected, of course, that such a result should have been reached in the brief period since the Society entered on its present stage of operations. Nevertheless, it has been able to approach near enough to that goal to gather some cheering auguries of the future. Should it be prospered as heretofore, the time is not distant when we may confidently anticipate its ability to pay the whole administration of both departments, performing thus absolutely and literally the arduous and responsible work committed to the Society by the Christian church, with no expense whatever to the church for that labor.

In closing this statement, it is proper to remark that the entire system of organization and labors thus delineated is no product of theory, but derived from a long-established and most successful experience. It is in principle the method of the Religious Tract Society of London, one of the oldest and most important institutions of the kind in the world. Founded in 1799, its operations for the first twenty-five years nearly resembled the methods heretofore most commonly in vogue in this country. It then adopted a system in principle resembling that now sketched, and with the most marked results. While its operations are greatly larger than those of any other existing society, it has in the thirty-nine years now past not only cost the churches and Christians of Britain not one penny for its administration, but has actually paid from its profits into its charitable funds an aggregate of about £30,000 sterling, or nearly \$150,000. We know of no reason, either in the nature

of the work or in our own peculiar circumstances, why so illustrious and beneficent an example may not be followed, at least humbly and at a distance, in this country.

SPEECH OF REV. J. W. ALVORD AT THE MEETING IN NEW YORK.

WHEN I last addressed you, sir, I hailed from the intrenchments before Yorktown. I now come from the Rappahannock and beyond. I came down those heights, up which our brave soldiery had stormed in triumph, with the wounded, helping them on and bearing them along as best we might. On Friday, with a train of fifteen cars loaded with wounded men, I left those hospitals along the banks of the river and in the rear of the army, for Aquia Creek. This was but a small fraction of the host of mangled men which we left as the result of that terrible struggle. We came to Washington. I did what could be done there in furnishing them with such things as were at my command, and then hastened to this anniversary.

This has been a year of years to me, to you, sir, and to our country; a year which, on the page of American history, will make a very deep and lasting impression; a year of success undoubtedly in quelling this rebellion, far more than many of you are willing to believe; but a year which has called from us thousands and tens of thousands whom we loved, who have gone as the victims of this struggle. I want, first, to pay a single word of respect to the brave and honored dead. Nobly have they performed their duty. For the last twelve months, I have seen your sons, your brothers, and, in some cases, your husbands and your fathers, in the heat and smoke of the thickest battle. And they stood in that battle till victory came or they fell covered with glory.

"Sweet be the death of those
Who for their country die,
Sleep on her bosom for repose,
And triumph where they lie."

Embalm them in your hearts, and leave them with your God. Their sacrifices, yea, their blood, shall tell in the sealing ultimately of our nation's liberty and of our nation's higher Christianity.

My work has been to minister to these tens of thousands in the Army of the Potomac the gospel of Christ, in the forms so beautifully prepared by our Society, in large quantities, — very many thousands of dollars' worth. It has been my privilege to be instrumental in the distribution of these pages upon the march, in the camp, upon the fields of battle, in hospitals, and wherever these men could be found, hungering as they all have been for this bread of life. Some work in the hospitals I have done. Often have I stood by the side of sick ones, ministering to their feebleness. But my particular field has been along upon the *fighting front*, where strong men are called to stand, and where boldness and bravery and strength are needed. I have run back often to the hospitals. I have been frequently and sometimes for weeks in Wash-

ington, where we have a depot, spreading our publications all over the immense hospitals of that district, through the convalescent camps and camps of paroled prisoners; but I found that multitudes were there with help and ministrations, and kind hearts were every where where these objects of interest could be so easily reached. And I have thought it my duty, under the instruction of the Committee, to go far out to the battle front, and minister to our brave men there what, I believe, has made them braver; to our strong battalions what, I believe, has made them stronger, more terrible to the rebellion, and more ready to feel the importance of the struggle. And through some part of the year, even among these, the strongest of the host that you have sent forth, we were obliged to expend a large amount of Christian effort for the feeble, for the invalid, for those who staggered and fell, for such as lay back in hospitals along the rear. Indeed, sir, I may say that in the campaign of the Peninsula *the whole army was invalid: it was all hospital work!* There was marching, there was battle, as you well know,—and repeated and frequent and terrible battle; and all along through that entire march, up and down, in the advance, in the retreat, it was hospital work every where. Sick-ness began soon after we entered the Peninsula; it increased at Yorktown, as our soldiers trenched up to the enemy, under the influence of storm and wet and heat, and it increased continually from that time onward. To-day, the whole line of that Peninsula, for a hundred miles, is one continued graveyard! Oh, how many little spots of graves are in my mind, where I myself, with my own feeble hands, have helped to lay my brother soldier, sometimes at night and in very shallow graves. Thousands and tens of thousands were not merely the victims of battle, but of more terrible disease. Malaria was every where, and death came at any hour and in all places; and for months, I may say, it was my business to go about with my wagon half filled with our publications, and the other half with some medicine for the body,—something to strengthen and something to keep up feeble physical life. And it would have been interesting, I believe, to any of you if you could have seen the crowds that came about, feeble, pale, emaciated, trembling, exhausted with diarrhœa, and staggering under malaria. If they had been at home, they would have been nursed by tenderest hands, in sick chambers, every one of them; but they were unwilling to go to the hospitals. It was like death there to the soldier to go to the hospitals; and he would stagger around in camp, and would come to us and tell us how he felt. And I have had a thousand times around my wagon multitudes in this condition. I would minister to them some cordial, perhaps a pinch of tea, perhaps a few crackers, something to allay the burning thirst of fever, something to stay that terrible chronic diarrhœa, something which could give them for the moment strength, and would receive back the soldiers' heartfelt gratitude. And then, when I came to tell them, "Well, boys, here I have something better for you; I have something for the immortal part; I have something to tell you of that heaven where sorrow and sickness never come;" and then to see the outstretched hand, "Give us that! give us that!" asking for the "bread of life." And so, wherever I went, for weeks and months, it was a ministration both for the soul and the body.

I need not detain you, sir, with any history. We approached Richmond; we lay for weeks, until that more terrible week of battles came, and retreat was upon us, and we found ourselves in the midst of terrors,—I may say, of horrors. At Harrison's Landing were ten, fifteen, perhaps twenty thousand poor, wretched, wounded creatures; and on that cold, stormy day, as we reached the banks of the river, they threw themselves in the mud for rest, and literally cried for food! Have you heard *men* cry just as infants do? Then you know what sorrow is. I saw it in thousands of cases, not from smarting wounds, with which most of them had been pierced, but from more terrible, gnawing hunger, that made their wounds unbearable.

How often have I seen the heart's blood, as it eddied back to the seat of life, coming back to the surface, as I went to speak kind, tender words of Christian comfort, of friends at home that did not forget them, and gave them some little thing that could lie at least upon their pillow, and when they had strength, their eyes could rest upon and their hearts drink in its blessed truths! How often have I seen the film seem to leave for the moment the eye of the dying boy, as Christian comfort came to his heart! It was a blessed work. True, it was exposed, and all of us who were on that ground were risking our own lives. But it was a joyful work; and a happier summer I never spent on earth than when ministering to those in want; in wrapping them, when I could, in my arms and pressing them to my heart, keeping up their spirits, and especially in leading their souls to look upon the Lamb of God, and to the land of rest.

The retreat, as you know, continued. We found ourselves, after a very weary time,—terribly weary,—in front of Washington, again to retreat before the outnumbering hosts of the foe. Those battles were repeated. The scenes I have told you of and our consequent labors were repeated. Then up into Maryland, to South Mountain and Antietam, where again came similar scenes and similar ministrations; and then we found ourselves, victors as we thought, pursuing our enemy along the gaps of the Blue Ridge. I followed the army. We found ourselves ere long in front of Fredericksburg, and another terrible battle and similar ministrations followed. But during the last few days we have had a battle which it has seemed in some respects has culminated the horrors of every other.

Sir, you ask me to give incidents; you desire me to go into detail. Why, sir, *it is all incidents*; the whole of the year, in every moment, has been big with incident. It is just one vast sea of horrors, it is impossible to describe. We might draw out here and there a single thing, but that single thing is only like every thing. You could not have been with me during these long twelve months without every minute having been able to pencil down that which would have thrilled any heart to have heard its repetition. Sometimes, indeed, there were scenes of triumph, sometimes of joy and gladness, sometimes of swelling hope; yet, alas! how often of sorrow and of sadness, of blood and wounds and death. The whole year is full of incident. Now you ask me if, in the midst of such horrors as war and battle bring, it be possible to do much with the gospel of Christ. Yes, sir! It is the place for

the gospel of Christ. Is there a spot of horror over the wide earth?—there are needed the soothing influences of the Redeemer's promises. Is there a place of death?—there is needed the life that Jesus gives. It has been with me a remarkable fact, that when in the midst of scenes of battle, where it would appear there was nothing but the physical and material thought of, if you go in the tenderness of the Son of God along by the side of those men, you will find that these very horrors make them desire some comfort from a world where there is no horror, some counsel from a Friend who is their best and eternal Friend. And if you could have been with me, sir, and if this audience of Christian friends could have been with me as daily and hourly I have crowded through these camps, and pressed along the march, or made my way over heaps of wounded men to some spot where I might labor effectually,—if you could have seen how in every instance the men desired to draw near, to have the gospel of Christ brought to them,—you would understand this better. In no instance where soldiers have known what I have brought them has it been refused. Sometimes they have taken me for the sutler, sometimes they have thought I was peddling what was to be paid for, and I would see them standing aloof and feeling in their pockets; and it would take a little pleasantry, perhaps, in which I sometimes ventured to indulge, to draw them up, and then it was delightful to see how eagerly the men who had stood off would receive the gifts I brought them. “Yes, sir,” they would say; “I have no money, but can you give me something to read? can you give me that **Banner** or tract or little book—even an almanac?” In every case, instead of refusal, there has been constant application growing upon me every morning and night, and I might almost say by day and night. It is wonderful how the soldier stretches out his hand for these things. I don't know how to account for it, only, as I say, it is something from home. It is something that tells of loved ones that have thought of him. It is something that looks like old times. Even the old-fashioned tract, though once despised, has now a home look and tells of scenes that he has loved. He wants to see how it reads now. Formerly, he didn't care for tracts; but now he says eagerly, “Let me have one, sir.”

Oftentimes I would find squads of soldiers playing cards upon the Sabbath,—for they will do something. This is an army educated, an army of intellect, and it will be active. If you do not give it the gospel, if you do not give it something to occupy the mind, something to read and meditate upon, it will be doing something else. Just before an engagement, you will see scores of these soldiers along the battle-line playing cards. Perhaps you can not excuse a soldier for doing it at such a time. You must remember that they were compelled to lie three days along that battle-line,—compelled to lie still as a division of infantry must, quiet upon the ground, the rebel pickets within half pistol-shot, and upon those high terrible cannon bearing death on the ranks of these soldiers. “Why,” you may have said, “they should all have gone down to their knees in prayer.” Some of them did; but they were not all sanctified men. In that state of affairs there was an agony which was horrible; there was an awful want of something to do. If they could have

leaped to their feet, and to the front, and plunged into the conflict, they would have thanked God from their deepest heart. But no, "Still, boys! quiet! steady!" and then another crash and shot, and then another, and a bustle;—two or three are killed: "Bear them to the rear;—steady, boys, steady." Why, let this continue for hours, let it continue for days, and men without Christ and a hope of heaven do any thing for diversion. It is not easy to joke, to laugh, to tell stories, but some one, just for the sake of absorbing the mind, taking it away from these horrors, will pull out his pack of cards, and a cluster comes about him. But I can tell you the very shuffling just looks as though they were doing it to get rid of their agony, and they hardly succeed at that. It is a sad thing to go about and look at those dear boys as though they were trying to get rid of themselves, even of the scenes around them, by that absorbing game. But always when I go to them and say, "Boys, won't you take a Banner? Wouldn't you prefer a Banner? Wouldn't you like a little book to read? or have a little meeting?" "Yes, sir." Down go the cards. "Yes, sir!" All those cards, when they move to the battle-front, are thrown away. The boy didn't want that pack to be found upon his corpse, and to have his mother told at home that when the body was searched for mementos of her loved one, nothing was upon it but a dirty pack of cards. No; the soldier does not want that. He feels for his Testament; he wants that in place. When the soldiers went up to the actual fight at Fredericksburg they flung their packs of cards away. The river floated with them as they crossed the pontoons. They didn't want them really, but it was simply desire for relief that drove them to such an occupation. No, my friends; the soul of men becomes solemn in such an hour; it becomes tender. There is a yearning for something, and I will tell you what it wants. It wants Christ Jesus; it wants the Spirit of the living God; it wants the promise from on high.

But especially is it true in an army like this; it came from your Sabbath schools, it came from your loving Christian homes, it came from the bosom of praying fathers, of praying mothers. Such an army knows full well what it needs, and, when you bring it to them, is it strange if their voices are raised, "Yes, sir, give me one, give me one"? And in thousands of cases the boys read these tracts and little books with an interest that is not only absorbing to themselves, but leads them to feel that others at home would also like to see the little book. It appears as though they had never read them, and they say to themselves, "Mother would like to see this little book. I have been reading it; I got it from a missionary; it is the best little thing I ever saw, and I am going to send it to my mother and sister, or to my old father." I tell you, when these things come home in letters, I beg you will read them. They have come in the channels of life; they have come with the boy's heart in them; and let me just say, if such letters come with such mementos, and with such kind words, though those letters be short, send back your hearts in your letters. Send them often; let the soldier feel that you love him still, and that you are still pressing him on your warm, affectionate bosom. Do not let sisters and brothers feel that the brother-boy grows hard in battle-

scenes. I tell you the spirit of man grows more tender. You may say we seem rough as we come back; you may say we talk coarsely; you may say our appearance is rough; and so it will be, when these battalions are sent home, — they will appear rough; but I tell you, you will find down underneath that rough exterior a soft and tender spirit. God maketh the heart soft amidst such scenes, and I want you to have faith that God is working underneath this terrible exterior of war and battle, and wounds and death, — is working down deeply in the soul, bringing sorrow for sin, longing after God, and remembrance of early teachings from maternal lips, from kind Sunday-school teachers, and from the preaching of the Christian pastor. Memory goes back to these things of the past, and the man is brought to his right mind. Hence it is that in no instance are we ever repelled when we approach the soldier with Christianity. I never was repelled, not even when rebuking the soldier for swearing, as I always do. And sometimes it only needs a word, the lifting of a finger, a peculiar look, a little shake of the head, or, it may be, a single terse phrase; these are always sufficient to close those blasphemous lips; I never knew it fail. Do not say I am exaggerating, — I never knew it fail. I never turned upon a soldier in tenderness, when he was blaspheming, and said, "Oh, not here in battle; do not curse in such a war as this; you didn't learn it from your mother, or Sunday-school teacher;" or whatever may be the form of address, — I never knew it fail to seal those lips of blasphemy and to bring back words of gratitude for the rebuke.

I go further, sir; I never have known an instance, — and I have been there nearly two years, and by night and by day laboring in some sense as a Christian minister, — I never have known a soldier, when you preached to him from the peculiarity of his need of repentance and eternal life, — I never have known an instance where an individual has turned away in contempt or to scoff; I have never been repelled. I could not do this in the streets of Boston or New York; I should receive constant rebuff; but now, so accustomed have I been to kindness, and a welcome reception of these things, that I expect they will be received; and when I enter camp and begin to distribute my publications, and the crowds come around and I go to preaching, — not far away and roundabout, not of things in general, but I speak of the gospel of Christ, about the eternal life, about their need of Christ and repentance and hope in God, and I become so accustomed to this that it is very easy for me; and I throw books and pamphlets, Banners and papers, and they reply, "Thank you, sir;" and I keep preaching, — a sort of wayside preaching, — I have sometimes thought it was a sort of representation, though a very feeble one, of the way Christ used to preach by the wayside. I do not know how it sounds to others, but it comes good from my heart, and I am going to keep at it, and I believe the boys receive it as the gospel preached to them, I humbly trust, in power, by the blessing of the Almighty Spirit.

You ask me, perhaps, Are there any fruits from such a work? Swearing, which is a terrible vice of our army, decreases wherever these things are earnestly pressed. The regiments that come most frequently to me, and to whom I go most frequently, are those who become most moral, are those

where swearing, perhaps, is put away by common consent. I know this to be true in the case of a number of regiments. You will find another thing true, also: those regiments that receive most of religious reading, and give themselves to its influence, are bravest in battle. I know this is so. Those soldiers that have hope in Christ, the young converts, when I saw them come back from Fredericksburg, from those heights of Salem and Chancellorsville, from the forts where those awful shellings came,—I said, “Well, did you fear?” Modestly the reply always came back, “No, sir; I felt that Jesus was my Friend in battle.” “And did you feel willing to fall?” “Yes, sir; I felt that my hope was in God.” And I have the best evidence that every one of those men stood firm in that hour of terror.

Why, I was the other evening in the little meeting-house,—it was in that log meeting-house perhaps some of you have heard about [see p. 64],—and the colonel of the regiment, to my astonishment, rose to his feet to speak. He was a man not known to be a Christian, and I saw him come in and sit down on one of the little seats in the midst of the boys,—for religion makes a common level even with the soldiers. He buried his face in both his hands. Soldier after soldier rose and told his happy experience in the love of God, and his firm determination to serve God, and his request for prayers, that others would remember him, that he might be strengthened in the day of trial; and pretty soon the colonel, a fine, tall, and, I may say, majestic figure, sprung to his feet. He folded his arms upon his broad chest, and began very deliberately to say to the soldiers, “I am hereto-night as your military commander,—indeed, I am here to say two things that I want you to listen to. The first is this: if I fall in the battle that is just upon us, I want you to remember me, fellow-soldiers, not as a gallant military officer, but as a humble, Christian man.” It seems he had been a member of one of your churches, here in New York, and had hid himself from his Saviour and those that loved him; but the Spirit of God took hold of his heart and brought him into that little meeting. Said he, “I want you to remember me as a humble Christian. Do not talk of me as a gallant commander, but tell them I die as a Christian. And then,” said he,—and his arms were still folded; for he stood a perfect military figure,—“fellow-soldiers, another thing I want to testify to, and that is, that my men, whom I here see around me in this meeting, are the men whom I have never known to flinch in battle. My eye falls upon the bravest of my regiment to-night.” There was a sweet rustle over the cabin and among the boys, for their hearts were strengthened by such testimony. And then, after a few more words, he said, “Let us pray;” and he poured out his soul to God for himself, for his fellow-officers, for his regiment, for his country, for the battle to come, and closed with a hearty “Amen!” that was responsive around the whole place. I merely give you this incident, common among the officers. [A voice: “Give us his name.”] It was the colonel of the 44th, Ellsworth Volunteers. I hope I have said nothing to his discredit. I have certainly said much to his honor. [“Yes, yes.”] God help him to keep his purpose, and you to pray for him; for the Spirit of the Lord is in that regiment, going through it like fire, and burning up the stubborn, and finding the hardened ones.

It is a common testimony of officers that the men who stand firmest are the Christian men. Many is the time I have talked with them about such scenes, and they have told me that their souls have stood firm in that hour of strife, and that they have been perfectly calm. I have had Christian generals tell me this. I have heard General Howard often say, that in the midst of the most terrific portion of the battle, when his heart for a moment quailed, he would pause and lift up his soul to God, and receive strength. "And," said he, "I have gone often through battles without a particle of fear. I have thought God sent me to defend my country. I believed it was a Christian duty to stand in the foremost of the fight, and why should I be afraid?" [Great applause.] Why should any Christian ever fear? It is bravery in its highest possible import. It is courage that forgetteth not only the enemy, but death itself. Why, what is death to the believer in Jesus? What if it comes in the thick, hot hour of battle-strife even? What is it but going from this home to one of everlasting peace? Tell me not that Christianity makes men cowards; it makes them, in such a cause as ours, soldiers in the very highest possible sense.

I have seen the work to which you sent me accomplish just this condition of things. I would scarcely dare to say what I believe of this Army of the Potomac; for you would call it boasting. I think that what you have done, through these feeble hands, has been an addition of thousands to the strength of that army. I think if the Eleventh Corps the other day had been, instead of German infidels, believing Christians, they would have stood by the side of their brave commander, himself a Christian. I believe there came over them what will always come over wicked men in times of peril,—panic. You can not trust the unregenerate heart in solemn places, when close upon eternity; you can not trust the infidel in such a place; you want a Christian, a believer in Jesus; you want a man who has planted his foot on the everlasting Rock. Such a man can stand and brace himself against any terrors without a moment's flinching.

I think that you have greatly increased the *materiel* of our army by your efforts. I think the Christianity in that army is a power such as the church of God does not realize. Oh, if you want to send us added battalions, send Christianity to us; send your prayers to us; send the Bible to us; send good men, with warm, tender, loving hearts, to us. Let us continue then in our work for the soul; for the soldier has brain and soul as well as bone and muscle; he can not be a soldier without the whole bone and muscle is good, but brain and soul is better, and you want to give us that which will help not only the material but the spiritual part of those who engage in the conflict of arms.

I will simply close by saying that, for the last three months, we have had precious revivals. There have been months of rest along the Rappahannock, during which faithful chaplains have labored well. If there were time, I would tell you how faithfully. ["Go on, go on."] I know there has been some impeachment of their character. Sir, I know the chaplains. There were some at first who entered through political influences, unworthy perhaps. There might have been feeble men. The work was new to all of us, and

we were clumsy at it. Christian ministers, at first, didn't know just how to be military and soldierly and apt; and it was awkward, as is the case in many other things. That happened at first even among officers. There were failures; and I beg to know if there are not always failures in military life, all along the line of this war? How often the bullet fails of its mark; how often have the generals come short of success, and how many of the rank and file have failed, all through our armies! There may have been failures among the chaplains. They are of imperfect material, and, as I said, they came out, many of them, through political influence; perhaps some of them even had not Christianity; and when wicked men came to me and talked about bad chaplains, I said, "Well, they did not belong to Christianity; you got them as best you could yourselves; they did not come from the church,—they came from politics, not from Christianity, through the choice of military or political men." But Congress, at length, found this out, and made a law requiring a man to have a Christian character and to come from the churches, and then we began to have better men. That terrible Peninsular campaign was as the refining fire, and none but the steadfast and faithful could stand such an experience; it sent the others home, and the regiments were left destitute or supplied with better men. All the recent regiments have come, in great part, from the bosoms of the churches, and with good men selected for the work. Let me say to you that the chaplains of the Army of the Potomac are men of God, — toiling, laborious, earnest, praying men, with exceptions, of course, just as you will find among the ministry; they are good men and men to be trusted, and God has blessed their labors.

Three months ago, they began to have meetings for prayer along the Rapahannock. They came to my large tent, — for I have one quite large, in connection with two or three smaller ones. With the boys who help me, I have quite a little camp by myself, and the government feed us. I erected a large tent, and chaplains from that time have crowded in for their meetings, for prayer, praise, mutual conference, relating of each other's experience, trials, joys and sorrows, and methods of working; and if you could have been in those meetings from week to week, you could have had precious testimony of God, and I felt sure that we were going to have a revival as I saw these chaplains waiting in tears, and anticipating the coming blessing. It did come, and I can tell you of regiments to-day where thirty and forty and fifty and sixty conversions have taken place; and conversions are still going on; and I scarcely know of a regiment where there is a chaplain in which there have not been some conversions. I can point you to chaplains who, the other day, when part of the battle was over, and the enemy was shelling us, right under the shot and shell, had their Fast-day services, with preaching and praying; and the boys clustered about, and humbled themselves before the Lord. It was over the river, and right on the battle-field. I can tell you of one chaplain who had made an appointment for Fast-day services at six o'clock in the evening; and just at that time, the thunder of the cannonading broke over us terribly; but the service was not suspended, and there, amid the shot and shells, two hundred of those dear boys stood and joined in the ex-

ercises of worship. I asked the chaplain how he felt on that occasion. Said he, "I did not look unto the battle. 'As thy day thy strength shall be.' I never felt so much like preaching in my life." "But," said I, "you preached a short sermon, I suppose?" "No," said he; "I think I preached a little longer than usual. When the shot broke around us, not a head would turn; and after the sermon, we prayed, and sang the doxology, and the benediction was pronounced, and we went clear through the services." You say these men are unfaithful; but where are your ministers that would have stood and preached a long sermon under the range of those shells; and where that congregation that would have stood to hear it without turning the head when the terrible burst of artillery was all around them? Do you tell me such men are unfaithful? Is such a service as that a failure? Well, brethren, just wrap your arms around these dear noble ones, and lift them up nearer to heaven; and if they are not what they should be, make them so, and send many others like them.

We want one for every regiment; and I will say to you, send more of this gospel to us. I can circulate ten times the amount you have sent me, and I will promise to do ten times the amount of good, under God. I will go back with what you give; but oh! give enough; don't stint the dear boys of the bread of life; don't let me go with handfuls, when my arms should be full. Let me say here that not alone from my own labors has blessing come, but I have filled the hearts and certainly the hands of these chaplains and other Christian men all over the regiments; for it is impossible for one man to go through six or seven hundred regiments. I tried to bring out and honor the Christian elements of that army. One day before the battle, I went to a hundred regiments, — I and my boys, with horse and wagon and on foot; and the boys — how eager they were, and the chaplains — how they grasped these things, and how they flew, as on the wings of the wind, up and down those battalions! But as we lay by the river, they grasped for more than we had; they always exhausted my supply; I had not one-tenth part enough for those brave fellows who, in the next moment, were to rush into the arms of death itself. Shall this be so? Will you not send this gospel in larger quantities, and receive to yourselves larger blessings in souls converted to God, in a country more quickly saved from this terrible rebellion, and in a God more perfectly glorified? [Applause.]

ADDRESS OF REV. MR. SAVAGE AT NEW YORK.

THERE is no object which makes its appeal so strongly to the hearts of all classes as the welfare of our patriot army who are battling for the liberties of our country and for freedom for the world. I am sure that all hearts in this assembly to-day have been moved as by a common impulse, as we have listened to these thrilling and deeply touching facts concerning what God has wrought in the Army of the Potomac. I have felt, as I have listened, that I

wanted from my inmost soul to thank God for the blessed work which this Society, through the agency of this noble brother, has been permitted to do for the army there. And as a Western man I feel an interest in that work, because alongside of the regiments from the East, in the Army of the Potomac, have stood some of our regiments from the West. In looking over the list of the fallen in the last battle on the Rappahannock, I found the names of some from Michigan; and from Wisconsin, and from Minnesota, who have laid down their lives a sacrifice in behalf of our beloved country. And again and again, as our soldiers return from the regiments in the Eastern army and I have met them, they have told me of the labors of brother Alvord, of the blessings they have received from the publications that he has put into their hands; and then, as I have gone over the West visiting the churches, sometimes to collect funds for our work, I have been told again and again, "We have received copies of your publications from absent and loved ones in the Army of the Potomac." They had been given to them by this brother, and had been sent by the soldiers to their homes.

When visiting Northern Indiana a few months ago, at the close of the sermon there came to me a person who said, "I can testify to the value of the army work of this Society, for I have in my possession three or four red-covered books. I have the Banner and the Tract Journal that my son,—my only hope,—who is in a regiment in the Army of the Potomac, has sent to me." In another village an old lady brought one of the little books and said, unrolling it from the cover in which she had wrapped it so carefully, "It is the most blessed book I ever saw in all my life. My son, who is in the Army of the Potomac, sent it to me." It bore the imprint of this Society, given by this brother. And so in other parts of the West I have met with similar cases; and our brother, while he has been laboring as a missionary, has also, by the blessing of God, been doing a work on the home-field of the great West.

We have heard much said in some quarters about the separation of the West from the East, and the formation of a new Confederacy embracing the Southern and Western States, "leaving the Eastern States out in the cold," as they term it. Rebel prisoners and secessionists on the lower Mississippi have expressed to me the wish that it might be so, and the expectation that it would be so. But I have told those men that it can never, never be. [Applause.] There are bonds, social, commercial, and religious, which bind the West and the East with cords of steel that can never be broken; and this Society, Mr. President, is one of those cords of steel. [Applause.]

We love this society; we honor the principles and policy which govern it; we rejoice, and our hearts are grateful to God for the good it has accomplished for us out upon that field; we love and prize the publications of this Society. The Tract Journal as it comes to us monthly, The Child at Home and the books that are circulated in our Sabbath school, the Banner that goes down into the army, with these red and blue-covered books, are all prized by them, and they link the heart of the West with the heart of the East.

I wish there were time to-day, without trespassing upon your patience, to go into some fullness of detail in respect to the general work which is to be

done by tract efforts on the Western field. It is an exceedingly great and important field, and it demands the whole of the time that I could give to unfold it to you, and it should be unfolded to interest your hearts in it as they should be interested. We have, even under the pressure of the army work upon us, been enabled to accomplish more than last year, in the circulation of your publications upon that field, which has resulted in the accomplishment of good, and in the gathering of fruit unto life eternal. As you have been told by the statement of the secretary, the grand policy of the Society has been to operate through the agencies already in the field,—the home missionaries, the pastors and members of our churches, putting the material into their hands, inducing them to enter upon the work, and to do it as they are able to do it, benefiting themselves while they are benefiting others. Thus we have drawn many and many into the good work, and extended our sphere of effort very widely.

For example: One pastor occupying an important point in Illinois said to me, "I want to undertake the work of colportage within the precincts of my parish, embracing a whole village (though there were other denominations there). I want your books, your tracts, your periodicals. If you will furnish them to me, I will sell where I can. I will give to the poor, who are unable to purchase, and I will do the work which a country colporter would do here." We furnished the publications; he has sold a large amount of books upon that field; he has distributed into almost every family there, in the entire community, some of these publications, and has obtained a subscription list of over a hundred for the Tract Journal.

Another minister wrote to me from the northern part of Iowa saying, "We are now in a very destitute condition; we want your publications." We sent him the books and papers, and he selected half a dozen members of his church from eight or ten or twelve miles around, put the publications in their hands, and they went to work to distribute them. He wrote to me after about three months: "These publications have all been circulated upon my field. We are beginning to reap the fruit of them, and almost as soon as the work commenced there was a gaining on the part of Christians; soon there were some found who were rejoicing in Christ as their Saviour;" and he wished another supply for the field. Many other facts of the same character have come to our knowledge, showing that this is a channel which may be used most effectually in doing this work.

Let me give you one single fact illustrating the usefulness of our tract efforts in general, and then I will pass to our army work. A few months ago there came into our depository in Chicago, a young man of some twenty-two or three years of age,—a German by birth, who was a total stranger to me and to all who were there, and inquired how much it would take to make him a life member of the Tract Society. I said, "Twenty dollars." He asked me if he could pay it in installments, as he was only able to save a little weekly, out of his earnings. I said, "Yes; take your own time." I inquired about his history, and I found that a few months previous, when living in northern

Indiana, he had been converted, through the instrumentality of a tract which some one had left at his father's house, he never knew who. But the simple reading of that tract, without the acquaintance of one Christian friend, had led him to see his lost condition as a sinner, and to come to God. He came to Chicago and obtained a situation in which he received a compensation of twelve dollars per month. This was all he had out of which to clothe and board himself, and meet the entire expenses of the year. He came there as a stranger when he first introduced himself to me; he did not know a Christian minister personally; he was not a member of any Christian church; yet, in the warmth of his Christian feelings, he felt that he must do something for Christ, and he had gathered a number of German boys in his room, and taught them from his Testament. But he began to feel that he must also give something to the cause of Christ, and having been converted through the instrumentality of a tract, he concluded that this object was worthy of Christian benevolence, and sought me out. That day he paid one dollar, which was all the money he had except five cents, which he invested in tracts. The next week he gave in one dollar, and two or three weeks after another dollar, and at the end of about six months he had paid the last of the twenty dollars, making himself a member of the Tract Society. He had been exceedingly happy in this work of self-denying benevolence. But he was not yet satisfied, and in a little while he came to me and asked how much it would take to make him a life member of the Bible Society. He said, "I have been reading my Bible lately with increased interest, till I felt that every body ought to have a Bible." I said it would take thirty dollars. "Well," said he, "I will pay it up in installments;" and in a few more months, with the aid of ten dollars which a friend in Boston gave me for the purpose, he became a member of the Bible Society. That is the fruit of one single tract.

Then, I had not seen him for five weeks, when he came into the depository, bringing five dollars with him. He had heard of the sufferings of the Syrian Christians till his heart was moved with compassion toward them, and, poor as he was, he wanted to reach out toward them the arm of benevolence. One half of the five dollars he was going to give to the life membership, and one half to the Syrian Christians. It was then that I told him of the ten dollars which a friend in Boston had given toward his life membership. "How glad I am," he said; "for now you can give the whole five dollars to the Syrian sufferers." He came in afterward and said he hoped, as his health was getting better, that he should be able to do more for the cause of Christ. During the year, out of his own scanty earnings of only one hundred and forty-four dollars, he had put into my hands over fifty dollars for various benevolent objects. A few weeks ago, he came into the depository again, and said, "My health is getting a little better. I have been feeling lately as though I ought to lay myself on the altar of my country;" and he wanted to know what I thought about enlisting in the army. He has enlisted, and is now with the army near Fredericksburg; and the very last act of that

noble young man before leaving was to appropriate the scanty remnant of his earnings, left in the hands of his employer, to objects of Christian benevolence. This is one of the fruits of tract labor. I wish I could tell you of all that this young man has wrought by his own labors. It would entertain you.

God has appointed to us in the West a most important work in the army. The demand for publications has been exceeding great from the very first, for our Western troops are reading men. It is wonderful to what an extent this is true of our army. A man who has been for months among them, going from division to division, and hospital to hospital, says that he has found as yet but one man who was willing to acknowledge that he could not read, and did not want books for that reason. To show you how much destitution in reading matter there is there, especially after the battles: a few weeks ago, after the battle of Murfreesboro', a man entering one of the hospitals, found one of our Illinois soldiers, who said to him, "I have had nothing to read now for three weeks, excepting a single copy of an old religious newspaper. I have read it through *nine times*, advertisements and all, and it is worn so that I can not read it any more. I want one of the new Banners." A new Banner was put into his hand. Another said, "I had nothing with me but a little Soldier's Manual. I have carried it with me for months; I have learned every passage of Scripture in it, and every meditation. I have committed to memory every hymn and prayer. I want a new book. I have got that so by heart I must have something fresh."

Letters are coming continually from the chaplains, urging larger supplies of publications for them to circulate. I have gone some five times during the year into the army, spending some weeks of time in the distribution of them, and have gone upon the field, working there to make my connections with the chaplains laboring through the regiments. There is no agency so excellent as the chaplains of our army. I am glad to add my testimony to what Brother Alvord has said in that respect. Let me speak of one Western chaplain, who has done a blessed work as a colporter in connection with us, and who told me in his visit to our depository that he had exchanged these little books for more than forty packs of cards in his regiment alone, the men cheerfully giving up their cards in exchange for these books. In passing down to Cairo on one occasion, I fell in with one of his men, who was under deep conviction of sin, and he told me about this chaplain. Said he, "He is one of the best men in the world. He has a temperance meeting and a Sabbath school one evening in the week, and has a prayer meeting twice a week, and other meetings besides; as he is able to hold them; and then he labors personally among the men, especially giving us good books to read." He continued, "You would hardly believe if I should tell you the change that has come over our company. We had not when we enlisted, as far as I know, a single Christian man in the company. We were the hardest set of fellows to be found any where; but now almost the entire number have pledged themselves to abstain from profane swearing, from gambling, from all intemperance, and other vices; and quite a large number have been converted

to Christ. He comforts the sick and dying. I saw him with one of our comrades before he died, watching with him and praying with him; and when he died, he closed his eyes, and washed him, and wrapped him for his grave."

I met another soldier on a steamer going down the Mississippi, and asked about the chaplain. He gave me the same report. "Why," said he, "over at Frederickstown, as our lines were beginning to give way, and many thought the day was lost, our chaplain stepped right out in the ranks, between us and the enemy's lines, and knelt down upon the ground and lifted up his voice in most earnest prayer to God for divine help in the hour of need. I never felt so in my life. An inspiration as from God seemed to seize us all; we rallied, charged, drove the enemy before us, and gained the important victory of Frederickstown, which perhaps has saved to us the State of Mississippi."

Another of the regiments which was at Fort Donelson, and in a three days' battle at that point, was followed by its chaplain; and the soldier said of him, "He was with us day after day, and as soon as a man fell wounded, he would take him up in his arms, and carry him out where the surgeon could take care of him; and the last day I saw him, his clothes, from head to feet, were literally dripping with the blood of dead and wounded men that he had carried off from the battle when at Fort Donelson. His health was impaired, and he went home, but came back again in a few weeks, and reached Pittsburg Landing on the day of the battle, and there again went with his regiment into that battle, and performed similar labors. He was again at the battle of Cross Lane, where he was taken prisoner, and remained a prisoner for some days, because he would not leave his wounded men. The last I saw of him was at Memphis, where he embarked for Vicksburg, and he was again in those battles, and has performed there similar labors."

This is one of the noble chaplains we have in our Western army, who are doing more for our country and for the welfare of our soldiers than any others connected with our regiments. They make the best distributors. They say that there is no agency with which they can do so much good as with the little soldiers' books. I have never found but one chaplain that hesitated about receiving them and circulating them. That was in this wise: He had not learned how the soldier craves these things, and he told me he did not believe he could get rid of any of them; but, finally, fearing that he might be charged with unfaithfulness, he said, "Well, I guess I will take a few of them." The next morning, bright and early, he came down again where the stock of books was kept, bringing a large bag. "Why," he said, "I would not have believed it. When I went among those men, every man of them wanted my books. I did not have enough to go around. I would not have believed it, if I had not seen it with my own eyes. I will be skeptical no more." That is the only exception I have ever found.

Now I must not detain you—I wish I could—in reciting many scenes connected directly with our books. I want to take you to some of the battle-fields of the West. It was my privilege to go with a large supply of our publications and sanitary stores to the battle-field in Pittsburg Landing. We

reached there in the first steamer after the battle, in a terrible rain-storm. We found, scattered over an area of a mile and a half, between seven and eight thousand wounded men, waiting for the transports to arrive to remove them to the various hospitals. I will not describe the scenes upon such a field, with the dead bodies lying scattered about. As I passed on to the second building, I found it filled with our wounded men. The first man I came to as I entered the doorway, was a noble-looking young soldier, of about twenty-three or four years of age, who greeted me with a very pleasant smile, as the men always do. I asked if he was severely wounded. He said, "Yes; a shell struck me in the back, nearly if not quite breaking my backbone." I soon found that he was in a critical condition. I ministered to his wants as I was able, and then I said, "My young friend, I hope that you have the consciousness of the gospel to sustain you in the midst of your sufferings, — that you are a Christian man." "Oh, no," said he, "I am not a Christian. My father and mother are Christians; they have often prayed with me and often prayed for me, and they have tried to lead me to Christ; but I have neglected it, and here I am — dying. Oh, I wish I was a Christian!" and the tears stole down his cheeks, telling of the deep feeling within. I tried to point him to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world; and, having been religiously educated, he seemed to have somewhat of a faith in Christ. We left him to go upon our boat for the night. In the morning he was missing. He had probably died during the night. Next to him lay a boy of sixteen years of age, wounded seriously. The little fellow looked up with a smile and said, "I wish I could go home to my mother. I think my mother could take care of me better than I am taken care of here."

While I have conversed with thousands of our wounded men from the battle-fields of Lexington and Pea Ridge and Fort Donelson and Shiloh and Corinth and Iuka, sometimes on the field, sometimes on transports, sometimes in hospitals, I have never found the first wounded man yet that has uttered a single word of complaint, or expressed a regret at having enlisted. It is most wonderful to me. I have seen them armless and legless, pierced through every part of the body; upon the surgeon's bench, undergoing amputation; I have seen them dying, and heard them speak of wife and children and loved ones at home; but I have never heard a word of complaint or regret at having enlisted in the army.

In the recent visit I made among the wounded at Vicksburg, at Arkansas Post, I found there the greatest eagerness among those men to receive our publications. I found there cases of the deepest interest, only one of which I will mention. There was one noble young man lying upon his cot on the hospital steamer, who, by the bursting of a shell directly in front of him, had had an arm cut off by a fragment, and another fragment had struck the right arm, and shattered it so that it had to be amputated. There he lay upon his cot, armless, and knowing that that must be his condition for life; but yet with a cheerful, happy countenance, and not a word of complaint. I ministered to his wants; and as I cut up apples in mouthfuls and put them in his

mouth, he would say, "Well, now, how good that is! How kind of you! The Lord will bless you for it. I don't see why you are so kind to me;" — as if any one could be too kind to a man who had suffered such a loss in defense of his country. When I spoke to him of his religious feelings, he said, "When I had my arm shattered, I was no professed Christian; but as I lay upon that battle-field at Hurdman's Post, I felt, as I never felt before, the importance of immediately making preparations for another world; and I cried mightily to God that he would have mercy upon me, and I believe Jesus heard my prayer, and granted me forgiveness, and that I did there consecrate myself on that battle-field to his service." And his soul seemed to be resting peacefully upon Jesus amid all his great sufferings. One thing touched me exceedingly: As I spoke of his feelings, the tears coursed down his cheeks and lay upon them. He had no hands with which even to wipe away the tears from his own cheeks. And as I took a handkerchief and tenderly performed this office, that beautiful passage from the Revelation occurred to me with a force it never did before: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

As I passed along my publications while ministering to sanitary wants, I said, "I suppose you won't care for any of our little books or Banners, as you could not very well read them." "Oh, yes," he said, "let me have one. Let me have one of those Banners with the flag upon it. It will do me good to look at them, and I can get the nurse to read to me, and it will be such a comfort to have these things read to me."

One scene in a hospital, and then I have done. A noble young lieutenant, who had been severely wounded, was found to be fast failing; and one day, as the nurse was ministering to his wants, she turned and said, "Lieutenant, you have but a few moments to live. Have you any word to send to your wife or child?" His face shone like the face of an angel as he answered, "Tell my wife there is no cloud between my soul and Jesus. Meet me in heaven." They were the last words he spoke, and thus he passed away.

So many of our Christian soldiers are passing away into the heavenly world, from their beds in the hospitals and from the battle-fields, that what we have to do for them we must do very quickly. Let us remember this.

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. MARKS AT NEW YORK.

REV. DR. MARKS, who was taken a prisoner and carried to Richmond with a large quantity of publications, was next introduced, and spoke as follows:—

It gives me great pleasure to bear testimony to the permanent usefulness of the publications of the American Tract Society. In a very blessed revival which we had in the regiment with which I was connected, these publications contributed largely to the result. Of the two hundred and forty-eight that were received to the church from that regiment, a very large number

were deeply affected by the publications of this Society. Afterward, in the battles of the Peninsula, it became necessary for me to become a prisoner, in order that I might remain with the men that I was detailed to watch there. My brother who spoke before me, Rev. Mr. Alvord, had left in my care a quantity of these publications. Being permitted afterward to go over the battle-fields and through the lines of the enemy, and among our wounded men, with the thousand things I carried out in order to relieve those wounded men, I invariably bore some of the tracts and books that had been left behind by my brother Alvord, and with the greatest benefit to those to whom I gave them. I remember, one Sabbath morning during this time, of going to the Brackett House on the battle-field, where there were lying four hundred and fifty wounded men. I had three horses with me, loaded with medicine and provisions of various descriptions, and with tracts and books. When I alighted from my horse in this field, to the left was Gen. Hill's division of the rebel army, and around these wounded men were probably one hundred and fifty of the rebel soldiers. I immediately opened my Bible and commenced the service of the morning. These men gathered in, and even from these rebel camps they came, and I never addressed a more solemn and interested audience in my life. Then I brought out from my stores the various things essential for comfort; and these men that had been for days without food, and many entirely without medicines, reached out for the Banner as I unfurled it and scattered it in all that crowd. A great many of the rebel soldiers, too, came out from the lines, and as soon as they saw the paper said, "Sir, have you another you can spare?" On that paper was printed the flag of our country; and I have seen many of our soldiers lifting it to their lips and kissing it, while thus surrounded by their enemies. [Applause.]

There was one most remarkable man lying with that throng — a man who will wear in heaven the crown of martyrdom. His name was Noan. His right leg had been cut off by a cannon-shot, and he was lying in the midst of some fifty or sixty men in one of the rooms. As I came up to him, I saw that his face was beaming with smiles, and I would not have supposed for a moment that there was a single pang of pain in that body. I asked him how he had endured his suffering. He said, "I was three days and three nights out on the battle-field, and all that time heard the whisperings of angels, and I only could look up to the stars and think every one of them sang to me. The question of my personal salvation was settled six years ago; and now I want that all my friends should feel as I do." And then there would burst forth from his lips that sweet song, —

" Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my hope;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost."

And this man, even in the midnight hour, would be singing, and comforting those poor men around him. Subsequently he was borne to Richmond, a

prisoner. And when I was passing through that great hall, where something like four hundred men were lying, covering every inch of the floor, as I stepped over one lacerated limb and another, and looked down into the burning eyes, I heard that song again, sweeter and sweeter, and more and more distinct. At length I found my way to the singer, and it was the same man, still singing,

“Jesus, my God, I know his name.”

And so he comforted the hundreds of men about him, to whom he could not go, and silenced their murmurs and stilled their groans, by this hymn. Afterward it was thought by the physician that he must die, and it was told to Nolan. I said to him, “It is very probable that to-day you will be called to appear before God, and stand with the great Father before the divine throne.” “Blessed be God!” he said. “I shall be detailed from the battle-field to go up and be with Jesus for ever; detailed to dwell in the world of light and glory; detailed to be wounded and to bleed and to die no more. But,” he continued, “doctor, I am not going to die to-day. I feel that I shall live to go away from this place.” And through that hour of great danger the man did live by the joy of his soul, and afterward was carried to Fortress Monroe. I heard from a soldier afterward, that there he was still singing as before, and was from thence borne to Washington, and there died, and went up unto the bosom of his Saviour.

Again, on this same battle-field, I remember, where I went there were great numbers of our soldiers lying, and I came to the side of a man who was just dying. I folded his hands together, and told him to look upon the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, and before I was done praying he was gone. I stooped down and lifted up a Bible that he had held in his hand, in order that I might find the name of the man who had departed, that I might bear to his friends the testimony that at his dying moment his hand was resting on the word of God. A soldier by my side said, “Do not take the Bible away; for the print is plainer than my own, and I want to read it. My friend here and myself read the Bible together through the long hours of the night; we prayed together; and now he has only gone a step before me into the good kingdom. I will soon be there. I want to read it until my eyes become too dim to see any more.” I said to him that I did not wish to take away the Bible; and I found that this man was likewise sustained by a sense of the Saviour’s presence. He felt that it was nothing — no, nothing — to die, and he was dying in the greatest peace and joy.

But I must bring my remarks to a close, only bearing testimony to the fact that I have had no conception of the noble men of our army itself, and of the great privilege to labor for such men, who are making such great sacrifices for their country, of ministering all that belongs to their welfare, and of scattering among them those books, tracts, and papers that carry so much joy to them. In the midst of a thousand sent up with me to Richmond, from

the hospital at Savage Station, when these men were brought into the Main Street Prison and their knapsacks taken from them,—the cruellest thing I have ever known inflicted by the Confederate government upon the soldiers,—I would almost always see, as I stooped down to lift up that knapsack, one of these papers with the American flag upon it, or one of the little red books that Brother Alvord had scattered here and there among the armies. Among the thousand things borne by those men, these were esteemed so precious, that they could not cast them away; they had brought such comfort with them, they wished to keep them by their side, and had borne them from the battle. Continue to give them, and as in the past immense blessing has attended these labors, so it will be in the future, only more abundant.

Auditors, an Executive Committee, and a Board of seven Directors, shall be appointed by ballot; and to this meeting it shall be the duty of the Treasurer to make his annual report.

ART. 5. It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to superintend the publication and distribution of books and tracts; to procure a place of deposit for the same in Boston; to appoint Corresponding Committees when needful; to appoint, from their own number, a Committee of Publication, a Committee of Finance, and a Committee of Charities; to make such gratuitous grants of books and tracts, and of moneys in aid of the printing and distribution of books and tracts, as they may think proper, in furtherance of the objects of the Society; and to make report of their doings at each annual meeting of the Society. They may appoint any agents whom they from time to time may find it expedient to employ in the business of the Society. They shall appoint a Recording Clerk, who shall keep an accurate record of all their proceedings. They shall have power, also, to make all purchases of real and personal property, at their discretion, which may be necessary for the use of the Society, and to fill any vacancies which may occur in their own number.

ART. 6. The Secretaries, the Treasurer, and all other agents employed in the business of the Society, shall be subject to the direction, order, and control of the Executive Committee.

ART. 7. The Treasurer shall give such bonds for his fidelity in office as the Executive Committee may require.

ART. 8. The Board of Directors shall have power to inspect the records and proceedings of the Executive Committee, and report thereon.

ART. 9. No assessments shall be laid upon the members of the Society.

ART. 10. Any Tract Society, formed on the principles of this Society, and annually contributing a donation to its treasury, shall be considered an Auxiliary; and the President and Secretary of such Auxiliary for the time being shall be, ex-officio, members of this Society.

ART. 11. That the benefits of the Society may be enjoyed no less in distant places than near the seat of its operations, the prices of its publications shall be, as far as practicable, the same in all parts of the United States.

ART. 12. All meetings of the Society, the Board of Directors, and the Executive Committee, shall be opened by prayer.

ART. 13. The officers of this Society, and the members of the Executive Committee and Board of Directors, shall be elected from evangelical denominations of Christians; and no book or tract shall be published or circulated, as long as any member of the Committee of Publication shall object to the same.

ART. 14. Special meetings of the Society may be called by order of a majority of the Executive Committee or of the Board of Directors, by publishing one week's notice in one or more of the religious newspapers in Boston, patronized by the denominations of Christians coöperating with this Society.

ART. 15. At any annual meeting, such amendments of the Constitution may be made as may be recommended by the Executive Committee, and approved by two-thirds of the members present.

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE 1. At meetings of the Society and Board of Directors, the President, or, in his absence, the first Vice-President on the list then present, and, in the absence of all the Vice-Presidents, such person as may be appointed by the meeting, shall preside.

ART. 2. The Executive Committee shall consist of seven members, and four shall constitute a quorum. They shall meet at least once in each month, and as much oftener as they may deem expedient. Special meetings may be called by either of the Secretaries, and shall be called when requested by two members.

ART. 3. The acts of a majority of the Executive Committee, in all purchases and sales of property, as well as in other cases, shall be binding on the Society. All deeds, bonds, and mortgages, to be given by the Society, shall be sealed with the Corporate Seal, and signed by its President, or, in his absence, by its Treasurer, or one of the Vice-Presidents.

ART. 4. The Committees of Publication, of Finance, and of Charities, shall report monthly to the Executive Committee.

ART. 5. No Books or Publications shall be kept for sale at the Society's Depository, nor shall its agents be concerned in the sale of any, except such as are approved by the Committee of Publication.

ART. 6. It shall be the duty of the Secretaries and Treasurer to attend all the meetings of the Executive Committee, and present such statements of the affairs of their respective departments as may be required. They may partake in the deliberations of the Committee, but shall not be entitled to vote.

NEW VOLUMES AND NEW TRACTS.

A notice of the Publications of this Society issued in the past year may be found commencing on the eleventh page; and a complete list on the one hundred and fourth.

PRICES OF TRACTS.

All duodecimo Tracts (each cover being counted as four pages) are sold at fifteen pages for a cent.

To find the value of a given number of pages, deduct one-third, and the remainder is the value in mills, thus :—	{	3)1,500 pages. 500	{	To find how many pages a given sum will purchase, add one-half, and annex a cipher, thus :—	{	2)\$1 00 50
		1,000 mills, or 1 dollar.		1,500 pp.		

LIFE DIRECTORS AND MEMBERS.

The donation of \$20 at one time constitutes a Life Member; the addition of \$30, or \$50 at one time, a Life Director. Life Members, constituted such by donations not designated by them to be applied to specific objects, may receive annually 1,500 pages of tracts, or volumes to the value of \$1, if applied for within the year; Life Directors to the value of \$2; to be drawn from the Depository.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS.

Few persons perhaps are aware of the efforts which are being made by this Society to provide a high order of books suitable for Sabbath-school Libraries. It has not been customary for superintendents and others, charged with the duty of replenishing libraries, to think of applying to a *Tract Society* for their books. The impression has prevailed that such a Society confined its labors to the graver works of practical religion, perhaps chiefly selected from the divines of a former generation, and altogether too dry and formal for the taste or benefit of children.

In opposition to such impressions, particular attention is called to the juvenile books published by this Society. It is intended to make it a *special* and prominent part of its work to supply such as are suited to Sabbath schools. We hope to make them truly instructive, both to the intellect and to the heart, while at the same time they interest and please.

THE TRACT JOURNAL.

This interesting paper is published monthly; price, \$1 for six copies; \$3 for twenty copies; \$5 for forty copies. It is the Society's medium of communication with its patrons and friends. Its articles are brief, earnest, and intended to bear constantly on the great interests of Christ's kingdom, especially in the evangelization of the neglected and destitute masses in our own country. Each number contains a list of the Society's monthly receipts.

THE CHILD AT HOME.

This beautiful and well-known paper, for the little ones in the family and Sabbath school, has now attained a very wide circulation.

THE CHRISTIAN BANNER.

This is an illustrated paper for the Army and Navy. It has a circulation among the noble men engaged in our country's defense, limited only by the amount of donations placed at the disposal of the Society for this purpose.